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JULY 21, 1997

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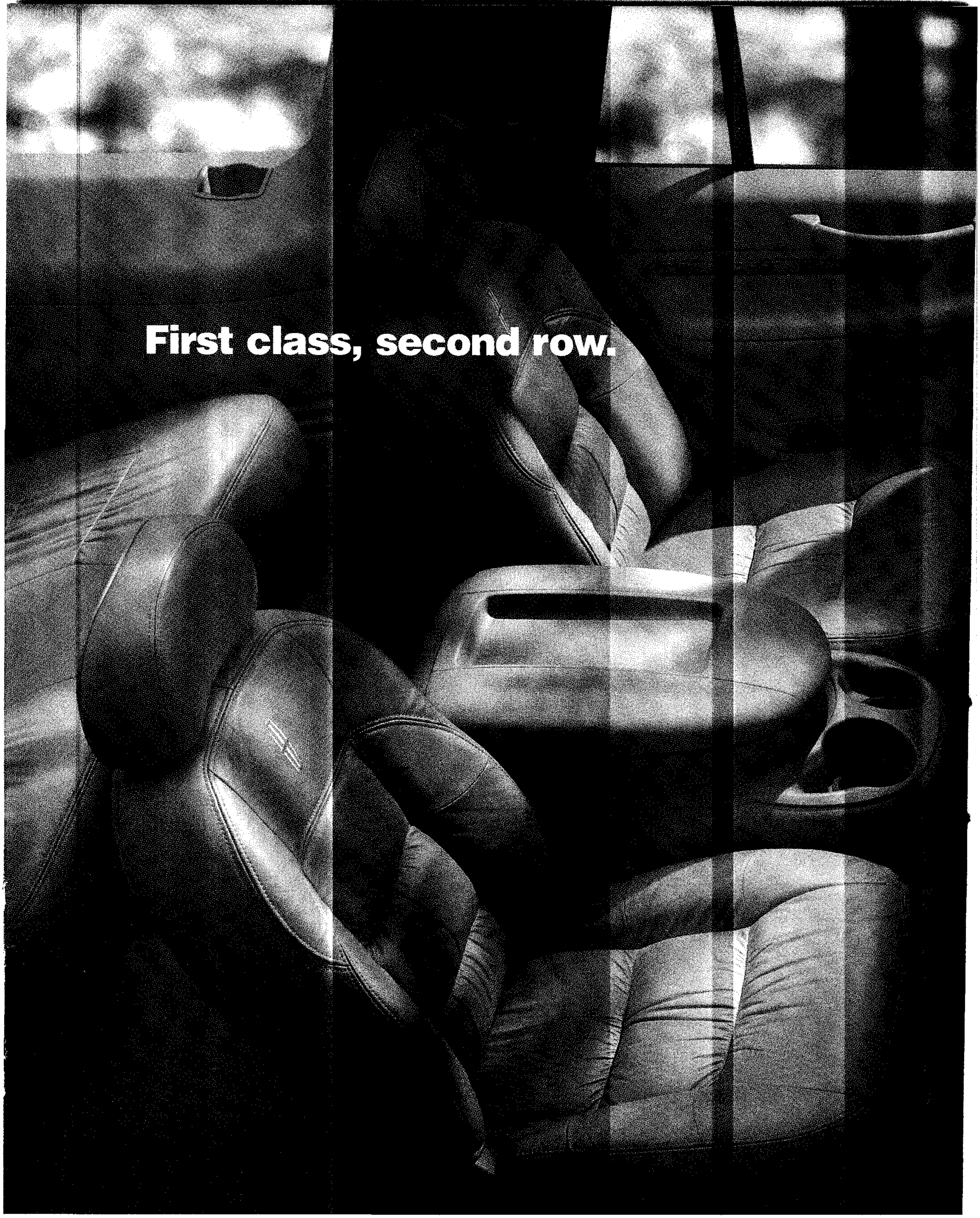
Royals Rule

Exiled, overthrown, or just bored with their kingdoms, the world's crowned heads are invading Manhattan. Fawning is optional.

BY CHRISTOPHER MASON

CHRISTINA OXENBERG,
ROYAL AUTHOR



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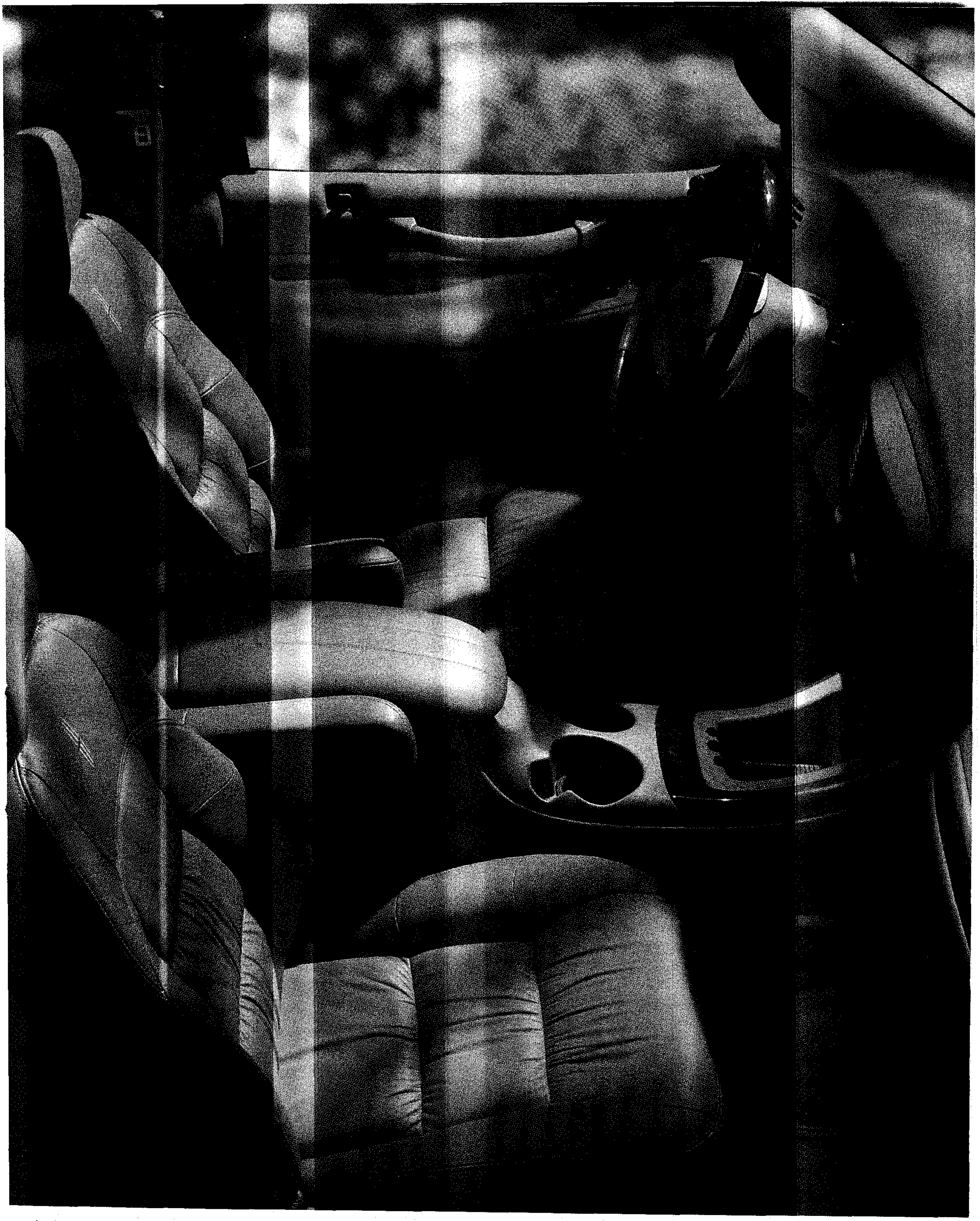

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Contents July 21, 1997

> *"People are always asking me, so I tell them I'm like*
> *the Grimaldis of Monaco. I'm not Royal. I'm Serene."*
>
> PRINCE ANTOINE DE LOBKOWICZ, PAGE 22

22 Manhattan, Borough of Queens

By Christopher Mason

Some are born royal, some marry royalty . . . but *we* have it thrust upon us. The city is fast becoming Elba-on-the-Hudson for stateless heads of state, whether they're jet-set socialites or working stiffs. Many trade on their titles, others reject them—all can get a good table. A guide to the royals among us. Plus: how to pick up your own title.

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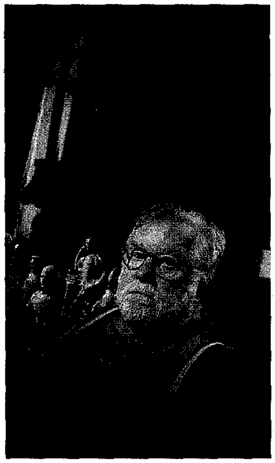
By Alex Williams

P.R. force of nature John Scanlon gravitates toward controversy—his client list has included tobacco purveyors, union-busters and, most recently, the Swiss bank accused of the worst complicity with Nazi Germany. The inevitable anti-Scanlon backlash has stung this supremely well-connected New Yorker, who these days could probably use the services of, well, John Scanlon.



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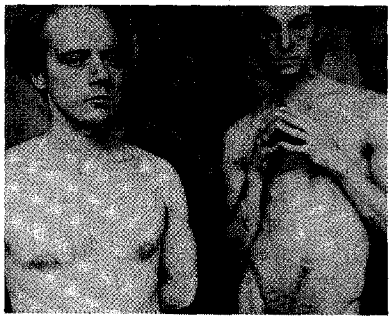
By Mark Stevens



What do Beavis, Butt-head, and William Bennett have in common? All three get hot and bothered over the images of sex and scatology that currently obsess the art world. The rest of us, however, are simply bored. If endlessly discussed creations such as *Piss Christ* and its successors (or, for that matter, a salacious Winnie-the-Pooh) don't have the power to offend, is it still possible—or worth it—to shock people?

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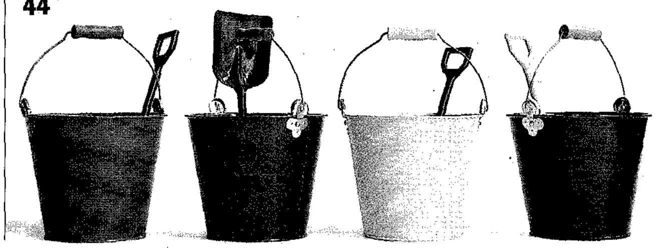

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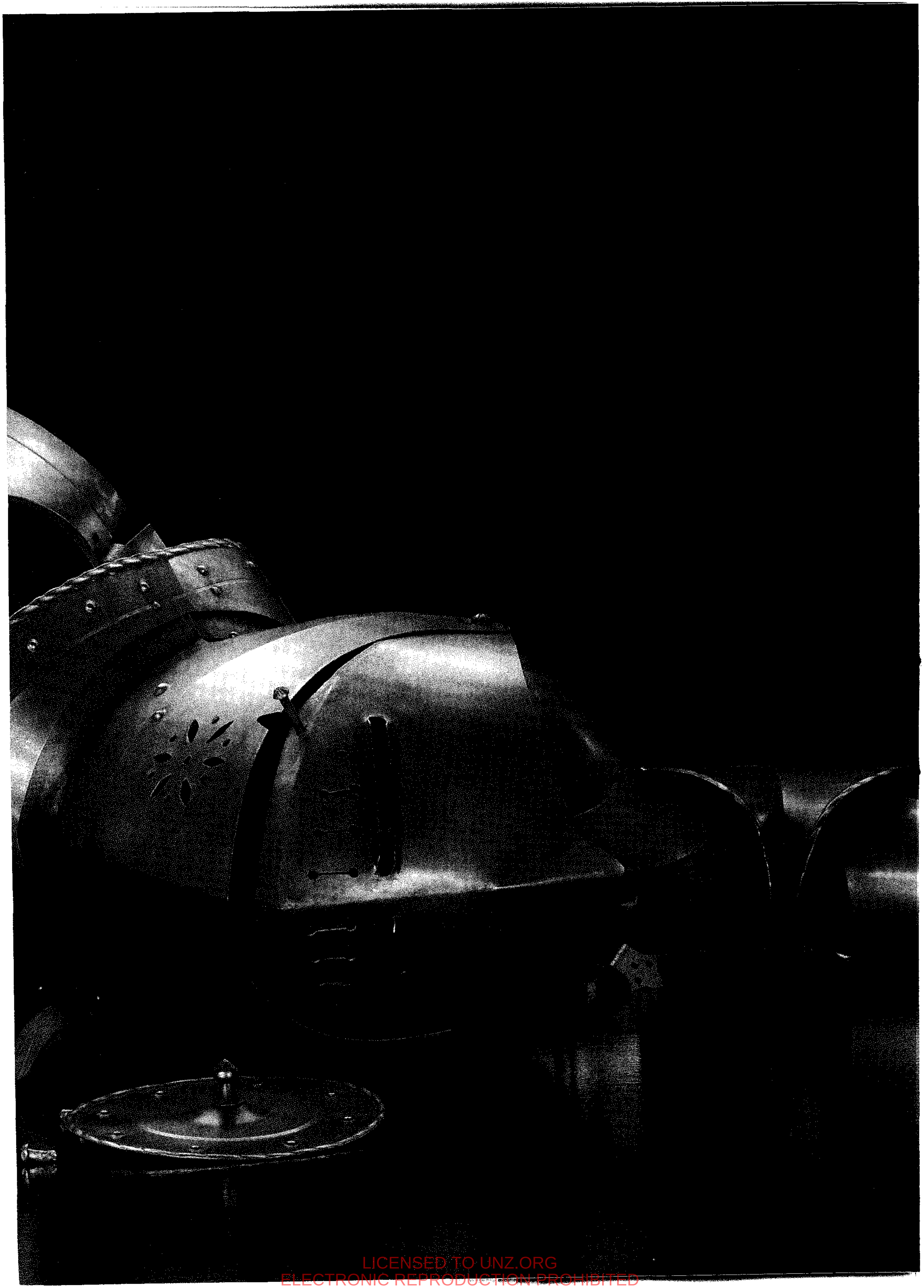

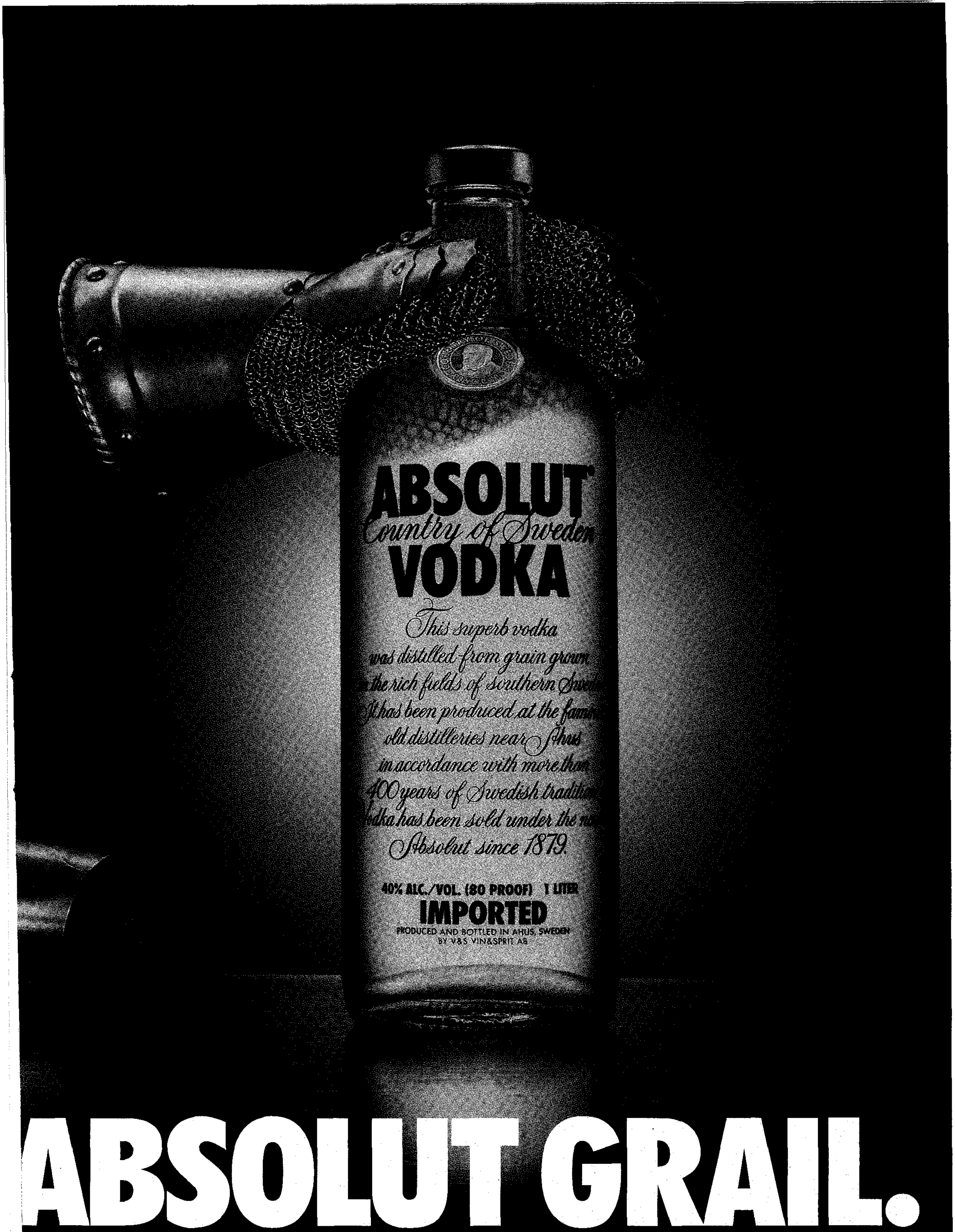
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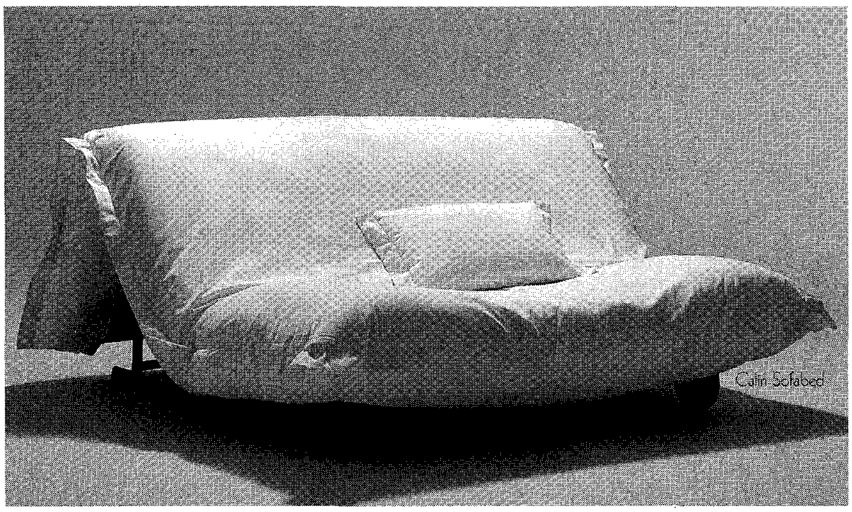

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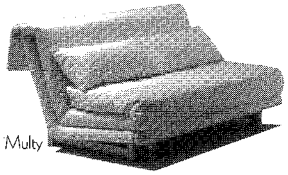

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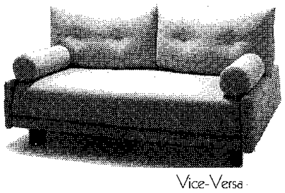

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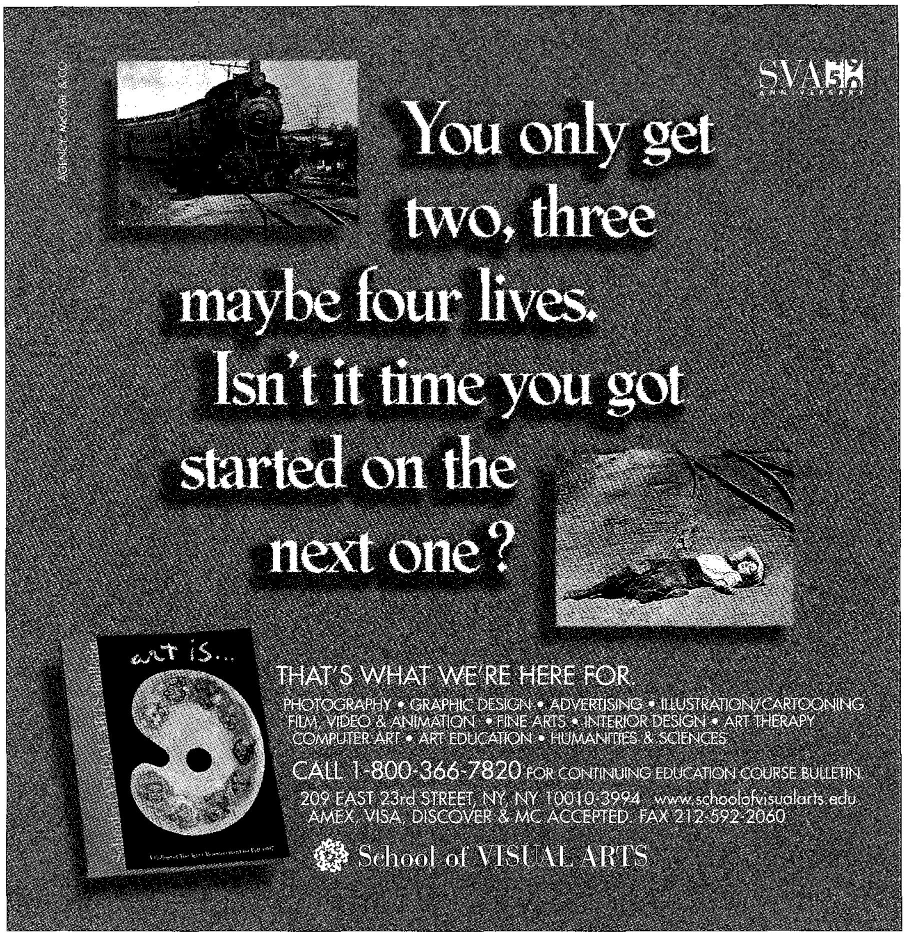
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LETTERS JULY 21, 1997

I Don't

Single readers predict a brief honeymoon for today's young brides; the judges whittle away at presidential privilege.

I RECOGNIZE THAT THERE IS NO WAY I can write this letter and not be labeled a "bitter single woman," but really, I am quite content being alone at this point in my life. I read and reread Sarah Bernard's "Early to Wed," and I toggled between being annoyed and laughing [June 16]. As I sat in the waiting room at Georgette Klinger three weeks ago, two girls around my age were talking about a couple that they knew who were getting married. One of them said, "Charlie doesn't even want to get married—I don't know why he is going through with it." I added that I had heard of three weddings within the last year that were called off, and three divorces of couples under the age of 30. They nodded their heads and explained that this couple was the fourth they knew of who probably wouldn't make it to the altar. I'd just read an article that described these unions as "starter marriages."

Don't get me wrong: I am a romantic. I believe that love conquers all, but I also believe that there should be a time when people figure out who they are; sometime between college lectures, fraternity parties, and summer trips to the Hamptons.

A. Nowitz
MANHATTAN

I'M SURE KELLY CARLIN'S SORORITY SISTERS would say in whiny unison, "She's just jealous," and nod in accordance that I am over-the-hill at age 27. "She'll be one of those unfortunate creatures looking for a husband at 35," they'll add as they chain-smoke and sip their skim-milk iced cappuccinos. I would love to see them at 35, looking for their second husband with their two kids under the full-time supervision of an inexperienced nanny.

All the women in the article seem like spoiled nose-job recipients whose ambitions have mingled a little too closely with their vapid, idealized notions of love. Any woman who gets married confident that divorce is an easy out is not ready to be married, and is just looking for an excuse to have a big party and wear a pretty dress that Daddy will pay for. Maybe their proms at Spence and Dalton didn't measure up to their expectations.

Stephanie Mauceri
MANHATTAN

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SARAH BERNARD'S ARTICLE IS THE ULTIMATE in spin—a tale spun in the air. What is the story? That some college grads are getting married in their mid-twenties? That unwary brides can be cajoled into letting slip some unwise comments? That unflattering pictures, as well as flattering ones, can be snapped at a wedding? The real story behind Kira von Eichel's wedding, which I attended, is that two young people made a sincere commitment to dedicate themselves to each other. They did so in a beautiful setting, in a ceremony and celebration marked by both formality and spontaneity, by pomp and fun. It is a rather sad commentary on your magazine that your writer and photographers worked so hard to create a story that did not exist, and missed so completely the grace and elegance of a beautiful Virginia wedding.

Huntington Lyman
MIDDLEBURG, VA.

I AM A RECENTLY ENGAGED WOMAN SLIGHTLY on the older side—I'm 28—of my contemporaries profiled in "Early to Wed." The time from 22 until now has been the most significant and rewarding period of growth in my life. I returned to school to pursue a career in law, renegotiated my relationships with my parents, and generally grew more confident and focused. During that journey, I was involved in two serious relationships—both of which at the time I believed would result in a trip down the aisle. Knowing who I am today, I am certain that had I married either of these two men, neither marriage would have lasted more than a few years at best.

Equally troubling was the view expressed by one of the women that "[t]he cool thing about [marriage] is not having to be worried about your relationship, and turning your attention to your friendships and yourself." Given the enormous amount of work needed to nurture a marriage, the time to work on yourself should clearly come first.

Marcy Melnikoff
MANHATTAN

WHO SAYS YOU'LL BE LOOKING FOR A HUSband at age 35? At that age, you might figure out that you don't need one.

Julia Young
MANHATTAN

Law School

HANNA ROSIN'S CRITICISMS OF ROBERT Bennett's public-relations performance in the Paula Jones case are right on the mark ["The National Interest: The Avenger," June 23–30]. But she is mistaken in her description of the opinions of the Supreme Court and the Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals in that case.

Judge Bowman's opinion for the Court of Appeals was actually more favorable to Mr. Clinton: While rejecting the claim that the Jones case would unduly burden the presidency, Judge Bowman noted that if a "President ever becomes [overly] burdened by private-wrong lawsuits, . . . then clearly the courts would be duty-bound . . . to protect the President's ability to fulfill his constitutional responsibilities."

No such deference to the president was shown by the Supreme Court, which said that courts aren't duty-bound to do anything to ease the president's litigation burden. Only as a matter of optional "discretion" (not constitutional "duty," as Judge Bowman had written) could a trial judge reduce the litigation burden for the president.

In other words, by taking the case to the Supreme Court, Mr. Bennett parlayed a not entirely unfavorable opinion into a completely unfavorable opinion, joined by eight Supreme Court Justices, that is now the law of the land.

George Conway
MANHATTAN

Correction Contrary to a statement in "Random Anxiety" [by Suzanna Andrews, July 7], Random House CEO Alberto Vitale was fully informed of the deal for Dick Morris's book *Behind the Oval Office* when it was made in the fall of 1995. *New York* regrets the error.

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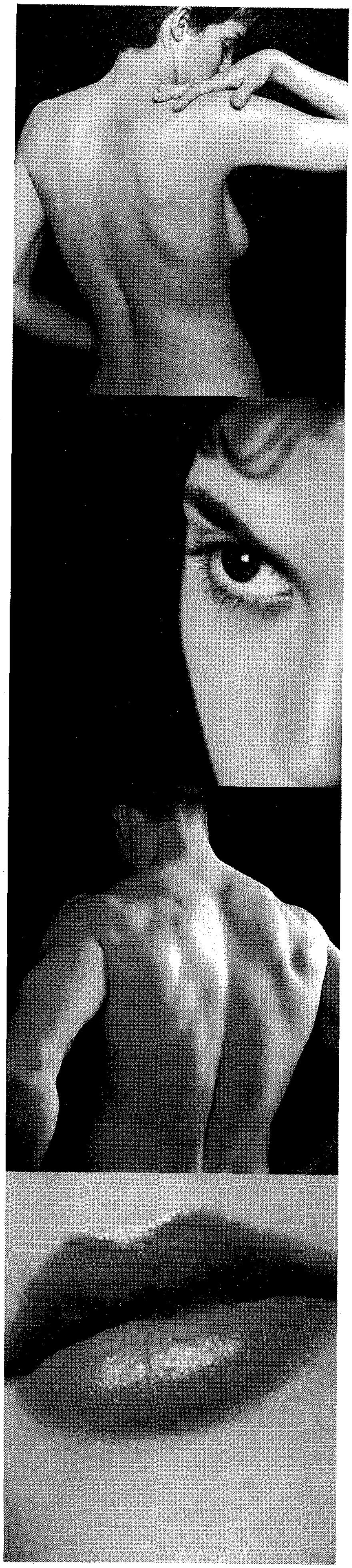

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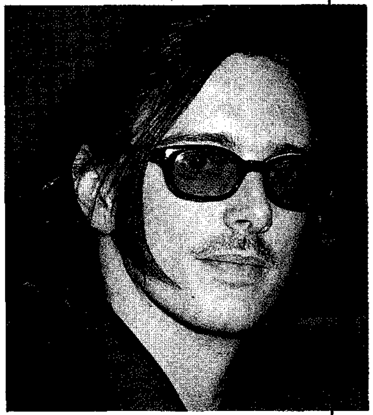
BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

LEITCH'S MANAGER NO MELLOW FELLOW

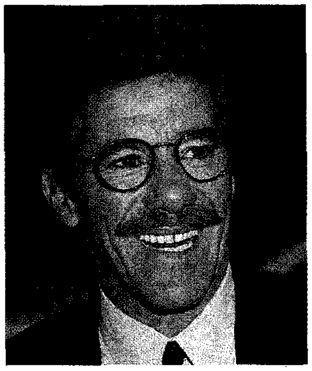
Donovan Leitch and his band, Nancy Boy, are looking to sign a new record deal, but they have a major obstacle in their way—Leitch's former backer **Clifford Streit.** According to Streit, the flamboyant singer, due to marry supermodel **Kirsty Hume** this fall, won't fess up to the fact that he owes Streit $50,000 that he advanced Leitch and the band for basic living expenses. Streit also claims he was promised by Leitch a management cut of 20 percent of the group's record and publishing profits. Streit says he plans to take legal action: "I'm suing them. They won't get a record deal until he agrees to pay me. I'm putting a lien on the group's assets." Says the band's manager, **Jerry Jaffe,** "Right now, we're very close to landing a new record deal. This is a personal thing. It's nobody's business. The two of them should have a diet cola and work it out between themselves."



Donovan Leitch: Backer-stabber?

DUKING IT OUT FOR DORIS'S FURNITURE

Soon the war over **Doris Duke**'s billion-dollar estate will be hitting a very familiar battlefield: the bloody terrain between arch-rivals Christie's and Sotheby's. Christie's inventoried Duke's possessions after her death in 1993—a service her estate paid for—and insiders have always expected the inevitable sale of Duke's personal effects to be Christie's domain. But last December, the board of the Doris Duke Charitable Foundation voted "to invite both Christie's and Sotheby's to make proposals," says foundation lawyer **Donald Goldsmith** of Shearman & Sterling. Board member **Marion "Oatsie" Charles** recused herself from the vote, since she's been a longtime "roving ambassador" for Sotheby's. "The foundation has not yet decided what personal property is going to be retained and what is going to be sold," Goldsmith continues. But when it does, both houses will have a shot at the business. Already on the market is Duke's $3.9 million Beverly Hills estate, Falcon Lair—which is being sold by a Los Angeles affiliate of Christie's.



Geraldo Rivera: Production values?

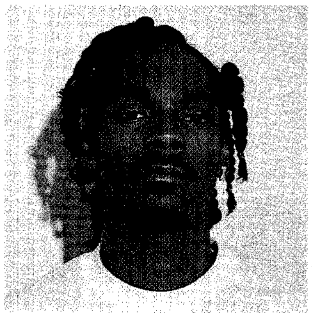
SIDEKICKED ASIDE

Looks like slapping on a pair of wire-rimmed glasses isn't the only change **Geraldo Rivera**'s been making at his talk show: The tabloid-TV king may have sacrificed longtime producer **Marty Berman,** whose friendship with Rivera spans 25 years. While a spokesperson for Rivera insists that it was Berman's decision to leave, sources say Geraldo axed his collaborator because of pressure from the show's syndicator, Tribune Entertainment, to turn a bigger profit and cut the program's budget. "The show doesn't really need Marty anymore. His job wasn't necessary because we already have one executive producer," says a spokeswoman for the show, referring to **Jose Pretlow,** who has been with *Geraldo* for five years and served as executive producer for two. When contacted, Berman said he had decided to leave his current post, as president of Rivera's Investigative News Group (which co-produces the show along with Tribune), in order to work on more solo projects. "My relationship with Geraldo is better than ever, but it was time for a change," he told *New York*. According to a source, Geraldo has been eager to find work for his pal, preferably within Tribune. "I am in discussions about starting an international division of Tribune," acknowledges Berman, "but right now it's too soon to tell." Representatives for Tribune did not return calls.

THE SINCEREST FORM OF FLATTERY?

Famed sixties photographer **Harry Benson** started seeing double after he picked up a *New Yorker* from earlier this year. The magazine featured an article about artist **Elizabeth Peyton** and pictured her oil-paint rendering of what Benson claims is a John Lennon photograph that he took. "I felt mugged," recalls Benson, whose name wasn't mentioned in connection to the work. Irked, he showed up at Broome Street's Gavin Brown gallery, where Peyton's work was on display, only to find two other Peyton drawings that he claims replicated his photographs. "The gallery said I should feel honored. I didn't think so," says Benson, who contacted attorney **Joel Hecker** (who successfully sued pop artist **Jeff Koons** in a similar copyright-infringement case). Hecker says negotiations are under way for a settlement, adding, "The gallery has acknowledged that they are at fault." Not quite, says gallery owner **Gavin Brown.** "I take issue with the very notion that this is a copy," he says. "It's not a mechanical reproduction; it's an individual work done by hand." In the meantime, Hecker reports that the works "may be destroyed" according to the settlement terms. *The New Yorker*'s verdict is on the record: It has since published an editor's note iden-

'hotographs by Henry McGee/Globe Photos.



Snoop Doggy Dogg:
Ruff 'n' ready

A SECURE DOGG HOUSE

Is **Snoop Doggy Dogg** completely paranoid or just sensibly cautious? The newlywed rapper isn't traveling across the U.S. from town to town by tour bus like most of the other musicians on the Lollapalooza tour. Instead, he's hired an armored vehicle, and according to a tour insider, "it's this bulletproof mini-tank with little holes for weapons. It's something right out of James Bond." When Snoop climbed aboard the regular bus of fellow Lollapalooza musicians Korn to watch the recent Tyson-Holyfield fight, he had guards from the Nation of Islam posted outside. "We were stoked to have him on our bus," says Korn member **Jonathan Davis.** With all the guards around, he adds, "it was kind of like having the president of hip-hop at your house." Says a spokesperson for Lollapalooza, "After what happened to Tupac and Biggie Smalls, Snoop's definitely scared."

Ashley Judd:
Camera-sly

tifying Benson as the source of Peyton's work.

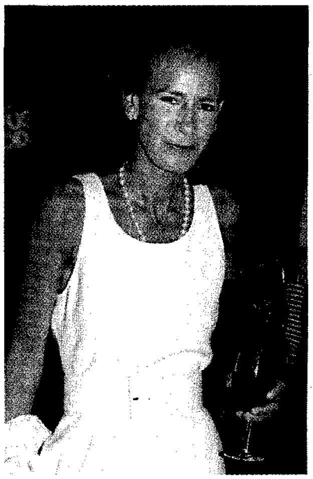
JACOB'S LADDER TO TRUMP'S TOWER

The new developer on the block—**Jacob Frydman**—really has arrived. First he made a big splash by paying $80.4 million for Starrett Corporation. Now comes the requisite legal imbroglio. Frydman is being accused of "deceptive practices and fraud" in a lawsuit filed by a bitter would-be partner. At issue is the landmark Towers Nursing Home, the long-deserted red-brick building with turreted towers on Central Park West and 106th Street that Frydman is developing. A previous owner, **Lewis Futterman,** sold the building to a development group that went bankrupt, but that hasn't stopped him from suing Frydman, claiming that he reneged on a joint-venture agreement. (Frydman denies that there ever was such an agreement.) Futterman definitely sees his wouldn't-be partner as a Donald Trump in the making. "I don't know if I'm the first body he's trying to climb over," Futterman says of Frydman, "but I'm certainly not going to take it lying down." His lawsuit is, in fact, the first legal claim against Frydman & Company. Frydman dismisses the suit—with Trump-like bravado—as "spurious and unfounded, and we'll be seeking to have it dismissed." All that the 39-year-old, single Frydman needs to do now is to find a blonde wife.

PATAKI'S PLAY; ASHLEY'S SWAY

PATAKI HOLDS FORTH: Governor **George Pataki's** hands-on governing style got him some laughs at **Lally Weymouth's** party in Southampton on July 4. **Al D'Amato, Charles Schumer, Ron Perelman, Leonard Stern,** and **Barbara Walters** were among the guests at the dinner for Weymouth's mother, **Katharine Graham.** At one point, Weymouth was toasted by her daughter, who said her mom was so hip "that she burned her bra in the sixties and didn't start wearing one again until I grew up and wore one." Pataki, who was sitting next to Weymouth, picked up the theme when it was his turn to give a toast. He saluted the lovely evening, adding, "One thing I can assure you of—because I have checked—she is wearing a bra."

WORK WITH THEM: In the new Emanuel Ungaro campaigns, **Kyra Sedgwick** and a slimmed-down **Ashley Judd** are being used instead of models, and if Judd's behavior on the set is any indication, she knows how to warm up to the camera, not to mention the people behind it.



Lally Weymouth:
Mammary glanced

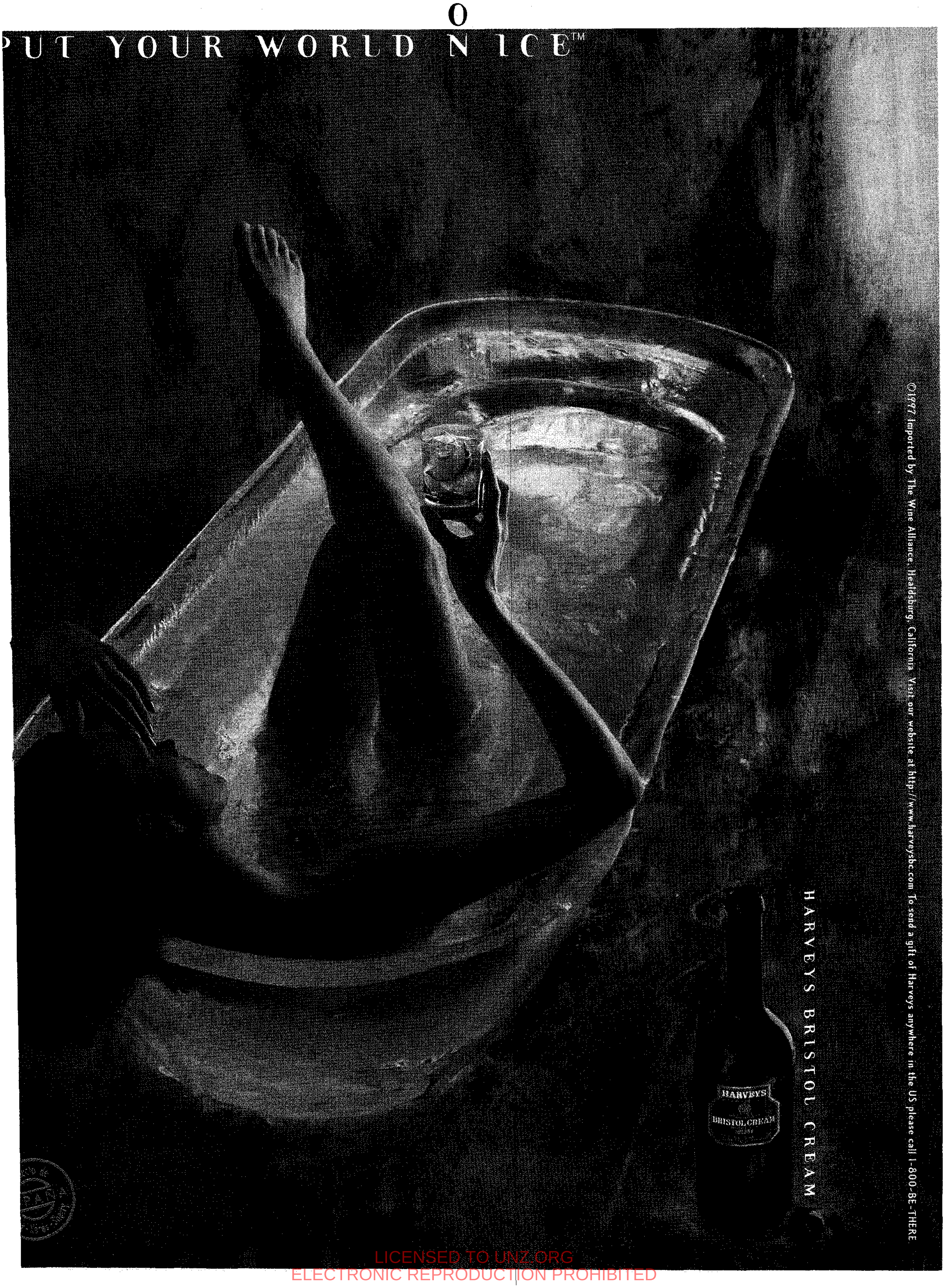
"Ashley seemed to be boy-crazy and was flirting heavily with the photographer," notes one source who was at the photo shoot. But the fashion shutterbug **Dewey Nicks** chalks up Judd's demeanor to nothing more than southern hospitality. "I think every guy who meets Ashley thinks there's something there," Nicks adds. "Even my assistant came up to me after the shoot and said he thought something was happening between the two of them."

Additional reporting: Kate Coyne

PEGGY CAFRITZ'S SALE TO DI FOR

ESTATE SALE OF THE CENTURY, read the ad in the East Hampton *Star* and *Dan's Papers.* And for once, it wasn't an exaggeration: Washington philanthropist **Peggy Cooper Cafritz** hosted a yard sale last weekend at her East Hampton rental next door to the Maidstone Club, along with friends **Joanie McDonell,** a novelist, and designer **Lorraine Kirke.** "We said the guards would open the gates at ten, but we don't have any gates or guards," laughs Cafritz. She did have racks of Dolce & Gabbana and Donna Karan and an attic full of Rollerblades, boogie boards, and ice skates. Is the soon-to-be-divorced Cafritz shedding her old things to prepare for a new life, à la **Princess Diana**? "I don't think there's any psychological analysis that applies to this," Cafritz says. Maybe an economic analysis is more in order: Unlike Di, the women are splitting the profits (leftovers go to the Retreat, a Long Island women's shelter). McDonell turned around and spent some of her sale money buying up Cafritz's old linen sheets. "But that's it," she insists. "I told them not to let me get *anything* else."

Photographs: clockwise from top left, Shawn Mortensen/Outline; Marina Garnier; Eric Charbonneau/Berliner Studios/Outlin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The Art World

URBAN ARTISTS GO ON A SCAVENGER HUNT IN MAINE

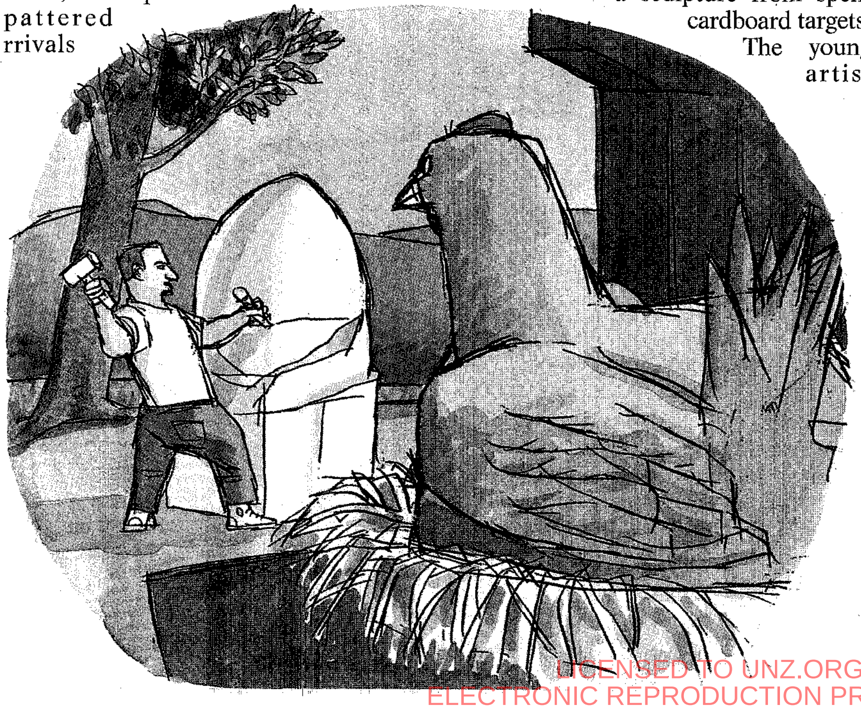
WITH ITS TWO SHOE FACTOries, five stoplights, and 62-foot statue of a wooden Indian, the quiet Maine mill town of Skowhegan in July and August seems better suited to boating and miniature golf than to wrestling with conceptual dilemmas. Yet for 51 years this town of 8,960 has been home to the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture, an elite artists' colony nestled lakeside in the nearby woods (but whose administrative offices are housed on Park Avenue near Union Square). Veterans of the nine-week program include Alex Katz, Robert Indiana, Nancy Graves, and Ellsworth Kelly; students arrive from cities and art schools the world over.

Yet the town is more Mayberry than Paris, or even Arles, for that matter. With no coffee shops, foreign-film houses, or after-hours clubs to break their concentration, the 65 paint-pattered rrivals gathered at a recent orientation meeting seemed to be making the switch to rural life well.

"I think the men look like they work really hard," said 27-year-old video artist Jocelyn Shipley, describing the pickings off-campus, at least as seen through the yellow-tinted lenses of her chic retro eyewear. "They have dirty fingernails, dirty T-shirts, and I find that very sexy. They look like they've earned their dinner."

Over the past few years, a sort of cultural exchange program has been under way between the school and the neighboring municipality. Last summer, two students entered their cars in the demolition derby at the nearby Skowhegan State Fair. ("They were out immediately," says program director Tom Finkelpearl, adding a grace note: The Skowhegan duo had the best-decorated entries.)

Two summers earlier, a Skowhegan student from the Netherlands approached a local gun-shop owner about constructing a sculpture from spent cardboard targets. The young artist eventually displayed his work in the store's window and, later, at a Greene Street gallery, but more important for cross-pollination purposes, he hired the proprietor to teach him how to shoot. "He did all right," said Bruce Staples at Staples Gun Shop, speaking with the self-confidence that comes from being surrounded by scores of firearms and several large dogs. "It's rare that anyone involved with art would be interested at all in firearms. . . ."



But the resident probably most familiar with the art-colony students is Jeff Dubay, supervisor of the Skowhegan Waste Management Facility, the town dump. Dubay says he has no problem with their "hauling our garbage off" for art projects. But the question of what to do with their expressions of thanks has occasionally left him perplexed.

"One year, one girl asked me if she could install a project right here," says Dubay. "I really liked it. It was a giant gong. I told her, 'Yeah, you can bring it here and put it here, but if we ever expand or need to do construction or anything, it would probably have to go back into the recycling area.' Well, that led to a bunch of other people bringing their material here and setting up." The situation, Dubay says, ultimately required some editing of the collection. "Even my gong," Dubay says wistfully. "One of the bucket-loader operators backed over it in the wintertime while plowing snow. This guy was kind of a cowboy [and] thought of it as a cruel joke or something. He knew I liked it."

PAUL SCOTT

The Street

CABBIE CASUALTIES OF THE ONE-CITY, ONE-FARE WAR

"NOBODY'S MAKING MONEY HERE ANYmore—not like we used to," says Carmello Estebe, a melancholy-looking man who stands with five other cabbies waiting for customers under the subway tracks at Westchester and Castle Hill Avenues in the Bronx. "I've been eleven years on this route. What am I going to do now?"

For decades, hundreds of men, mostly immigrants, in the boroughs outside

Manhattan have offered commuters a cheaper, more convenient alternative to the bus. In the Bronx, they drive sedans and station wagons, charging $1 or $1.25 to as many as five passengers at a time for the ride into Manhattan. All that changed on July 4 when the Metropolitan Transportation Authority made transfers between subways and buses free. Today, many of the gypsy-cab drivers are scrambling for work at taxi agencies ("They're all full," one cabbie reports) and reasoning that colder weather eventually will bring back their customers. Some say they may apply for public assistance.

Drivers typically earned about $150 a day; now they predict they'll be lucky to clear one third of that. In the past, they organized as mini-collectives, agreeing on how much to charge, how many cars will service a route, whether to allow a new driver in, and when to hire a manager to direct passengers to the cars. These alliances are likely to break down as drivers start fending for themselves—cruising the streets for fares rather than posting themselves near the bus stops. By the first Monday after the free-transfer program had gone into effect, the manager running Estebe's route had quit because business was so slow.

"Seventy percent of my passengers are taking the bus," says Raphael Astacio, 48, a Morrison Avenue cabbie. "They're taking us out of business."

In fact, Astacio's estimates are given credibility by the many work-weary commuters now cramming into the buses, which are often quickly overloaded, leaving people behind to wait for the next one. As the subway squeals to a stop above Estebe, a Dominican émigré with a wife and six children, he watches the business executives, nurses, and students move through the warm air down the steps and toward the bus stop. But only two drift his way.

"I used to ride the cabs every day," says Louis Medina, a Wall Street broker who joined the rest of the crowd at the bus stop. "You gotta be crazy to spend a dollar when you can ride a fare for free. I feel bad for them. But it was bound to happen." MARK FRANCIS COHEN

MUSIC

FAUX GIPSYS ARE EATING HOLES IN THE SOCIAL FABRIC

THE GIPSY KINGS PROVIDE THE SOUNDtrack to St. Tropez, West Broadway, and Southampton, but ask a fan to name the lead singer and you're likely to draw a blank stare—the Gipsy Kings are background music, after all. And so it was that on the first Saturday night of summer, when the Gipsy Kings played Southampton, nobody was quite sure whether they were really *the* Gipsy Kings. The full-page ad in *Hamptons* magazine had advertised a band called

REMEMBRANCE

Charles Kuralt: Giving *Vox* to the *Populi*

Of the several nicknames Walter Cronkite was known by during his nineteen years as anchor of the *CBS Evening News*, "Old Iron Pants" is probably the most apt when discussing his work with Charles Kuralt. The moniker paid tribute, in its slightly mocking way, to the anchor planted in his chair as if rooted there—the opposite of every mackintosh-cloaked correspondent ever drawn by the siren song of the road. In 1967, Cronkite recalled last week from his summer home on Martha's Vineyard, CBS News president Richard Salant proposed a series for the *Evening News* dispatched by Kuralt from the road. "America was so terribly divided by the Vietnam war and the racial situation," Cronkite said. "Salant thought we needed something to be reminded of the better features of American life."

The highwayman: Charles Kuralt in his natural habitat—on the road.

Old Iron Pants opposed any tampering with his already jammed hard-news broadcast, and said so. "I felt we didn't have enough time for a stock feature. Though I admired Kuralt's news reporting and his keen eye for the personality piece, that didn't appeal to me. Also, we were under great pressure from the affiliates to have 'good news' on the air—somehow we were denigrating the American experience by showing those people who opposed the war. I felt Salant was appeasing the affiliates. He held his ground.

"The first Charles Kuralt piece was called 'Autumn Leaves in Vermont,' and it was basically about the leaves changing color, about the beauty and how the Pilgrims had enjoyed that." The anchor's worst nightmare? "I must say, it was startlingly beautiful and handsomely narrated," Cronkite said. "I had to admit, it was a great piece."

Kuralt came out of the CBS News cauldron that had produced some of the medium's toughest newsmen, but he was never really in their Bogartian mold. Uncomfortable with deadlines, allergic to beats, and hating the compromises both inevitably produce, Kuralt hit the road, filing cameos that revealed American character in all its shadings, in stories made resonant through a subtle use of irony. Later, as host of *CBS News Sunday Morning*, he single-handedly upheld the network's leadership in bringing the arts into America's living rooms. But by the time he retired, in 1994, Kuralt had seen the kind of story he'd excelled at watered down to pabulum and turned into a journalistic mainstay: "feel-good" triumphant.

"Traveling the back roads where they were out of the publicity glare, Kuralt was devoted to trying to bring to the American people their own strengths," Cronkite said. "He was disappointed when he stepped down, not just with CBS News but with the whole trend in news generally. Today, it's hard to find the *news*. Everyone's trying to write feature stories. Everyone wants to be O. Henry, but you know very few are." JEREMY GERARD

Photograph courtesy of CBS Photo Archi

Land of the Gypsy Kings, with *Gypsy* and *Kings* in enormous bold letters and the rest the size of the print at the bottom of a car ad.

When the band took the stage, churning out "Bamboleo," the blond-haired, blue-eyed crowd at the Tavern wailed energetic approval. *This is the Gipsy Kings*, they thought, *playing exclusively for us, in this tiny posh club.* Or were they?

"They could be a very good cover band," one dancer observed. "But they sound like the Gipsy Kings."

"I heard a rumor these are the brothers of the Gipsy Kings," said another reveler, who had shelled out $40 ($15 for parking, $25 cover) to gain entrée to the massively overcrowded club. Inside, two guitarists with long, curly black hair played the music of the Gipsy Kings. Maybe it was a third of the kings?

"It's only two of them," a slim young man in a black T-shirt insisted authoritatively. "They're friends of the owner and are playing as a favor to him." Whoever they were, they drew an overflow crowd to this isolated club on Tuckahoe Lane.

"They have long, dark hair," said a woman who'd come in on a bus that was supposed to be full of models from the Wilhelmina agency but turned out to be mostly support staff. "They *must* be the Gipsy Kings."

Wrong. The duo that had pulled the wool over the eyes of the organizers of a Palm Beach benefit concert in the spring of 1996 had done it again. Neither brothers nor cousins nor ex-members of the real Gipsy Kings, the pair playing the Tavern were once known as Corazon Gitana. They changed their name to Manolito Gypsy after losing their record deal with BMG. Despite Manolo's insistence that "we are all family, we are *all* gypsies," and despite the assurances of Tavern publicist Emily Tan that "they are definitely the Gipsy Kings," Manolito's only connection to the Gipsy Kings is the songs the pair appropriate and play as their own.

Sure, Manolo and Lito, the longhairs now coyly calling themselves the Land of the Gypsy Kings, are from the same region of southern France as the real septet. But missing from their set was the wall of sound the seven guitars of the true Gipsy Kings produce—and the way they flick their wrists in unison when they play.

That night, Tavern owner Gordon von Broock danced atop the bar beneath a stuffed rhino head, swilling from a bottle of French champagne, an enormous grin plastered on his face. Everyone else was dancing, too, seemingly oblivious to the ruse. For the sake of comparison, the real Gipsy Kings will be appearing at Radio City Music Hall in early September. All seven of them, presumably.

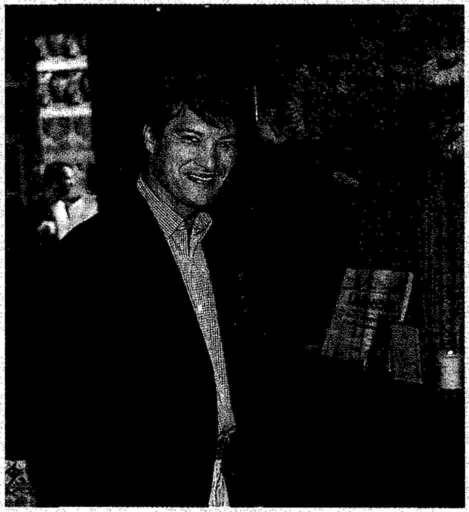
JAY CHESHES and SHERI DE BORCHGRAVE

THE SCENE

Summer Reading

At book parties for Erica Jong and Rona Jaffe, and at a wedding and a perfume launch.

Photographs by Patrick McMullan



Counterclockwise from above, Judith Regan toasts the publication of Rona Jaffe's *Five Women* at a party hosted by Lynn White; Betty Friedan and Shirley Lord at a party hosted by *Marie Claire's* Glenda Bailey for Erica Jong's new book *Inventing Memory*; Frédéric Fekkai at Balthazar to launch his new fragrance collection, Parfums de Provence.

At the Central Park Boathouse for the wedding of Steven Rifkind, chairman of Loud Records, and Nicole Lamy, a model: Kidada and Rashida Jones, right, and maid of honor Rebecca Gayheart and Ivana Kopack, below right. Below, photographers Dennis Golonka, Leee Black Childers, and Amy Steiner at Gallery Taranto, where their work is on view in the EpicIntimacy show.

THE CITY POLITIC MICHAEL TOMASKY

Lift Off!

Or whatever. Ruth Messinger has been running for mayor for, oh, ten years, but she made it official only last week. Now she has to find a way to get people interested.

YOU CAN BE FORGIVEN IF YOU WEREN'T AWARE THAT Manhattan borough president Ruth Messinger *hadn't* formally declared her mayoral candidacy until last week. After all, she's been ubiquitous, popping up at all the requisite forums and keeping to her cardiac schedule. And it isn't as if the covetous glare she beams toward Gracie Mansion had been a secret these last months, or for that matter since about the mid-eighties.

But there she stood last Wednesday on the Lower East Side, in front of a sprinkling of supporters and behind a microphone that wasn't turned on (aides explained that to make it operable would have required a noise permit issued 30 days ago, long before the campaign even planned this event), saying she was here "to officially start and formally announce my candidacy for mayor."

This explains some things. All those who've been muttering about Ruth's campaign—her hair, her clothes, her bridgework, her accessorization, her somber mien, and, most of all, the lack of focused message—well, take that! There hasn't even been a campaign to gripe about.

Except, of course, that there has, albeit in the unofficial and informal sense. And so far, it's been a haphazard affair, consisting mostly of attempts to lure Rudy Giuliani out into the schoolyard, where he might throw a temper tantrum, spearheaded by Messinger's sharp but increasingly snappish press aide, Lee Jones. It's been embarrassing, but it's only July. Outside the feverish circle of the few who pay attention to things like endorsements by Queens assemblymen, no one cares yet that there's a mayoral race.

So now there is. And since nearly everyone seems to agree that what Messinger has been doing so far hasn't been much good, let's find out what a few of the experts think about how on earth she can turn this into a race.

David Garth, who made Giuliani's commercials in 1993 but fell out with him later, says he "couldn't imagine a scenario where I'd want to give her advice that would help her win, since I'm voting for the other guy." But having said that, he agreed to play along anyway.

"What they're trying to do is obvious," Garth says. "They're trying to bait him. But there's such a thing in this business as timing. If they had any brains, they'd be doing something positive. I don't think they've identified a single thing that's positive about her. There's plenty of time in September and October to do negative stuff."

Hank Sheinkopf, media consultant for Fernando Ferrer's busted mayoral campaign, argues for continued hammering at the mayor, "but I would take it from personal stuff to policy." So, Sheinkopf says, "I'd have 25 or 50 workers from the Swingline stapler company in front of Gracie Mansion sleeping, and going to City Council members' homes, saying, 'What about me?' " He refers, in case you missed it, to the Queens manufacturer's recent announcement that it was moving 450 jobs to Mexico, and the mayor's nonchalant assertion that "those jobs will be more than replaced by others."

Consensus has it that it's going to be tough for her to find winning issues against Giuliani, but that if they exist, they boil down to work and education. The city's unemployment rate is around 9.5 percent, which is, as Messinger claimed last week, the highest in any of the twenty largest American cities. And Messinger believes she'll be able to win some converts when she talks about public schools, since the mayor cut $1.3 billion from the Board of Education in his first two years.

On the first point, there's certainly room for someone to make an argument against Giuliani. Like all mayors whose terms have coincided with Wall Street rallies, Giuliani is riding that crest as blithely and confidently as if he'd caused it. Observers both left and right have recognized the boom for being mostly the lucky accident that it is and argued that the city needs to do more to diversify its job base. Messinger has yet to speak at length on this. She tried, in her speech, to dole out a little class-war symbolism about Rudy's looking after Wall Street and not your street, but there was nothing substantive behind it, and there needs to be. "If she is the advocate for an economy that employs real people at real jobs," Sheinkopf says, "then she really helps herself."

With respect to education, it's true that Giuliani made the cuts Messinger talks about. Obviously, the mayor is feeling vul-

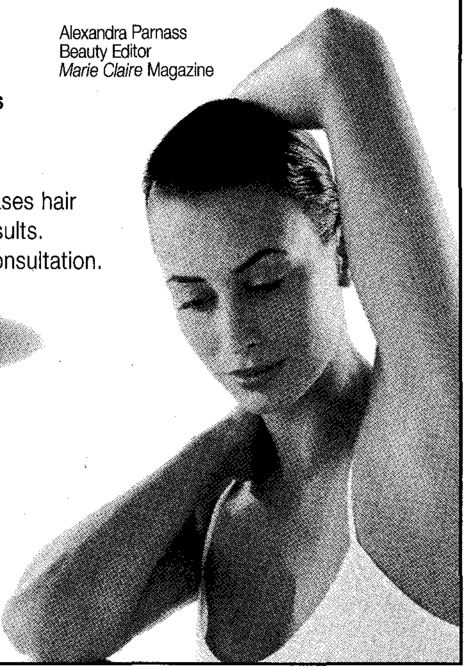
Illustration by Eric Paln

nerable on the subject or he wouldn't have made those television commercials showing him reading stories to schoolchildren. But I wonder if Giuliani doesn't have some decent counterarguments here. After cutting money for schools and distastefully shooing former chancellor Ray Cortines out of town, he's gradually added to the budget and stood behind a chancellor in Rudy Crew who's got a pretty firm handle on the job. But it's a law of New York City politics that education, being in a state of perpetual disaster, works to the disadvantage of the incumbent, and Giuliani, who talks up the regimental sparkle of the parochial schools as against the inert lassitude of the public schools, would seem like the last mayor to have it in his power to reverse that situation. Yet it's from precisely such wells that history's little ironies spring. Messinger, whose political career started on the school board, needs very badly to win on this issue.

Last week's speech, devoted largely to education, didn't say much—she mostly iterated pleasant and expected themes, along the lines of Don't Let Our Children Rot in Decrepit Schools. But she didn't talk about how the Board of Ed should be restructured, or go near touchy issues like charter schools, which will be hotly debated during her mayoral term if she is elected, and which she bent over backward to duck at a mayoral forum back in February. In any case, her whole presentation was lackluster, not heavily attended or covered, although the *Times*, probably out of latent (and guilty) loyalty to a pol it's been friendly with for twenty years, did give it A-1 coverage.

Messinger is in a position unlike any I've ever seen: She's been respected for years, even by her critics, for her intelligence and drive, and now that she's got her well-deserved shot at the big prize, she can't seem to drum up any enthusiasm at all. Is it her? Is it simply Giuliani's success on crime? Whatever, her situation is an extremely difficult one, which almost has some feeling sorry for her. "It's easy to look at a campaign that's behind and that's probably not going to win and say, 'Q.E.D., it's a bad campaign,' " says consultant Phil Friedman. "But she entered a race that virtually any Democrat was going to find difficult, and she's stayed the course."

She ought to get some credit for that, at least. History may assign her the role of doing nothing more than making Giuliani discuss certain topics he'd rather avoid. But then again, the campaign has just started. Officially. ▬



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MEDIA ARIEL KAMINER

Mr. Right

The people at 'Details' and 'Esquire' and 'GQ' and 'Men's Health' believe he's out there. They just can't agree on who he is.

WHAT DO MEN WANT? ONCE UPON A TIME, THE question would have seemed like a no-brainer: comfortable shoes, world domination, girls with large breasts. But lately the situation has become considerably more complex, both in the academic discourse of men's studies and in the executive conference rooms of major media companies, where everybody's trying to find a model of American masculinity that can restore men's magazines to their once-dominant place in the publishing pantheon. In a dictum that launched a thousand style pieces, James Truman, of Condé Nast, announced that being a man was now less about going to loud smoky nightclubs than about going to work, and installed Michael Caruso in *Details*'s corner office. Cathy Black, of Hearst, declared that men were no longer interested in old-style literary magazines, and gave *Esquire*'s reins to David Granger—who launched into a testosterone-fueled competition for writers with his old *GQ* boss, Art Cooper.

One theorist (female, of course) has posited that the original purpose of men's magazines like *Playboy* was to train readers to do what previously had been women's work—to shop. (The bare-naked ladies served to keep it from seeming too swishy.) Today it's hard to imagine a time when American culture and consumer culture weren't coextensive; shopping has come to be such standard heterosexual-male behavior that you could now fill a magazine with fashionable things for men to buy and cook and wear and you could sprinkle it liberally with pictures of naked *men*, for Pete's sake, and you *still* wouldn't end up with a particularly gay magazine.

What you'd end up with, in point of fact, is *Men's Health*, a million-selling publication that has changed the magazine landscape. It's the ultimate killer app: a men's magazine that works like a women's magazine, presenting itself as an indispensable guide through the wilds of modern life, something that men straight and gay feel they actually have to read.

Don't be deceived: Though the magazine does offer some advice about vitamins and HIV, the title is a gentle euphemism. The magazine's not about wellness; it's about sex, and though not every article is about flat stomachs or strong erections, they're all just means to the same end. Under the crowd-pleasing banner of helping readers get laid, the magazine has managed to significantly expand the terrain of men's magazines—straight into the otherwise discomfiting realm of women's magazines, with articles about how to talk your girlfriend into a quickie, how to remove unwanted body hair, how to make a nice supper.

For the new man who follows this advice, what was once mere guy stuff is gloriously reborn as the optimized, idealized, ahead-of-the-curve behavior of today's sensitive manly man. Being a harder, hotter guy is being a better person, and all it takes is a chin-up bar and a subscription.

Across the Atlantic, the British publishing industry (having succeeded in its plan of global editorial domination, and now ready for a new challenge) brought out a very different kind of magazine. It was written about a very different kind of man: the "new lad," an updated version of the working-class soccer hooligan whose tendency toward unreasoned political extremism has been furrowing the higher brows for years. This new identity became a legitimate demographic niche, and *Loaded*, a magazine whose working title was "Lager and Shouting," became its bible, soon followed by the slightly more presentable *For Him Magazine*. With their endless processions of "slopey" babes' bare breasts, and with various stories about cooking Thai buffalo penises (*FHM*), "things that people have stuck up their arses" (*Loaded*), and some Austrian woman with stunningly hairy legs (*Loaded* and *FHM*), these publications aren't interested in repackaging their readers' desires as worldly, sophisticated pursuits, the way other men's magazines do. To the contrary, they go out of their way to make them as unseemly as possible. About the closest these magazines come to advice for self-improvement is *FHM*'s HOW TO SHAG LIKE AN ANIMAL: IF YOU WANT TO GET BETTER AT SEX, GET YOURSELF DOWN TO A ZOO.

Though these magazines are written about simple-minded louts, their actual readership runs quite a bit higher up the demographic ladder. They are reverse-aspirational magazines, pitched at middle-class guys who have proper jobs and sentient girlfriends and who want to lose themselves in the make-believe world of apolit-

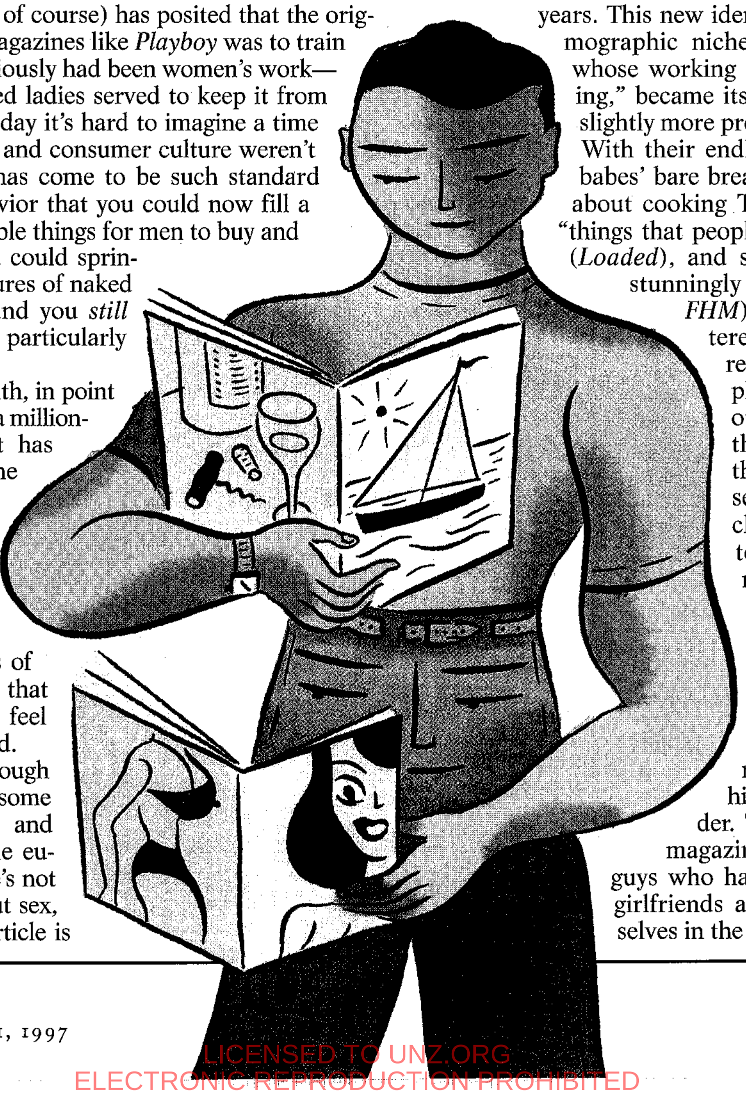

Illustration by Michael Klei

ical, nonprofessional hedonism. If it sounds like a stretch, consider this: *FHM* has become the most popular consumer magazine in all of Europe.

Maxim, a British magazine that had been keeping its readers panting and giggling for years already, was the first to try the formula on these shores. Promising to kick *GQ*'s poncey ass, publisher Felix Dennis installed Clare McHugh, a genuine dirty-talking, sports-watching woman, as editor. The stench of testosterone, the imprimatur of a real live woman: *Maxim* was ready-made headline material.

But though the magazine debuted to a small chorus of incredulity (one midwestern columnist said McHugh had "gone over to the dark side"), the new model's raunchy spirit had gotten lost when it crossed the Atlantic. The articles cover such harmless fluff as ARE YOU A MAC GUY OR A PC GUY, NEWS FLASH: GIRLS LIKE SEX, and HOW TO PICK FRUIT (not to mention the stirring tribute to WD-40).

Sharing her vision of the *Maxim* man, McHugh offered a description that, in its final glum capitulation, really is rather poignant: "The thing that bugs him is the way the media portrays him: that his masculinity is a sin. He may grouse about it, but he knows that he has to give more than his father did." One can almost hear the editors of *Loaded* groaning.

Details never portrayed masculinity—any sort of masculinity—as a sin. In fact, it never portrayed it as any one thing at all. There were articles about straight men who enjoy being anally penetrated, or gay men who consent to have sex with a woman. Instead of positing an archetypal *Details* man, the magazine figured masculinity as one big, cool subculture—a place where you could mosh up against strangers and bond over nothing more than an appreciation of the same hip signifiers. Which was more than just sexy; it was practical, allowing the magazine to stay current merely by shuffling a few cultural accessories, trading in the old piercing for a new CD.

The problem is that *Details,* among other institutions, has done such an efficient job of mainstreaming once-marginal styles that the division between subculture and mass culture is now hard to maintain. And perhaps as a result—or perhaps because college boys are just more interested in Michael Jordan or Jenny McCarthy—the magazine's performance was disappointing. "The totems of that revolution," says Truman, "whether they be alternative rock or goatees, passed from being a secret language to being

(continued on page 66)

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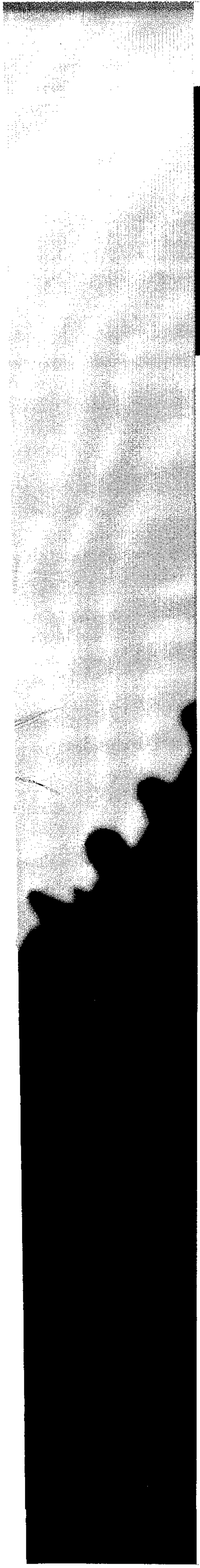
TITLE WAVE: This page, the sultry Duchess of Seville; opposite, Princess Marie-Chantal curtsies to her mother-in-law, Queen Anne-Marie of Greece.



royal flush

New York is crawling with kings, queens, princes, princesses, and lesser regal exiles. Some flaunt the crown jewels, others flog them. By Christopher Mason

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHRIS BUCK

Nina Berman/Sipa

THE ROYAL JEWELER: Sotheby's Prince Dimitri.

“I KNOW WE’RE NOT SUPPOSED TO CURTSY IN AMERICA,” SAYS Nan Kempner, who nevertheless sank to the floor amid the frenzied throng as Diana, Princess of Wales, swept into Christie’s on Park Avenue to promote the sale of her castoff gowns for charity. “I *love* a good curtsy,” adds an unrepentant Kempner. “I always believe it’s terribly good exercise for my knees.” ■ For a city that once celebrated the triumphant inauguration of George Washington after a war fought to banish monarchical rule, New York in the nineties is curiously gripped by royal fever. ■ Even Henry Kissinger is not immune. Like other swells who paid $250 to be jostled in the crush at Christie’s, the fashion arbiter and sometime secretary of State was observed eagerly thrusting himself in the direction of the princess, only to be repelled by a crowd of socialite savages.

But New York’s royal fixation is not reserved for tiara-toting divorcées with tabloid appeal. The city is also home to dozens of folks wielding impressive titles—princesses, barons, dukes, rajas, and contessas—some dubious, some genuine, some purchased, some gained by brief marriages, and almost all obsolete.

“I find it laughable that all these people still use their titles,” says Richard Mineards, whose reporting on the British royal family for E! Entertainment Television’s *Gossip Show* seems to have filled him with disdain for what he calls New York’s riffraff royalty. “I suppose they’re tempted to cling on to them because they impress people *here,”* he sniffs. “But what’s the point of a defunct monarchy?”

To coax dollars from status-obsessed commoners, for one thing. In the past few months, the city has offered a dazzling array of opportunities to curtsy and cavort with royalty—and lesser aristocrats—all in the name of charity. Not since the Duke and Duchess of Windsor were similarly paraded at Gotham fund-raisers in the forties has royalty proved quite so *useful.* Watching the flurry of bows and curtsies to King Constantine II and Queen Anne-Marie of Greece at the New York City Ballet’s Spring Gala, one might be forgiven for forgetting that the year is 1997. Or that America is a democracy. And Greece a republic.

The diverse range of New York’s resident royals is startling indeed. For glamour and wealth, none can surpass Crown Prince Pavlos of Greece and his duty-free-heiress wife, Marie-Chantal, whose dowry includes use of the sumptuous Upper East Side mansion and private jet of her billionaire father, Robert Miller. Royals with a more workaday New York existence include the shy and unassuming Princess Marie of Romania, a former nanny, who now works as a Century 21 salesperson in Elmhurst, Queens. And His Highness Prince Amoti Nyabongo of Uganda, who moonlights as a Brooklyn cop.

Having a last name that is a nation, particularly a nation where one is no longer welcome, inevitably invites ridicule. But whether or not they choose to exploit them, those with royal titles hold an undeniable mystique that derives in part from their forebears’ participation in the history, power, prestige, and fortunes of their respective countries. Which may explain some of the groveling they encounter.

“Having a title in New York is a definite advantage, because it opens doors in society,” admits Prince Dimitri of Yugoslavia, a Sotheby’s jewelry expert whose chiseled profile, gym physique, and impeccable manners give him the aura of a wayward matinee idol.

Dimitri, who sells jewelry to some of the world’s richest women, has found this title to be a useful marketing tool. He is in great demand as an escort to ladies with a penchant for expensive baubles and social advancement. And so convincing is he in the role of Prince Charming that he is able to entice beaming smiles from even the mostly tightly stretched faces.

But Dimitri doesn’t spend *all* his evenings wearing immaculately tailored suits at Upper East Side dinner tables. Many have observed the prince at notably less formal late-night gatherings downtown, dressed in a police costume whose buttons and handcuffs gleam even more brightly than those worn by Amoti Nyabongo by day.

Dimitri’s nation may be defunct, but the Yugoslav prince is still related by birth to practically all the royal families of Europe. “I hope you will point out that there is a big difference between royalty and someone who is merely noble,” he says. “Americans never understand the distinction.”

Being royal requires membership in the immediate family of—or direct descent from—a king or queen. Nobles are people whose titles were granted to their family

Photograph: previous page, right, by Nina Berman/Sipa.
Hair and makeup: previous page, left, by Luis Guillermo for Elizabeth Watson, Inc.

by monarchs or, in some cases, popes. The term *aristocracy* includes both royals *and* nobles. "It's taken from the Greek, meaning 'rule by the elite,' " says the jeweler prince.

Despite the advantages, some New Yorkers strive mightily to conceal their titles, out of indifference, modesty, or plain embarrassment. Upper East Side councilman Andrew Eristoff, a Georgian prince, finds it politically expedient to excise his, and now abbreviates his last name from the less democratic-sounding Sidamon-Eristoff.

Equally loath to flaunt her title is the former queen of Sikkim, who once ruled a tiny kingdom in the Himalayas between Nepal and Bhutan but now makes her home in Brooklyn. A graduate of Sarah Lawrence who grew up on Park Avenue, the erstwhile queen has reverted to her maiden name, Hope Cooke, since her divorce from Sikkim's monarch. She is also the author of *Time Change,* a 1980 autobiography describing her whirlwind king-and-I romance, and *Seeing New York,* a literate city guide.

Princess Elizabeth recently began capitalizing upon her royal title by launching E, a perfume named after herself, on QVC.

Others, however, delight in the opportunity to market their aristocratic prefixes. Take the man widely known as the Baron: an elderly rake claiming to be descended from the Rothschilds who serves as a resident drug dealer to Gotham's rich and famous. Or Isabel de Bourbon, a vivacious blonde who introduces herself on the telephone as "Isabel, the Duchess of Seville."

Although separated from the Madrid-based Duke of Seville, the headstrong Isabel is reluctant to relinquish her title. (Ladies who persist in using their titles after divorce are frowned upon in Europe, but they are a breed that flourishes in Manhattan.)

Like some of her fellow nobles, Isabel isn't shy about putting her title to work. "Right now I'm negotiating to do a line of products using my name on one of the home-shopping networks, but I can't tell you which one," she says. Titles, she believes, are sometimes confusing to New Yorkers. "Americans don't have an aristocracy, which is why I think they're so intrigued," she says, "but I find that most people don't know how to treat me in New York. Europeans are much more used to nobility."

Nonetheless, the duchess simply loves New York. "What's wonderful is that people here respect you for working. When you have a leisure life—you know, lots of lunches—you feel a bit *guilty.*"

WHY *ARE* SO MANY DUBIOUS aristocrats drawn to Manhattan? "In Europe, the fakes could *never* get away with it," snaps Prince Antoine de Lobkowicz, an art dealer based in Manhattan, "but many people in New York seem to be impressed if you have any title at all."

Antoine recalls his horror upon meeting a Connecticut hairdresser who swore he was a French prince. "I asked my aunt in Paris who knows all these people, and she's never heard of him," says Lobkowicz, who is now negotiating to reclaim his share of family real estate and artwork seized in Czechoslovakia by the Communist government in 1948. Since the kingdom of Bohemia, which his family once ruled, was subsumed by the Austrian Empire in 1526, he is not strictly royal. "People are always asking me, so I tell them," he says. "I'm like the Grimaldis of Monaco. I'm not Royal. I'm *Serene.*"

The merchant prince looks distinctly *un*serene, however, upon handing out a card with his name and title boldly engraved with a family crest that incorporates a lion, an eagle, and an animal that looks suspiciously like a goat. "I know it looks pretentious," he says, blushing. "But it's for business." Even princes need to make a living.

ANYONE FAMILIAR WITH WHAT PASSES FOR high society in New York these days will tell you that while charm, wit, looks, brains, breeding, and even a title are definite pluses, money is king. That being the case, the marriage of Crown Prince Pavlos and Marie-Chantal Miller—who comes with an estimated $200 million—is a union guaranteed to melt the hearts of snobs of every stripe.

"Let's face it: They're an irresistible combination," rhapsodizes Nan Kempner. "All that lovely money and a title. And they're so beautiful to look at. And charming. Pavlos has the most beautiful manners of any young man I've ever met."

Their heavily publicized wedding took place amid much pomp and extravagance in England in 1995 and drew a full flush of royals, including Queen Elizabeth II herself. But friends of the young couple acknowledge that there has been much cynical speculation about their marriage. "Everyone thinks M-C married him for the title and that Pavlos married her for the money, but it wasn't like that at all," says Caroline Berthet, a confidante of Marie-Chantal's. "It really was a love affair."

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METRO GOLD: Princess Elizabeth rides again.

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“Let’s face it,” sighs Princess Galitzine, at the Russian Nobility Ball. “A lot of royals these days behave worse than peasants.”

Prince Dimitri of Yugoslavia concurs. “It’s rubbish, all that nasty gossip,” he says. “I really believe she would have loved him without the title and he would have married her without the money.” In marrying her prince, Marie-Chantal is helping to revive the fashion that raged a century ago for American heiresses’ tying the knot with financially challenged titled foreigners. The phenomenal export rate of marriageable American girls during the 1890’s greatly boosted the spirits (and bank accounts) of impoverished nobility across Europe—and did wonders for preserving the stately homes of England.

By hitching her star to the affable and well-educated Pavlos, Marie-Chantal appears to have been spared the fate of Consuelo Vanderbilt, the railroad heiress coerced into marrying the ninth duke of Marlborough in 1895 by her socially ambitious mother, Alva. Ensconced in splendor as the mistress of Blenheim Palace, Consuelo is said to have endured grotesque sexual tortures from her noble husband, a snobbish, tiny man distinguished by his bad breath and foul manners. Mortified to discover that her scheming had inflicted such indignities upon her daughter, Alva Vanderbilt was inspired during her later years to become an enthusiastic lesbian and a champion of the suffragette movement.

IN MAY, MARIE-CHANTAL AND PAVLOS, NEW York’s reigning royals, made their much-anticipated social debut, chairing the New York City Ballet’s prestigious Spring Gala. Radiant in a yellow couture ball gown designed by Oscar de la Renta—whose press agent, Paul Wilmot, conveniently handles the young Greek royals too—Marie-Chantal clearly had much to do with the fact that this year’s gala attracted a younger, better-looking, and better-dressed crowd than usual.

Standing by the dance floor admiring the lithe beauties was Taki Theodoracopulos, the irritable Greek shipping heir who has perfected the art of ridiculing Princess Margaret and other royals in his “High Life” column in the London *Spectator*. Taki clearly feels different about their Greek counterparts. “Let me warn you,” he says, seeing my reporter’s notepad. “I will personally break your arms, your legs, and maybe something else if you write anything nasty about the Greek royal family.”

Not surprisingly, Theodoracopulos, who recently got himself into trouble maligning New York’s Puerto Ricans, Jews, and gays in the *Spectator*, is an unapologetic monarchist. “In Greece, we need the stabilizing force of a royal family because we’re a volatile people,” he says. “The Greek royal family was very badly mistreated by the cheap politicians who did them in.”

Lunching the same week at Mortimer’s, the society eatery, the crown prince and princess share the coveted window table with King Constantine II and Queen Anne-Marie. Visibly elated, Mortimer’s proprietor Glenn Bernbaum parades toward the rear of the restaurant, having just paid homage at the royal table. “Pavlos is *such* a nice boy,” he says. “He told me that this is his uncle’s favorite restaurant in New York, so I asked him, ‘Who’s your uncle?’ You know what he replied? ‘The king of Spain.’ ”

WHILE SOME IMPOVERISHED royals in New York have been lucky enough to win the hearts of rich, impressionable Americans, others are obliged to be resourceful in other ways.

Having taken up American citizenship last year after fourteen years of living in New York, Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia recently began capitalizing upon her royal title by launching E, a perfume named after herself, on QVC. Discerning home shoppers can now purchase a whiff of royalty for $28 plus tax and shipping. The fragrance, which is also sold as a body lotion, comes in boxes emblazoned with a gold crown and florid E and the words HRH PRINCESS ELIZABETH in royal blue.

Ambitiously seeking to follow the lucrative trail blazed by Joan Rivers, Susan Lucci, and Ivana Trump, the princess has been backed in this endeavor by her old friend Merv Griffin, the television host turned casino operator.

“I suppose it was inevitable that Merv would take up with the princess,” quips a mutual friend. “After all, someone had to succeed Eva Gabor.”

Reached at her midtown apartment the day following her first appearance on QVC, the princess is exultant. “I think it’s going to be a tremendous success,” she says. “At one point, we had 800 people calling at once.”

When I call Ron Kraut in Merv Griffin’s office to tell him I have just spoken with Elizabeth of Yugoslavia, I am greeted with an eerie silence. “I think you mean *Her Royal Highness* Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia,” he finally replies, grandly. “I’m her brand manager.”

Kraut is similarly reverent about Merv, whom he talks about in the cloying tones of a car salesman reading off cue cards. “I don’t know whether you are acquainted with Mr. Merv Griffin,” he says with a verbal swagger, “but I call him, lovingly, America’s host.”

Kraut claims the idea to launch the fragrance was hatched when Griffin ran into the princess and asked her what scent she was wearing. “When [Elizabeth] told him it was the perfume she created to match the custom blend worn

Photographs by Nina Berman/Sip

by her grandmother, Her Imperial and Royal Highness Grand Duchess Helen of Russia, he said, 'You're kidding! Let's market that.' "

Kraut speaks breathlessly of the star-studded party that Griffin threw at the Beverly Hilton in Los Angeles to launch the fragrance. "The beautiful thing is, he invited his 300 closest personal friends to celebrate with the princess," says Kraut. "I mean, the *loveliest* people. Like Mrs. Ronald Reagan."

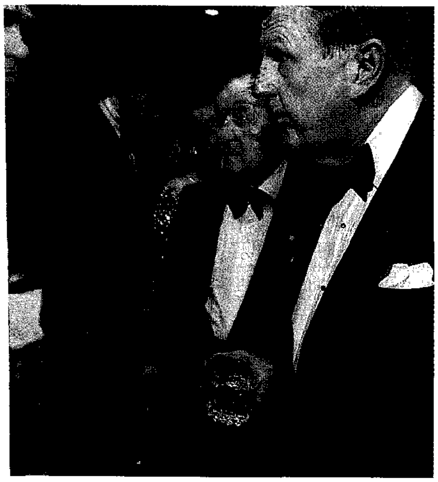
When the princess arrives for an interview at Griffin's office, across the street from Smith & Wollensky's steakhouse, she is equally effusive. "Merv was so sweet," she says. "He gave me a wonderful party. Vanna White was there, and she told me she adores my fragrance."

In person, Princess Elizabeth possesses an appealing combination of svelte good looks, regal detachment, and a mischievous grin. "Elizabeth has allure," says her old friend Reinaldo Herrera. "Great manners, great style. She's partied in nightclubs everywhere, but she can still wear a tiara beautifully."

And she has a charitable heart. A portion of the royalties from QVC will benefit the Princess Elizabeth Foundation, set up by the princess to support humanitarian relief efforts for victims of the civil war in the former Yugoslavia. "I really wanted to help people in my native country who are paying for their political leaders' grave mistakes," says the princess, recounting how she met a 16-year-old boy in Belgrade who had gone out to pick mushrooms and stumbled on a mine, losing both his legs. "It's ghastly to see the suffering," she says. "I've been trying to do what I can, but I got tired of scrounging around for charity. I realized that creating the perfume was the best way to do it—the foundation will get a percentage."

What percentage? The princess is vague. "We haven't worked that out yet,"

RUSSIAN DRESSING: A pack of princes at the Plaza.



to the manor bought

BY STEVE GARBARINO

In the royalty-revering eighties, during the reign of Park Avenue's swanky Regine's nightclub, the club bestowed upon its favored regulars membership cards—at an annual cost of $600—with titles such as Lord and Lady attached to each gold-embossed name. As in Lord DeLorean, say, or Lady Midler. After all, they got royal treatment anyway, didn't they?

Now—after a brief reality check in the ascetic early nineties—royalty is making a comeback. Fergie is hawking cranberry juice and hosting a travel show. New York's Miller sisters are this decade's version of the title-happy Gabors. The bewigged members of Upper Crust—one of the hottest pop groups on the alternative circuit—affect the airs and attire of eighteenth-century noblemen. Drag queens are no longer the only ones with a penchant for *faux* titles. Entitlement is in.

Luckily, for those unfortunates not born or married into the right lineage, it's never been easier to reinvent oneself, *legally,* as the Marquessa of Madrid or the Lord of Liverpool. From France to Canada, titles can be purchased for anywhere from $5,000 to $200,000. At Strutt & Parker, an Essex-based title agent, wannabe nobles can choose from 50 titles at any given time.

"Thirty percent of our buyers come from America," says partner Stephen Hawes, who points out that since Great Britain has more than 13,000 manors, there's little chance of the well's running dry. Indeed, last week, England's Manorial Auctions Ltd. unloaded 28 "Lordships of the Manor and Feudal Baronies"—including the unwieldy Lord of the Manor of Bagots Bromley—at prices ranging from $8,000 to $100,000.

In Germany, would-be titlists can actually be "adopted" into a noble family, says society chronicler Richard Mineards, who recalls the time that Prince Frederick von Anhalt—the eighth husband of Zsa Zsa Gabor—took out an ad in Palm Beach's well-read "Shiny Sheet" offering inclusion into his family for a hefty fee.

Few American magazines now run such ads, scared off by lawsuits filed by gullible arrivistes who bought into bogus titles—the equivalent of Florida-swamp-land deals—via the classifieds. But in England, where there are more titles for sale than anywhere else in the world (France and Italy are close runners-up), property magazines like *Country Life* and the *State's Gazette* run pages of title ads, including a recent one that advertised a Yorkshire farm, manor house, and lordship on sale for just £4,000 ($6,752).

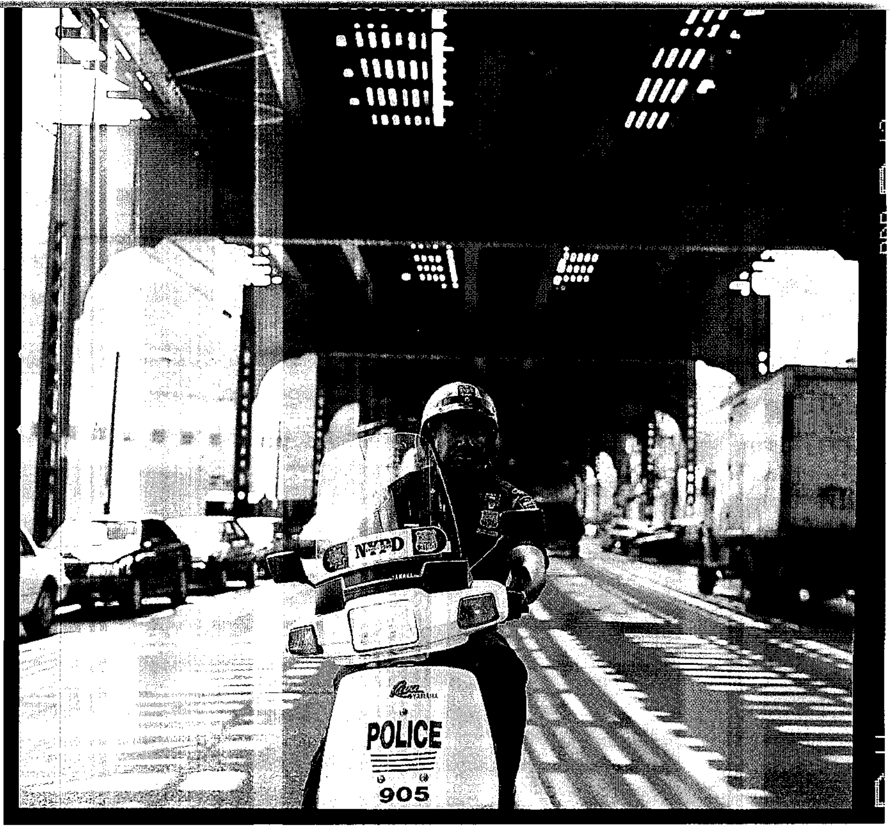
Most royal purists pooh-pooh title-mongering. "You don't just become one of these people by buying a title," protests one appalled aristocrat. "There are issues of honor and ethics." Andrea Reynolds Plunkett agrees. "We wouldn't recognize that sort of thing," sniffs the innkeeper wife of authentic English aristocrat Sean Plunkett. "It's ridiculous, pretentious." (Ironically, Reynolds Plunkett was once the girlfriend of Claus von Bulow, who conveniently slipped the grand "von" into his name.) She goes on to recall a "socially ambitious" friend who falsely claimed to be a countess. "We could have made great fun of it, but we pretended not to notice."

But Strutt & Parker's Hawes defends the practice. "They're buying into heritage, and they're buying, in essence, *history.* Is it pompous or pretentious to buy a famous oil painting or a historic sculpture?"

Mineards estimates that fewer than 50 percent of titled Americans have come by their titles legitimately. And the percentage is even lower in France, he says: "They have so many titles there that if you're vaguely peasant stock, you're already a count." Want to out an ersatz earl or bogus baron? "Ask to see their passport," instructs Mineards. "It will include a person's title [only] if they really have one."

Credibility factors aside, *buying* a title is a little like joining a country club but not being able to sign for anything. While some of the property options that come with buying English manors include the right to keep either "shipwrecks or treasure troves" discovered on the land, most archaic manor laws allow a fledgling lord only such earthly luxuries as the right to "cut turf" and "pasture swine."

But Baroness Sheri de Borchgrave of Belgium—the *GQ* fact-checker known as the Countess of Condé Nast—testifies that whatever their genesis, titles come with considerable perks. Says the author of *A Dangerous Liaison: One Woman's Journey Into a World of Aristocracy, Depravity and Obsessive Love:* "It gets me into all the clubs and restaurants." And, she adds, "*everybody* wants to sleep with a baroness."



NYPD BLUE BLOOD: Prince Amoti Nyabongo.

she says, glancing nervously at Ron Kraut. "We'll have to see."

THE PUBLICATION THIS MONTH of *Royal Blue,* a largely autobiographical first novel by Princess Elizabeth's daughter, Christina Oxenberg, suggests that having an exiled royal princess for a mother can inspire some unusual identity problems.

"Dad's Jewish, so I've always considered my sister, Catherine, and I to be authentic Jewish American Princesses," she says, adding that Howard Oxenberg, a Seventh Avenue businessman, is paying her rent these days. She dismisses persistent rumors that her *real* father was Jack Kennedy. "I hear it's *possible,*" she says. "But I don't think I look anything like him."

Her mother has declined to read the book. "I hear she calls me a Menendez child for writing it," says Christina. Were she tempted, however, Princess Elizabeth would discover that the royal-born mother in the novel emerges as a mostly sympathetic character—and a loving, if somewhat distracted, parent. But she might find some passages irksome.

"I have never liked the fire-engine-red lipstick she wears," writes Oxenberg. "To me it looks like the bloodied mouth of a predator."

Although mother and daughter both live in Manhattan, they have not spoken in over four years. "The silence between us probably won't go on forever," says Oxenberg. "This is just a breather. Don't forget, we're Serbian. So we're genetically programmed to squabble."

"I went on *Oprah* for my country," declares princely policeman Amoti Nyabongo, featured on a show about royal bachelors.

The fledgling novelist has always found her mother's royal status disquieting. "I asked to be sent away to school when I was 8 years old," she says. "We had to write to our parents, but I could never figure out how to address her on the envelope—Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia or Elizabeth Oxenberg. And the *HRH* thing always looked weird."

Oxenberg believes that her actress sister, Catherine, who played a princess on *Dynasty,* has been less troubled by the dichotomy. "I was always the tomboy, and Catherine was the little princess," she says. "A friend who was at school with Catherine told me she would always insist on all the other little girls' curtsying to her."

Oxenberg jokes that she spends most of her time these days at home, channel-surfing in the hopes of catching a glimpse of her mother hawking her perfume on QVC or her sister doing celebrity endorsements on Dionne Warwick's Psychic Friends Hotline. "If Merv Griffin had any class, he'd just *give* my mother the money," she says. "Instead, she has to humiliate herself cashing in on her name like the rest of us."

"I WENT ON *OPRAH* FOR MY FAMILY AND MY country," declares Prince Amoti Nyabongo, referring to the quaint sense of duty that persuaded him to participate in a segment last year on royal bachelors. Until then, he claims, none of his follow officers at Brooklyn's 90th Precinct were aware of his royal status. "When I showed up for work, they were all kidding me."

Engagingly unpretentious, the princely policeman was raised in Crown Heights. "My father was a crown prince in the kingdom of Toro in Western Uganda," says Prince Amoti. "He came to America to learn skills to bring home."

Growing up, he was made keenly aware of his heritage, which he traces back to the year 1000. "But you just want to be treated like everyone else," he says. "I try to keep myself approachable, so no one will say, 'He's snooty.' "

When his cousin the king died recently, Amoti was alarmed. "I was like, 'Oh, no, you guys aren't going to call *me* to be king.' " Though his 5-year-old nephew was crowned instead, Amoti, who has spent thirteen years on the beat in Brooklyn, is now ready to move to Uganda. "I want to do something that makes a difference for my country," he says earnestly. But he retains a high regard for Americans. Particularly Oprah Winfrey. "She flew me first-class, put me in a great hotel, and sent me around in a limo," says the prince. "She really treated me like royalty."

GAZING UPON THE WHIRL OF DANCING princes, princesses, counts, and countesses packed into the Grand Ballroom of the Plaza on May 9 for the Russian Nobility Ball, I was startled to realize that the Russian aristocracy, routed by the assassination of Czar Nicholas II and his family in 1918, is now alive and waltzing in New York.

"We have a lot of people coming ou of the woodwork claiming that they'r big high muck-a-mucks," says Iva Obolensky, a vice-president of the Rus sian Nobility Association, surveying th glittering crowd. The son of Prince Serg Obolensky and the former Alice Astor (daughter of John Jacob Astor, who wen down on the *Titanic*), Obolensky has a much right as anyone else of his nobl background to call himself prince. Bu he prefers not to.

"Ivan doesn't use his title, which I thin is wrong," says Princess Tatiana Gal itzine, who converses in fluent Russian with her husband, Prince Vladimir Galitzine, even though both were born in the United States. "We consider ourselves Russian-Americans," she explains. "We're proud to be American. We pay our taxes. But obviously, our Russian heritage is very important to us."

When Prince Alexis Scherbatow, the 90-year-old president of the Russian Nobility Association, shuffles up to the podium to make a speech, the audience falls silent. "We are honored to have with us this evening His Imperial Highness Prince Nikita Romanoff," he proclaims. The room bursts into the adulatory applause one might expect at a rock concert by the Artist Formerly Known as Prince.

Though Prince Nikita and his brother Prince Alexander are currently unemployed and live quietly on the Upper East Side with their wealthy wives, they are revered by the gathered Russian nobles. "Let's face it," says Princess Galitzine. "A lot of royals these days behave worse than peasants. But we're very happy with Prince Nikita and Prince Alexander. They conduct themselves with dignity appropriate for who they are."

To Princess Galitzine, who is chairing the ball, nobility carries certain obligations. "When I married my husband, my father-in-law told me nobility entitles you to the same air that everyone else breathes. Just because you are a princess doesn't make you better than anyone else. But they expect more of you, and you have to work harder to earn people's esteem."

(continued on page 62)

crowns about town

The aristocrats listed below may not all *technically* be royal, but when it comes to foreigners with titles, most New Yorkers can't tell the difference anyway. An illustrated field guide to the city's regal refugees:

ROYALS IN RESIDENCE

- Crown Prince and Princess Pavlos of Greece
- Princess Christina of the Netherlands
- Princess Marie of Romania
- Princess Nhu-my Leuthold of Vietnam
- Prince Amoti Nyabongo of Uganda
- Princess Yasmin Aga Khan
- Prince Osman of Turkey
- Prince and Princess Alexander Romanoff of Russia
- Prince and Princess Nikita Romanoff of Russia

HOMEGROWN ROYALS

- Hope Cooke, former Queen of Sikkim
- Queen Noor of Jordan
- Princess Marie-Chantal of Greece

NOBLE NEW YORKERS

- **Prince Antoine de Lobkowicz (Czechoslovakia)**
- Princess Ludmilla Schwarzenberg (Czechoslovakia)
- Prince Anthony Radziwill (Poland)
- Princess Tina Radziwill (Poland)
- Prince Alexander von Auersperg (Austria)
- Alla von Auersperg (Austria)
- Princess Maria-Christina von Wittgenstein (Germany)
- Princess Cecile von Hohenlohe (Germany)
- Prince and Princess Alexandre von und zu Furstenberg (Germany)

FREQUENT FLYERS

- Princess Michael of Kent
- Prince Edward
- The Prince of Wales
- Diana, Princess of Wales
- Princess Margaret
- **Prince Albert of Monaco**
- Princesses Stephanie and Caroline of Monaco
- Ayesha, Rajmata of Jaipur
- Princess Firyal of Jordan
- King Juan Carlos of Spain
- Prince Charles de Bourbon-Sicile
- The Sultan of Brunei
- Prince Khaled bin Sultan of Saudi Arabia
- Sara, Duchess of (New) York

TITLE-SHY ROYALS

- (Prince) Ivan Obolensky
- (Princess) Marina Wolkonsky Galesi
- (Prince) Andrew Eristoff
- (Archduchess) Immaculata von Hapsburg
- (Princess) Anne Phipps Sidamon-Eristoff
- (Prince) Constantine Sidamon-Eristoff
- (Baroness) Betsy von Furstenberg

SUBURBAN ROYALS

- Empress Farah Pahlavi of Iran (Greenwich)
- Princess Marie-Louis of Bulgaria, (Madison, New Jersey)
- Princess Vera of Russia (Westchester County)

ROYAL GROUPIES

- Kip Forbes
- Blaine Trump
- Robin Leach
- **Taki Theodoracopulos**
- Glenn Bernbaum

ROYAL HANGOUTS

- Mortimer's
- The Four Seasons
- The Temple of Dendur
- Chinese Porcelain Company
- The Spike

ROYAL REST STOPS

- Trump Tower (Arabs)
- The Carlyle (Euro-Royals)
- Drue Heinz's townhouse (Princess Margaret)
- Peter Brown's bachelor pad (Prince Edward)
- Hazelden Center, Minnesota (the whole gang)

ROYAL OCCUPATIONS

- Costume jeweler—Princess Mimi Romanoff
- Publisher—Princess Cecile Hohenlohe
- Actress—Lee Radziwill
- Decorator—Baroness Milly de Cabrol
- Engineer—Raja of Jhumla Vishwa Shah
- Art dealer—Princess Marie-Christine Wittgenstein
- Real-estate developer—Count and Countess Arco
- Concert pianist—Princess Lana Wolkonski Forstmann
- Councilman—Andrew Eristoff
- Fact-checker—Baroness Sheri de Borchgrave

HOME-SHOPPING ROYALS

- **Diane von Furstenberg**
- Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia
- Isabelle de Bourbon, Duchess of Seville (aspiring)

SO YOU WANNA RUB SHOULDERS WITH ROYALTY?

(Better bring your checkbook)

- A dance-floor table at the New York City ballet gala chaired by Crown Prince and Princess Pavlos of Greece: **$25,000**

- A ticket to mingle with Diana, Princess of Wales (and hundreds of others) at a party to celebrate her high-priced tag sale at Christie's: **$250**

- A benefactor table at a French Embassy fund-raiser to help impoverished (but impeccably pedigreed) aristocrats pay for the upkeep of their châteaux: **$10,000**

- A "Champions Table" at the Hale House benefit at the Plaza featuring cranberry-juice spokesperson Sarah Ferguson and boxing royal Don *King*: **$25,000**

- A ticket to observe waltzing aristocrats at the Russian Nobility Ball in the Grand Ballroom of the Plaza: **$175**

- A low-budget lunch of crabcakes and seltzer at Mortimer's (if you can land a table): **$30 plus tip**

hotographs: clockwise from top right: Patrick McMullan (3); Dave Benett/Globe Photos.

Johnny on th

"As Doctor Johnson said, only my tailor knows my true measurements," John Scanlon says darkly. It's a line he trots out often, and with good reason. ■ Scanlon, 62, is the Michael Collins of guerrilla P.R., the charming, flamboyant, and often brutal purveyor of some of the most aggressive campaigns in the history of spin. He's

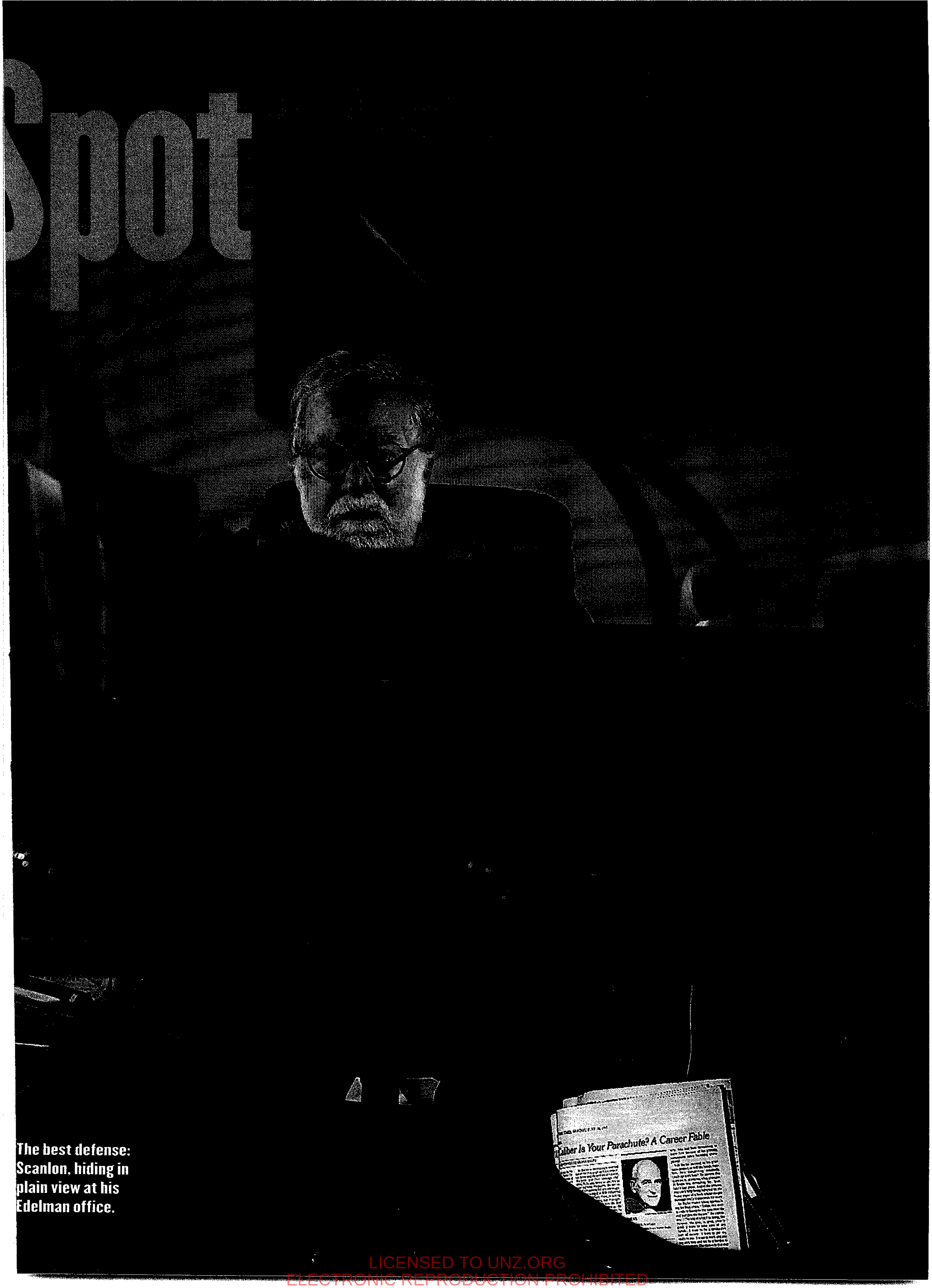
Where there's smoke, there's John Scanlon, the P.R. man who restores lost reputations. Can he save his own?

By Alex Williams

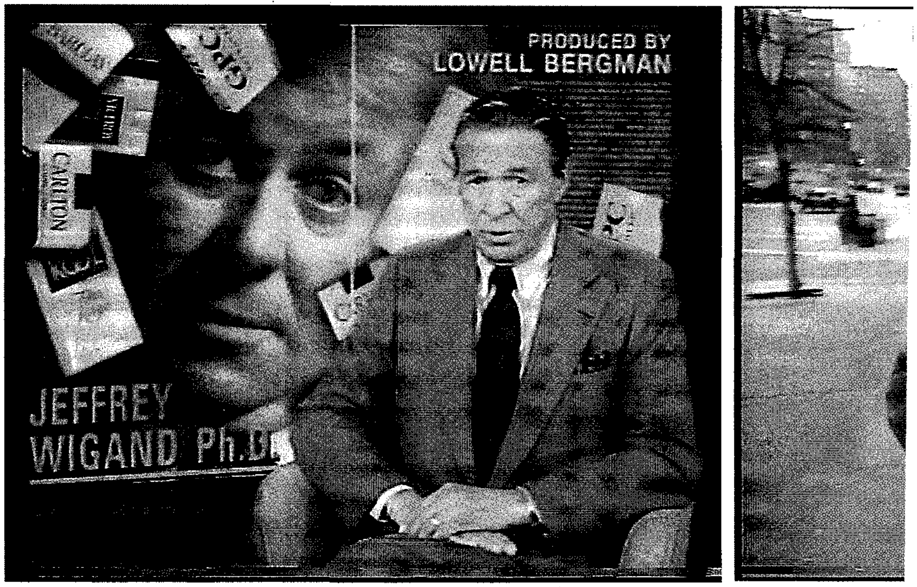
exercised his artistry on behalf of Gucci-upholstered wives squaring off against their husbands, news organizations looking to deflect libel charges, billion-dollar companies besieged by an angry public. ■ Seated 33 stories above Times Square, Scanlon wears a tenure-track tweed suit and red suspenders. There is a hint of

PHOTOGRAPH BY MAX AGUILERA-HELLWEG
FOR *NEW YORK*

Spot


Caliber Is Your Parachute? A Career Fable

The best defense: Scanlon, hiding in plain view at his Edelman office.



Spinning out of control: *60 Minutes* decided to take John Scanlon down in Tobaccogate.

Fenian mischief in his face, with its apple cheeks and snowy Papa Hemingway beard.

His affect may be avuncular, but his methods aren't. Along with a list of clients he's taken more than a few bullets for, John Scanlon has accrued three decades' worth of enemies. They're still cheering the public thrashing he received last year running interference for tobacco conglomerate Brown & Williamson, the maker of Kool and Viceroy cigarettes. *Vanity Fair* and *60 Minutes* cast Scanlon as the Picasso of a smear campaign directed at Jeffrey Wigand, a chemist turned whistleblower and No. 1 witness for the prosecution. Subpoenas were drafted. A grand jury was looking into possible obstructions of justice by Brown & Williamson in its efforts to discredit Wigand. And when he left his firm, Abernathy McGregor Scanlon, last summer, rumor was that Dr. Spin had fled to Ireland.

Those who'd tangled with Scanlon could finally relish a moment of Schadenfreude. "He's on the mat," one said with a smile.

"I mean, there was a buzz that I had bought the house in Ireland because I was going to be indicted and I was trying to escape extradition," Scanlon says, "none of which was accurate or true." He rolls his eyes, and snorts sarcastically: "All for this 'wild act' of passing public information to journalists."

In point of fact, Scanlon has been hiding in plain sight, as a senior counselor at Edelman Worldwide Public Relations, just down the hall from Ed Rollins, another bare-knuckle image-masseur who's absorbed his share of heat in the past few months. His latest client? Credit Suisse.

"Scabs. Cigarettes. Holocaust profiteers," Jack Newfield wrote in a New York *Post* column headlined SWISS BANK'S FLACK HAS BARED DARK SOUL BEFORE. "Scanlon, the $350-per-hour public relations consultant, is famous for quoting poets and billing scoundrels. . . . Now he has found a new scurvy low . . . representing Credit Suisse, probably the worst of the Swiss banks that plundered hundreds of millions of dollars from Jews during Hitler's Holocaust."

The Swiss-bank controversy was, of course, a perfectly logical place to find John Scanlon. Only Credit Suisse wasn't just another deep-pocketed, *how-do-you-sleep?* client. The bank is an old client of Edelman's, and no sooner had Scanlon returned last summer to the agency where he'd done much of his best work in the eighties than Credit Suisse appeared on his plate.

" 'Sometimes you have to sup with long spoons.' I heard that from a priest friend of mine," Scanlon says. "This was never an attempt to defend Swiss actions during war, because they are, in fact, indefensible. But you can walk away from the issue, and help nobody, or you can become part of the process of solving things."

Scanlon denies he's up to anything remotely unsavory.

"When people say we're a 'mouthpiece,' the worst gloss on the term is that you're lying for your client. That's not what we do. I mean, we're strategic counselors."

While Edelman has been working with Credit Suisse, P.R. giant Kekst and Co. has been representing the Swiss Bankers Association. Gershon Kekst is not only the preeminent name in financial public relations, he's also the chairman of the Jewish Theological Seminary and the son of two Hebrew-school teachers.

The two companies had joined forces to help Credit Suisse and two other banks form and publicize a $200 million Humanitarian Fund for Holocaust Victims, from which the first $12.1 million payment—to needy Holocaust victims in Eastern Europe—will be made in coming weeks.

Still, the issue is furiously controversial. The law firm Cravath, Swaine & Moore has been publicly hammered over its representation of Credit Suisse.

"I remember one meeting, there must have been 50 lawyers at the table, and I would say 45 of them were Jewish. So the notion that somehow [my work] was part of this vast anti-Semitic plot is just patently, absolutely, totally absurd," Scanlon says.

Scanlon admits that a big part of the job was simply to warn the clients against appearing too defensive.

"Somebody comes out of left field and calls the Swiss 'Nazi bankers,' " says Scanlon. "And here's this poor guy, he's 50 years old, he's a young Swiss, he says, 'Nazi bankers? I was 2 years old.' It was like in the sixties—I was active in the civil-rights movement, I was in Selma—and some black radical would always say to me, 'Well, your grandfather raped my grandmother in the fields,' and you'd say, 'Jesus, relax. My great-grandfather was in the west of Ireland being fucked over by British imperialists.' "

Even telling a story like this, Scanlon subtly shifts the argument off its moral axis. It is Scanlon's particular genius, some might say. "You can make a very good living doing standard P.R.," he says. "But I need the kind of energy that's created by conflict."

In case you're wondering, John Patrick Scanlon sleeps like a baby.

"I'VE HAD VERY FEW *CRIS DE* CONSCIENCE," Scanlon says. "A lot of the stuff I've done is controversial, but I'm perfectly comfortable with all issues I've been involved with—intellectually and morally. The tobacco one certainly caused a significant amount of pain, but the actions I was involved in were perfectly defensible."

It's not that Scanlon is pro-smoking. Truth is, he often disagrees with the positions of his clients. But Scanlon saw the issue as one of personal responsibility. "I don't smoke," Scanlon says. "I think smoking's bad for you. But I think anybody with a double-digit IQ in America knows two things about tobacco: that it's bad for your health, and that once you start smoking, it's hard to stop. It's perfectly reasonable to regulate use of tobacco, to pass legislation about selling tobacco to children. But there's also got to be some level of tolerance for the fact that some people like to do it. And if they assume the risk, they shouldn't be able to sue.

"Where does it stop? What's next?" Scanlon wonders aloud. "You can predict with metaphysical, ontological certainty that when the issue of tobacco is finally

resolved, these guys will find something else, and it will most likely be alcohol. The social and medical costs of alcohol are so overwhelmingly larger. I mean, no man ever came home and tore the house apart because he smoked an extra carton of Marlboros that week."

Brown & Williamson was hardly Scanlon's first brush with tobacco. In 1989, he represented Philip Morris and Lorillard when a New Jersey woman named Rose Cipollone died of lung cancer and her husband sued. The case might be considered the Fort Sumter of the modern tobacco wars. In the end, a jury awarded $400,000 to the widower (later overturned on appeal) but determined that Cipollone had been 80 percent responsible for her decision to smoke. At the time, it was considered a victory for tobacco.

> **With the tobacco scandal, those who'd tangled with Scanlon could finally relish a moment of Schadenfreude.**

Then along came Jeffrey Wigand, the Brown & Williamson chemist who rolled out a variety of damaging allegations from inside the labs of Big Tobacco concerning the addictiveness of cigarettes and the safety of tobacco additives. It was "business as usual," the publicist says, when he set about helping B&W's lawyers cast doubt on the credibility of a man whose testimony could, in theory, and the CEOs of seven major tobacco companies in prison for perjury before Congress. But this time, the spin whipped around and went careering toward the man behind the curtain: Scanlon.

The Washington-based Investigative Group had compiled a 500-page dossier with B&W's lawyers, alleging that Wigand had shoplifted, beaten his wife, and lied about matters ranging from job interviews to minor insurance claims.

Scanlon routed the dossier to the *Wall Street Journal,* with disastrous results. "A close look at the file . . . indicates that many of the serious allegations against Dr. Wigand are backed by scanty or contradictory evidence," reported the *Journal.* "Some of the charges—including that he pleaded guilty to shoplifting—are demonstrably untrue."

Scanlon refuses to admit that the dossier was flawed. But even in the shadowy world of P.R., there's a fine line between playing tough and playing dirty. A lot of people thought Scanlon finally tripped over it. "The Wigand thing unmasked him to a lot of people. He was trying to ruin somebody's life," says columnist Newfield.

"He really fucked up," says one of Scanlon's competitors. "You're supposed to deal with someone you know. But he just dropped it off at the *Journal* like the phone book."

Rarely averse to dispensing a witty quote or posing for a strategic photo op, Scanlon all but disappeared from public view. A grand jury in Washington, D.C., sought to question him about possible witness intimidation by the tobacco company. Another subpoena called for him to testify in Mississippi in that state's ongoing lawsuit against the tobacco industry. They wanted to talk to him about a sealed deposition of Wigand's that had been leaked to the *Wall Street Journal.* Scanlon, who claims he never even saw this document, says he would never have leaked it anyway, because it was damaging to his client.

It's taken a year for Scanlon to roll back the tide of his own bad press. Predictably, he's insisting that he's the one who's been smeared. He also considers himself the victim of systematic harassment, particularly by Mississippi attorney general Michael Moore, whose subpoena Scanlon never answered in person (he sent an affidavit instead).

Scanlon, however, got good news last month, when the tobacco industry announced a tentative $386.5 billion settlement with 39 states. "[The subpoena] is a motion pending in a lawsuit which might be settled. It might be a moot issue," says Steve Bozeman, a partner at Scruggs, Millette, the Mississippi law firm where Scanlon was ordered to appear. Scanlon, however, could still face a contempt charge.

In the case of the grand jury's investigation, Scanlon stresses that he was called as a witness, not as a target. "The government theory was that the distribution of this information was an attempt to intimidate a witness—as far-fetched and as absurd an argument as you could ever possibly make," he says peevishly. "A complete violation of my First Amendment rights. If this were anything else but tobacco, people would have editorialized on it."

"John is very Irish, and one of the traits of the very Irish is that the fight is paramount," says one longtime publicist who has gone up against Scanlon in the past. "But sometimes the fight is more important than deciding whether or not it's a fight worth entering."

In this case, it's the guy who threw the first punch who ended up flat on the pavement. Marie Brenner's sympathetic piece on Wigand in *Vanity Fair* detailed the collapse of Wigand's marriage under the weight of death threats and constant harassment, then quoted *60 Minutes* producer Don Hewitt as telling Scanlon, "Next time you want to break somebody's legs, hire a capo." For its report on Jeffrey Wigand vs. Big Tobacco, Scanlon's now ex-friends Don Hewitt and Mike Wallace at *60 Minutes* got a camera crew to corner Scanlon, once their own hired gun, outside his home on the Upper West Side to grill him for an "anatomy of a smear" story.

Scanlon was also about to join the board of the Partnership for a Drug-Free America, but his appointment suddenly fell through.

"We focus on illegal drugs only," says Steve Dnistrian, a Partnership spokesman. "But because so many of our colleagues in the field feel a drug is a drug is a drug, both John and the Partnership agreed that we would put this off until he had finished his work with the tobacco industry. Neither one of us ever followed up on it after that."

The fracas sloshed around a bit in the gossip columns. "It was embarrassing," Scanlon admits, but adds brightly, "It was a one-day story."

IN AN ERA OF NEUTERED, DUCKS-IN-A-ROW corporate-speak, Scanlon's winsome lyricism stands out like Cristal in the water cooler. He rises by six each morning ("Jefferson always made the point, no matter what time he went to bed at night, he got

up at dawn") and goes about memorizing a little poetry ("I try to read two or three poems a day").

"The Professor," as agency chairman Richard Edelman calls him, shows up at the office around seven most mornings and hustles around in his rumpled cardigan blasting Cecilia Bartoli on his stereo as coworkers wearily arrive. "John is basically an entertainer," Edelman says. "We had a dinner at Cedars of Lebanon last week, and John ended up onstage with the belly dancer."

He often trades ideas with Ed Rollins. Both outlined goals for Credit Suisse. "He's got a great mind for big, broad strategy. My expertise is more in the tactical area," Scanlon says.

Scanlon's grasp of a range of subjects allows him to seduce at will, whether it's big-money sports, as it was when he handled Pat Riley's departure from the Knicks, or Asian politics, which came in handy when he counseled Corazon Aquino on her American press strategy as she ran for the Philippine presidency against Ferdinand Marcos in 1986.

Scanlon grew up in a $48-a-month, fifth-floor walkup apartment in the Highbridge section of the Bronx, just north of Yankee Stadium. His father, Gus, trudged through the subway tunnels checking the electricity on the third rail. Mamie, his mother, cleaned houses on the Grand Concourse.

"They were not literary, but very literate," he says. "I didn't read my first book until I was about twelve. I remember it well—*Scaramouche.*" The book was a swashbuckling adventure by the popular novelist Rafael Sabatini, a Spaniard who famously wrote of one Irish character: "He was born with the gift of laughter and the sense that the world was mad."

"My father was from Sligo—Yeats country," Scanlon says. "As a young boy, he worked at Lissadel, an estate Yeats wrote a wonderful poem about. He had this very prideful connection to Yeats, even though I'm not sure he knew a single Yeats poem."

Gus Scanlon was also a heavy drinker. "Sligo is a stunningly beautiful part of the world. But to go from that into a hole for most of your life . . . He maintained good humor about it, but it was tough," Scanlon says.

After graduating with an English degree from Catholic University in Washington, Scanlon spent six years in the Brothers of the Christian Schools, a French order founded in the seventeenth century as a sort of populist, anti-Jesuit order of monks committed to teaching the poor. "But there was a point at which you take perpetual vows—make a lifetime commitment—and frankly, the juices were rising," he says. "I couldn't take the chaste thing."

He resumed teaching in a public high school in Long Island, where he met his first wife, Laura, now a professor of English Literature at City University (they split up in 1972). The couple had three daughters: Caitlin, now director of development for a film company in California; Rebecca, who owns the New City Café in Fort Greene, Brooklyn; and Elizabeth, who works at Edelman in California.

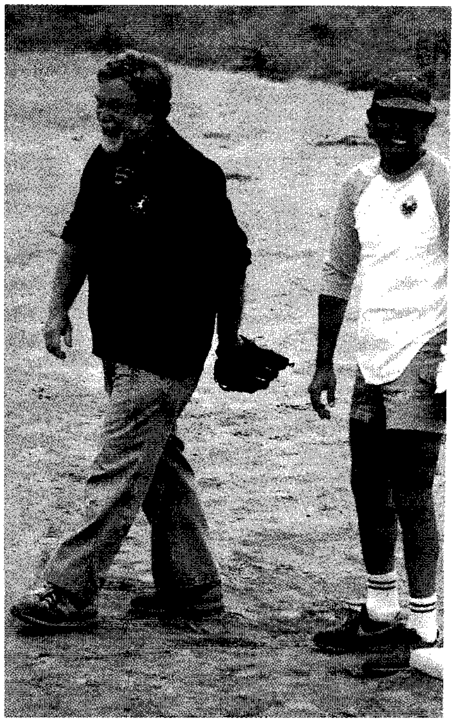
"Elizabeth was born on Bloomsday," Scanlon says. "I wanted to name her Molly, but Laura thought that might be too much of a burden."

The modest life of a suburban schoolteacher was not to last.

"I had expensive tastes," he says. "I was making $5,200 a year, and I was spending about $5,700. I wanted more than that," he says.

"To some extent, what drives John is his origins," Pete Hamill says. "John just found a way 25 years ago to make enough dough to be able to live the way he wanted to live. Money is not really an extravagance for John, in the sense that his basic slogan in life is 'You'll be a long time dead.' " When Hamill and his first wife were getting divorced, he moved into Scanlon's Park Slope brownstone for close to a year.

After a stint selling textbooks and editing children's books, Scanlon became a full-time antiwar activist. It was the beginning of one of the city's great Rolodexes. Scanlon was the rare nonwriter who became a fixture at the Lion's Head, the recently shuttered Greenwich Village bar around the corner from the original *Village Voice* headquarters that was the literary/journalism nexus of the sixties. It was a place where writers would get briefed over beers by politicians like Bobby Kennedy and Ed Koch. Scanlon was a natural for the scene—a devotee of both impeccably earnest politics and impeccably good times.



Left to right, back-slapping investment banker Pete Peterson and Peter Jennings; inside baseball with Mort Zuckerman; the live poet's society of Seamus Heaney.

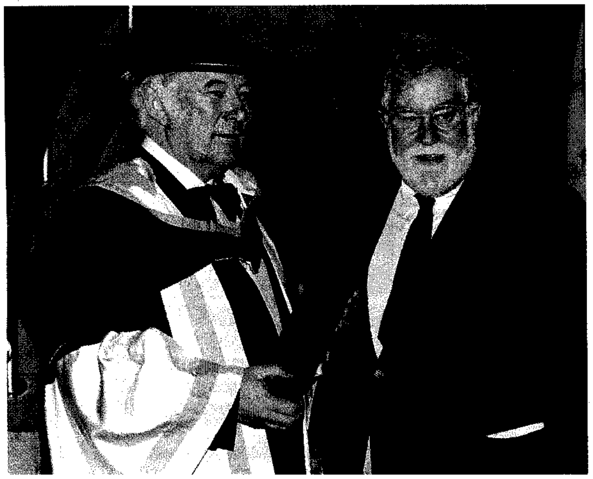
"You went there to chase girls. It was all about sex and carousing," he recalls wistfully.

"John's just a joyous guy to be around. He's always been a great raconteur. Which is why a guy who's not a part of our fraternity could insinuate himself into the Lion's Head crowd," says journalist Ken Auletta, who met Scanlon in the sixties. "He's the kind of guy who goes to poetry readings, and there aren't many P.R. guys who do that. There aren't many writers who do that. John is a man of enthusiasms. You can't counterfeit that."

IT'S THE SPRING'S FIRST WARM SATURDAY. A golden, late-afternoon light filters into the ballroom of Scanlon's Sag Harbor mansion, the Hannibal French House on Main Street, built in 1792. Scanlon has been coming here for six years with his second wife, Julianne. "See how long it takes him to mention that his wife used to be married to James Earl Jones," one of his rivals sneers. It doesn't take long.

"We met on a blind date; we were set up. She had . . . did I tell you she'd been married to James Earl Jones?" says Scanlon, who still gushes with pride about former actress Julianne Marie, a two-time Tony nominee. Marie had hooked up with James Earl Jones playing Desdemona to his Othello in Central Park. "She and Jimmy had divorced. She'd come to New York and just wanted to meet some peo

Center photograph by Susan Wood



ple outside show business.”

“I was told that I needed a date for this dinner party and couldn’t take a girlfriend,” Julianne recalls. A mutual friend suggested Scanlon. “She said it probably wasn’t going to be a romantic union, but he was very affable.” After the dinner, Scanlon played hard to get. He didn’t return her first call. “We were both coming out of marriages and cautious,” she says. Still, it wasn’t long before he was introducing her to the Elaine’s set. They’ve been married for nineteen years.

Today in Sag Harbor, it’s like Brown & Williamson never happened. The Irish media mafia—including Peter Jennings (who knew?); John Leo (“He’s Irish-Italian: Never forgive, never forget,” Scanlon says), the *U.S. News and World Report* columnist; and writer Robert Sam Anson—are mingling in the requisite polo shirts, along with Hamptons regulars like writer Peter Maas, accepting congratulations for his new best-seller, *Underboss.* Spalding Gray is wearing the first white suit and orangy tan of the season.

Scanlon has long been a social tornado on the South Fork. For years, he was the announcer and designated heckler at the Artists and Writers softball game in East Hampton. Tonight, he has gathered his friends to toast Frank McCourt, the 66-year-old retired Stuyvesant High School English teacher he’s known since the Lion’s Head roared, and the recent Pulitzer McCourt has won for his first book, *Angela’s Ashes.*

The Scanlon who is mingling here today shows no sign of slowing down. He shuffles across the polished oak floors, seemingly two steps behind his prodigious belly. He pauses with friends to chortle, quote, amuse.

A broad arc forms around McCourt, and Scanlon addresses the crowd:

“One of the least attractive points about the Irish,” Scanlon says ruefully, “is that they are great begrudgers. The Irish begrudge one another’s success. Psychiatrists have written about the presence of alcohol. In any case, there is a real difficulty for people who consider themselves terribly independent and seriously renegade in nature to welcome the success of another Irish person.”

The irony, of course, is that Scanlon works so tirelessly at being a friend. Anson tells a story from 1992, when Dick Clurman, former chief of correspondents at *Time,* accused him in print of cribbing from Clurman’s book on *Time* for a piece he wrote for *Esquire.* When it hit the papers, Anson was on assignment in Cambodia. But while he was evaluating the material in his article that overlapped Clurman’s book—by his calculation, 0.8 percent of the piece—Scanlon was already on the case back in New York.

“He just called my wife and said, ‘What can I do to help?’ ” Anson recalls. “Amanda had a copy of a letter I’d sent to Dick, and a reporter had been calling her for it. John just said, ‘Give it to him.’ ”

After the tobacco scandal hit, Scanlon’s hermetically sealed sphere of power did not remain entirely smoke-free. Peter Jennings, whom Peter Maas introduced to Scanlon fifteen years ago, says, “I didn’t pay very close attention because I didn’t *want* to pay close attention to it. But I think a lot of his friends were distressed and wondered why John was involved and felt the need to be as aggressive as he was. As I report on matters of tobacco, I said to John a long time ago, ‘We have some rules. We will not discuss tobacco.’ And he totally accepts them. But I’ll tell you, I wasn’t pleased.”

“It’s not like Jeffrey Dahmer said, ‘I need a press agent. Get me Scanlon,’ ” Pete Hamill says, defending his old pal.

Some friends, like Pete Hamill, dismiss the matter as somebody just doing his job: “Even the so-called bad guys on John’s list are people who live in the world. It’s not like gangsters and stuff. It’s not like Jeffrey Dahmer said, ‘I need a press agent. Get me Scanlon.’ ”

SCANLON FIRST SLUGGED IT OUT WITH THE heavyweights in the late seventies, running a dogged campaign for Anthony Scotto, president of the Local 1814 of the International Longshoremen’s Association. Scotto was on trial for a kickback-conspiracy case. Even though he eventually went to prison, Scanlon made sure the stories extolling Scotto’s civic virtues were longer than the ones about his crimes.

In 1980, he took on the case of a Frenchman named Willie Bouchara, who was mired in a seemingly minor contract squabble with City Hall. Bouchara had won a bid to build bus shelters in the city, then abruptly lost it to a firm with connections to then–city comptroller Jay Goldin. By the time Scanlon was through bombarding city-beat writers with crucial documents and juicy tips, Bouchara had his contract back, and this dreary, complex little story had developed into a front-page scandal, cresting in a splashy exposé in *The Village Voice* headlined GOLDINGATE? by Wayne Barrett and, yes, Jack Newfield.

“He gets a lot of powerful clients, because he has a reputation for being a wartime *consigliere.* He’s a tough guy. If you have dirty work, he’ll do it,” says Newfield.

On January 23, 1982, CBS ran a documentary narrated by Mike Wallace called *The Uncounted Enemy: A Vietnam Deception,* which alleged that the United States military had been running a P.R. campaign of its own in Vietnam, deceiving the American public about the size of the enemy forces. Three days after the report’s broadcast, General William Westmoreland, former commander of the U.S. forces in Vietnam, charged that the network had distorted a routine military numbers dispute into a conspiracy. In May, *TV Guide* ran an unusually hard-hitting cover story headlined ANATOMY OF A SMEAR: HOW CBS NEWS BROKE THE RULES AND “GOT” GEN. WESTMORELAND, by Don Kowet and Sally Bedell Smith, a piece Kowet soon expanded into a book. That September, Westmoreland filed a $120 million libel suit against CBS. The affair came to be known as “CBS’s own Vietnam.”

CBS News had never hired an outside public-relations counselor before, but not long after CBS News president Van Gordon Sauter met Scanlon at a cocktail party, the philosopher-poet-gunslinger was on the case. When Westmoreland held a press conference in a Washington hotel, Scanlon, who was working for Edelman at the time, boldly set up a competing press conference in the room next door.

Scanlon brazenly worked the press during deliberations. He lodged himself in a seat just behind the reporters, he learned their first names, and whenever they returned from filing a story or sucking down a cup of coffee, he treated them to boiled-down (and pro-CBS) summaries of the testimony they had missed. It was the dawning of "litigation P.R.," which alone has landed Scanlon in the P.R. textbooks, Richard Edelman says.

Scanlon also reduced some 50,000 pages of deposition and testimony to a fifteen-page "talking paper," then sent it out to 1,000 opinion-makers, ranging from David Halberstam to the historian Barbara Tuchman. The story soon cooled from ANATOMY OF A SMEAR to WESTMORELAND, CBS TRADE CHARGES.

By the time Don Kowet's book came out, Scanlon was ready. After all, CBS was worried that it would become the journalist's field guide to the trial. Macmillan, the book's publisher, had lined up a series of radio and TV appearances for Kowet. So Scanlon called those same radio and TV outlets, offering to add CBS's smooth-talking producer George Crile to the bill in the interest of lively debate. It wasn't long before Kowet ended his tour. Scanlon also bombarded book critics around the country with a dossier disputing various facts in Kowet's book. A year after the trial began, Westmoreland and CBS settled. No money was awarded the general.

Scanlon went on to spend the eighties as a member in good standing of the city's moneyed elite. There was more media than ever in the city, and everyone seemed hungry for scandal. Old-time P.R. tactics, as practiced by harried, glad-handing suits or traditional celebrity "publicists," wouldn't work in such an environment. It was the dawning of "crisis management" P.R. and the dominance of agencies with Orwellian influence. Scanlon continues to do his best work as a team player at such huge agencies as Edelman and Sawyer Miller. Three times he launched his own boutique agency, but none ever really took off.

"I wasn't very good at it. I didn't like it," he says. "Howard Rubenstein, Gershon Kekst. They've built very, very good businesses. It's presumptuous to say, but I don't think either of them has had as much fun as I've had. If you're responsible for 20, 50, 100, 200 people, you can't take off to go to Harvard and listen to some lectures you want to hear."

Profit occasionally intersected with glitz. While at Edelman, he was called in to represent Ivana during the (first) Fall of the House of Trump. Donald was claiming that his wife was little more than a figurehead with a beehive 'do. Scanlon gathered every shred of television tape in which Donald had dutifully paid homage to his wife's acumen as she ran the Plaza Hotel and Trump Castle.

"We produced a B-roll for television, so that whenever Donald said [the Trump empire] wasn't a partnership, the local stations ran our tape. We were really trying to say to Donald and his lawyers, 'Look, you're not going to win this thing, so you better settle it.' "

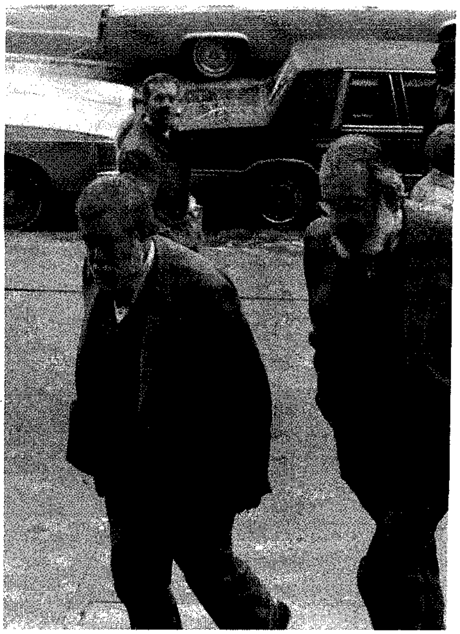
Scanlon and Ivana's lawyer, Michael Kennedy, even nailed down the precise moment they would announce the divorce to the papers: Donald would be boarding a plane in Tokyo to return to New York. He would have to wait twelve hours to respond, by which time Ivana would already be ruling the tabloids.

"You've got to dominate the news cycle," Scanlon says. "And the extent to which your opponent, your adversary, fails to get into the story, you're that much more ahead. Because it can be *your* story."

Ivana got what she wanted: Donald tore up the prenuptial contract and agreed to pay her $14 million up front, $650,000 a year in child support. He even threw in the 45-room Greenwich, Connecticut, mansion. Scanlon says Trump called him into his office six months after the divorce: "He suggested he wanted to work with me in the future. He said, 'I want you to handle the resurrection of Donald Trump.' I said, 'That seems fitting, since I was a participant in the crucifixion.' He didn't get it." Scanlon passed on the offer, later taking Harry Helmsley's side in a nasty spat with the Donald over the Empire State Building's upkeep.

Scanlon recast Warner LeRoy from Dakota-dwelling miser to plucky restaurateur standing tall against the mob.

"It was just a matter of taste," he says.



Heading for the high ground: At the courthouse with CBS News president Van Gordon Sauter.

AS HIS INFLUENCE GREW, SCANLON'S CONtrarian streak flared brighter. Many of his clients seemed violently at odds with his liberal past.

He started out with earnest intentions: Scanlon's first stop after leaving Christian Brothers in 1959 was to run a quintessentially sixties organization called the Campaign to Take Brooklyn Out of the War. He then went to work on the 1968 presidential campaign of "peace candidate" Eugene McCarthy. He was at the Chicago convention that year for the riots.

His first official P.R. job was in government under Mayor John Lindsay and came with the fancy title of deputy commissioner for economic development. In the years that followed, Scanlon sold his time to worthy causes like the Council on Adoptable Children and the drug-treatment program Phoenix House. In 1973, he went to work with Felix Rohatyn—whom he had met at a party in the Hamptons—at the Municipal Assistance Corporation, or "Big MAC." He was helping to save New York from fiscal implosion.

He had, after all, been tutored in activism by his mother, who was known throughout her neighborhood as a confidante and ally in personal and spiritual crises. "She had over 800 people at her funeral Mass, eleven priests on the altar, including a bishop," says Scanlon. "As Auden says, 'In the modern sense of an old-fashioned word, she was clearly a saint.' She lived her life for others."

But somewhere after CBS, the thrill of handling the risky client seemed to

Photograph by Chase Roe

overtake the thrill of handling the righteous client.

There was Father Bruce Ritter, whom he briefly advised when the Covenant House sex scandal broke in 1990. And the three editors of the ultra-right-wing *Dartmouth Review* ("crypto-fascists in the making," Scanlon admits) who were suspended in 1988 because they'd surreptitiously taped, then heckled, a black music professor in his classroom. Scanlon recalibrated the battle into a First Amendment morality play. Chris Baldwin, one of the editors, said at the time: "In every interview, it was 'What's this all about?' 'Free speech.' 'What's your favorite color?' 'Free speech.' " A New Hampshire judge overturned the suspensions.

A year after trying to spin reviled union-buster Frank Lorenzo's downsizing efforts at Eastern Airlines in 1988, Scanlon took on the Hotel and Restaurant Employees Local 6, who struck at Warner LeRoy's Tavern on the Green, the second-highest-grossing restaurant in the nation. Scanlon succeeded in recasting LeRoy from Dakota-dwelling miser holding out on Puerto Rican busboys to plucky restaurateur standing tall against the mob (even though six years before, the U.S. Attorney's office hadn't found enough evidence to indict the union leader in question for racketeering).

But Scanlon was really pushing the envelope when he went to work for James Hoge and the Tribune Company during the acrimonious strike at the New York *Daily News* in 1990. Journalists like Murray Kempton brayed that Scanlon was "a man proud of his infamies," betraying his union-man father. But in Scanlon's alternate universe, the story wasn't class warfare at all—it was race. Two of the ten unions involved, he argued, had long shunned minorities.

"The Chicago *Tribune* management are a pack of Neanderthals. They were clearly anti-union. I am not anti-union, by any means," Scanlon says. But, he adds piously, "in the catalogue of what's wrong with America, racism has got to be No. 1."

"YOU KNOW, I'D LIKE TO HAVE A VERY DIFferent life two or three years from now," Scanlon says.

It is 10 A.M. on a sunny Friday, and Scanlon is home, making coffee and happily changing the topic from tobacco to his most treasured possession, a first edition of James Joyce's *Ulysses*.

"The 733rd copy," he says glowingly.

Home for the Scanlons is a six-room apartment in the Belnord, a fortresslike 1908 Renaissance Revival building with a central courtyard that occupies a full block at Broadway and 86th Street.

It is here that Scanlon is orchestrating a serene denouement to his war-torn career. Three years ago, he bought a house in County Westmeath, Ireland—a six-bedroom early Victorian called Coolatore. Starting this year, the house became not only a summer residence for the Scanlons but the headquarters of the Coolatore Foundation. Trustees include Seamus Heaney, Pete Hamill, and Graydon Carter. One gifted writer at a time will be invited to work here. The first one showed up in June to finish a volume of poetry and a translation of Aristophanes.

In a strategy not unlike Michael Jackson's, Scanlon is shifting his focus abroad. Before he retires, he wants Coolatore to serve a third use; as a base from which he plans to bring good old American-style P.R. to the Visigoths of Europe and Asia. He is already traveling to Egypt, for instance, to counsel the Egyptian government on ways to attract foreign investment.

He insists Wigand was not the worst thing that's happened to him lately. "The major personal event of the last year was my mother's death," Scanlon says. "The realization that it was my turn at the head of the queue. You know, you start looking at things. I had always had this fantasy of working in Europe."

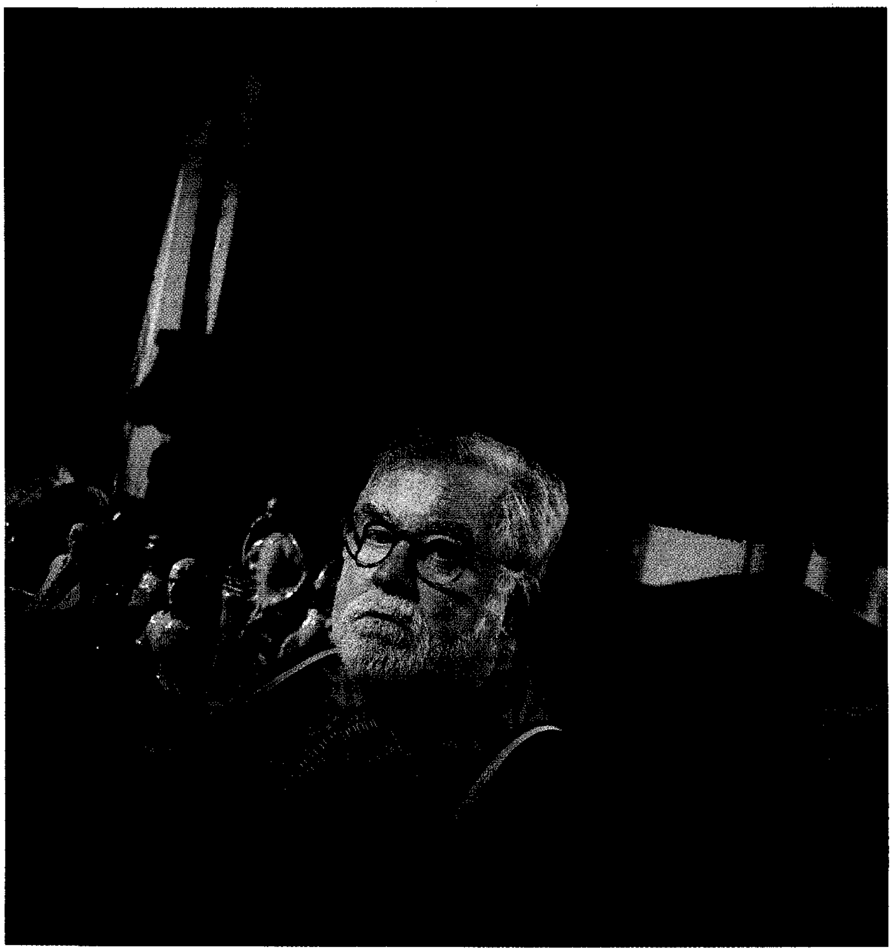
He argues he had to move to Edelman, because the firm has clear designs on building a global business, unlike Abernathy/MacGregor, which has a domestic focus: mergers and acquisitions, and investor relations. "It was very difficult to see any kind of future at Abernathy where I could run around and do business in Europe," says Scanlon.

Lately, he's even pulled back a bit from the torrid social life. Most nights, he's in bed by nine. He's finding time to read novels again. But the book that has had particular resonance for him lately is a biography: *Whittaker Chambers,* Sam Tanenhaus's sympathetic portrait of a contrarian from another generation who was denounced for fingering Alger Hiss as a Soviet spy.

"This guy was so vilified," Scanlon says. "But I find him a heroic character. I had the notion that he was a slimy, sleazy betrayer. He comes through as a considerably more interesting character, as a man of great principles. Sure, he was wrong in many ways, like any of us can be. But he *acted* on his beliefs."

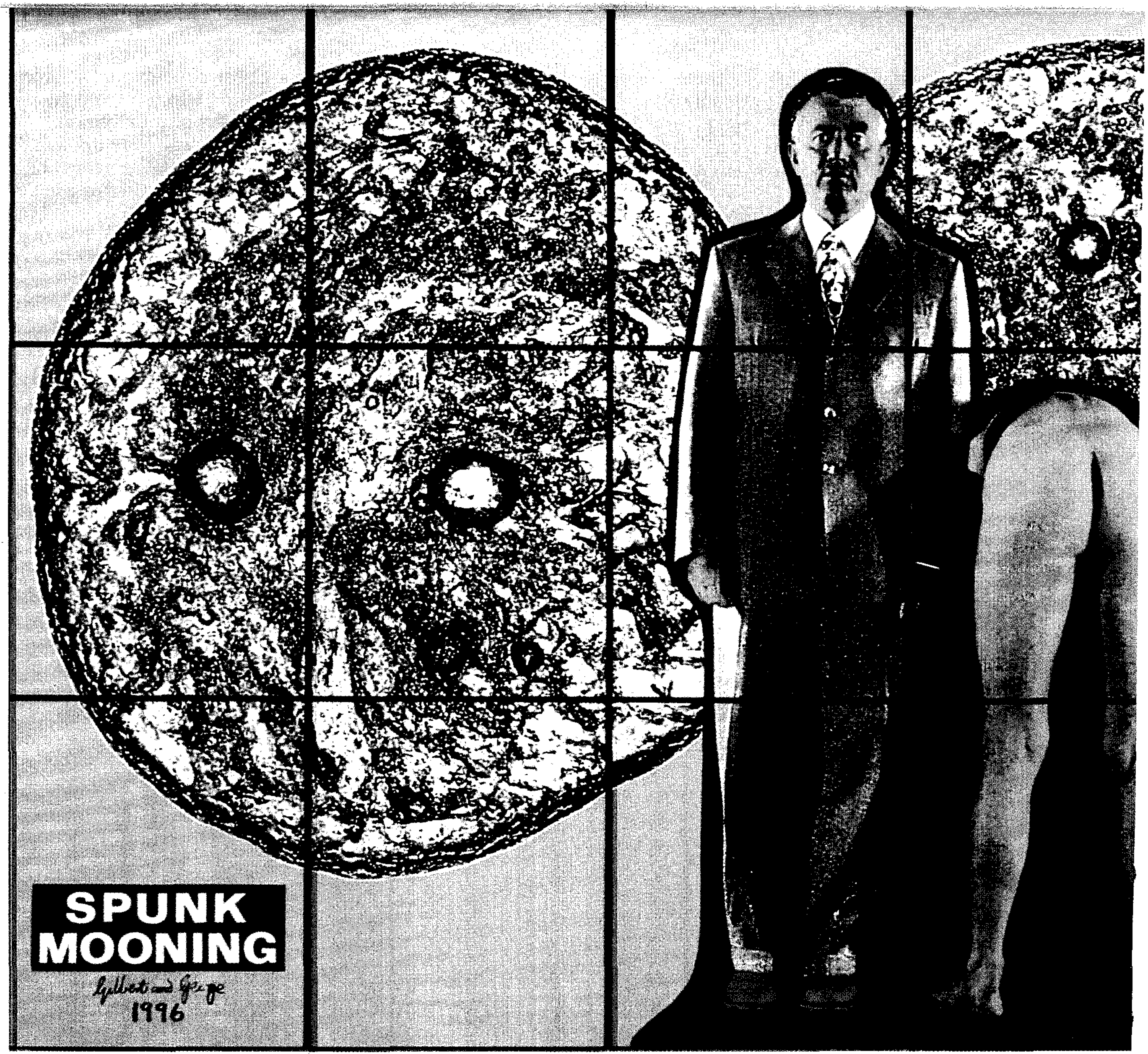
What of his own legacy, in view of the tobacco fiasco? Scanlon shrugs, and thinks for a moment. A quote has already been cued up. And it's not from Yeats.

"The camel shits," he says, smiling. "The caravan moves on." ▬



The man behind the curtain: Scanlon at home in the Belnord on the Upper West Side.

Photograph by Max Aguilera-Hellweg.


SPUNK MOONING
Gilbert and George
1996

**EIGHTY YEARS AFTER DUCHAMP'S SEMINAL “FOUNTAI
FROM THE BATHROOM AND THE BEDROOM. BUT MORE A**

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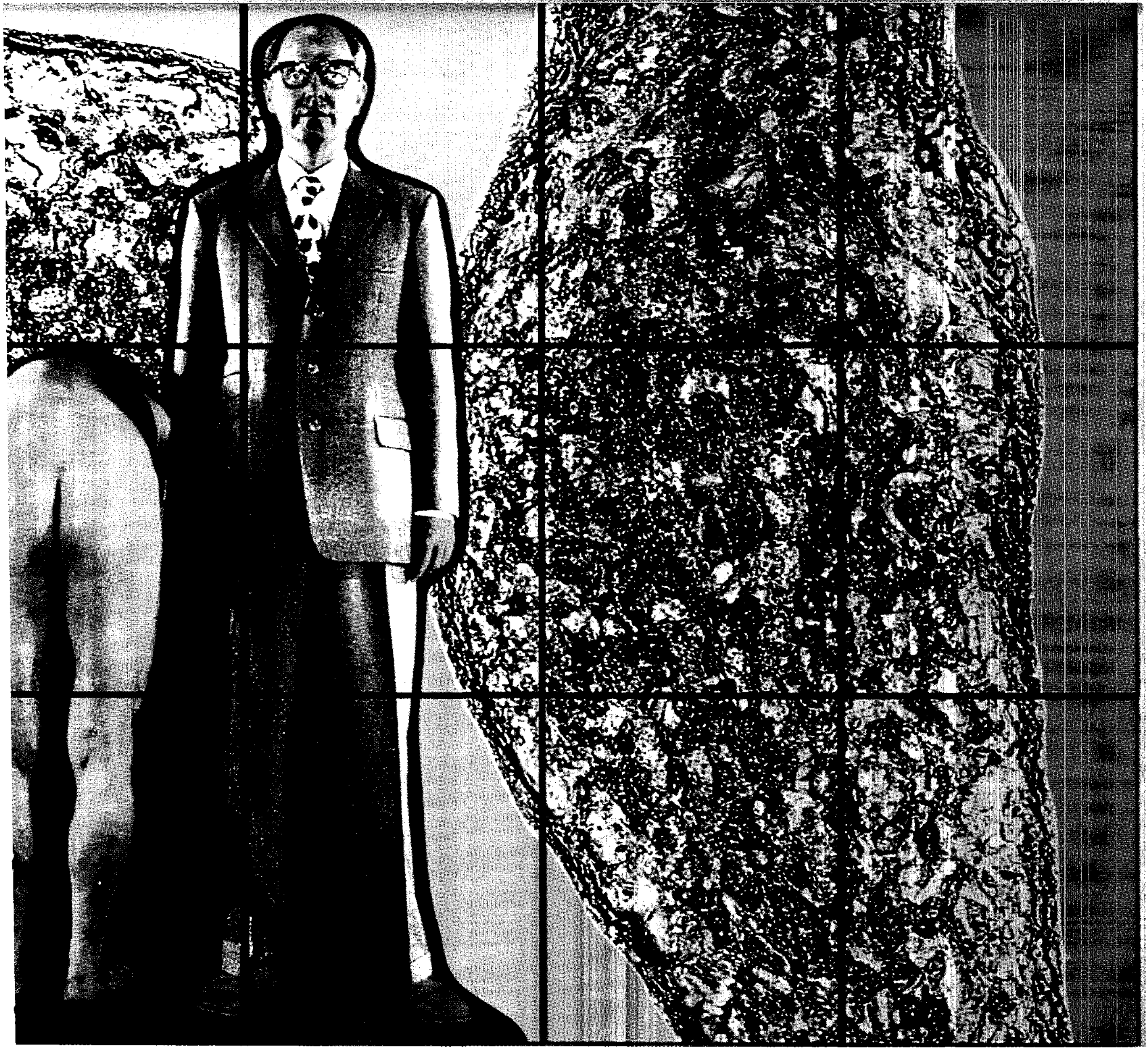
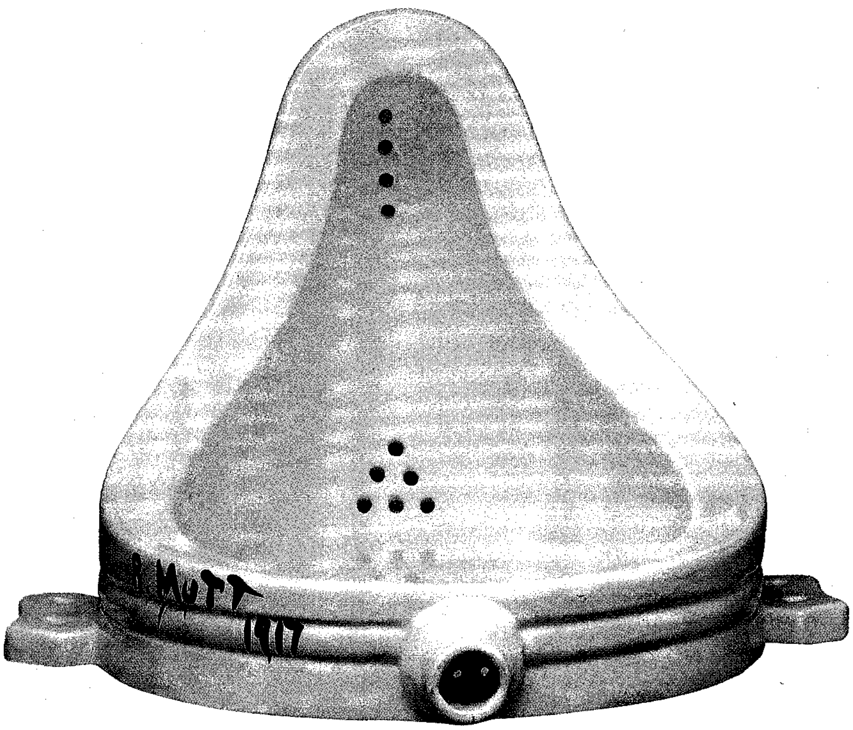


Photograph courtesy of Lehmann Maupin.

E ART WORLD IS STILL OBSESSED WITH IMAGES DRAWN
RE, A URINAL IS JUST A URINAL. BY MARK STEVENS

AD?

YOU COULD DO WORSE THAN WRITE A DISSERTATION CALLED "Approaching the Millennium: Toilet Habits in Late-Twentieth-Century Art." Just this spring, Andres "Piss Christ" Serrano showed a picture of a woman peeing into a man's mouth. The English artists Gilbert & George exhibited "The Fundamental Pictures," in which they posed, usually naked, in front of blow-ups of microscopic views of bodily excretions. (One picture was called *Spunk Blood Piss Shit Spit*). And in a series of drawings, the provocatrix Karen Finley portrayed Winnie-the-Pooh as a sadomasochist who would love to douse Piglet and Christopher Robin. ■ You could call



PLUMBING THE DEPTHS: Duchamp's *Fountain* wittily, unwittingly created a monster.

for support upon the great Rabelaisian tradition in the arts, citing the scatological work of Brueghel and analyzing the Duchamp 1917 readymade called *Fountain* that was once a urinal. Steven Naifeh and Gregory White Smith, in their recent biography of Jackson Pollock, argued that Pollock peeing may have inspired Pollock painting. And Andy Warhol made a series known as "The Piss Paintings" for which he and his assistant urinated on a treated canvas, the oxidation creating lines and marks. The theme could be linked to our society's obsession with wasteful accumulation, and contemporary literature could provide a confirming chorus. I recently opened *Columbia,* the journal of that university's graduate writing program, and read this sad plea: "You could pee on me, Skipper says, if you loved me, you would pee on me."

No one in the arts is surprised anymore by coarse or extreme depictions of the body, of course, let alone shocked. Marginal sex is now a form of cultural wallpaper; it can dilate the pupils but is otherwise unremarkable. Every week brings new examples. A Russian artist recently spent two weeks naked with a collar around his neck barking like a dog in a SoHo cage. (Everyone wanted to know whether he lifted his leg.) The photographer Tina Barney's recent subjects are naked as they go about doing this and that, but it does not seem to make any difference. The subject of incest titillates in literature, on TV, and in the fashion industry: Kathryn Harrison's memoir, *The Kiss,* simply caught the wave at the curl. Only those in the business of shock, or of getting shocked, find anything remarkable in the emergence of what wits call the CacaPeepee style.

As a rule, the responses to this situation are as commonplace as the phenomenon itself. Postmodern conservatives issue declarations of *fin de siècle* decadence, as if nothing more need be said about the evolution of sex in modern society. Postmodern liberals, in turn, whistle the same old tunes about liberation, making a "radical critique" and facing the dark. Or they shrug as if to say, "What's to get excited about if the prudes are unhappy?" Each side, vain with virtue, depends upon the contempt of the other. What is a Serrano without a Bennett? A Bennett without a Serrano?

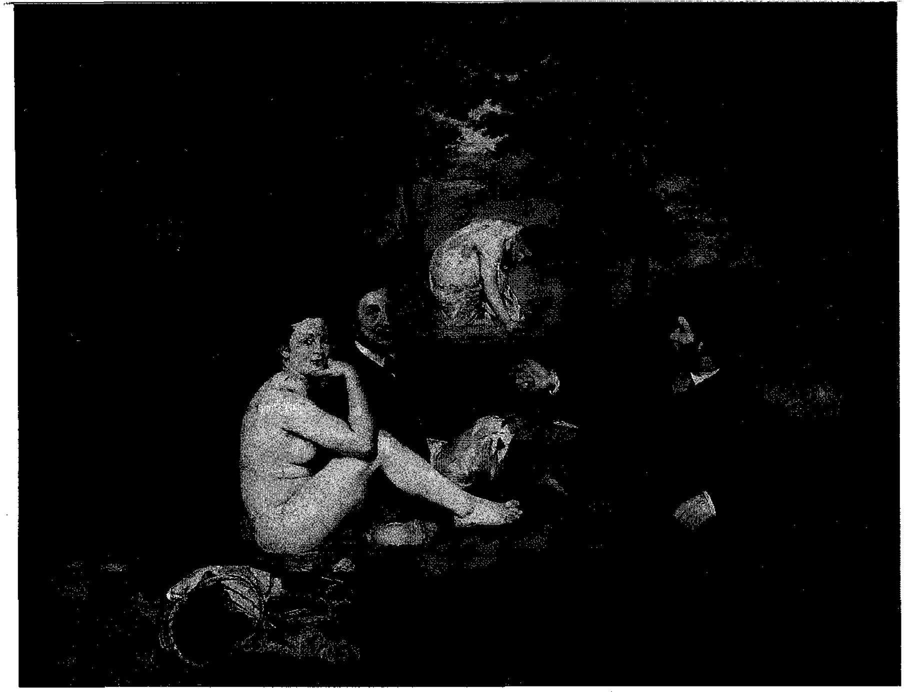
Some historical perspective is in order. We are now witnessing the extended death rattle of a tradition—a great, even noble tradition. Sex will continue to excite art in many ways, as it always has and ever will, but sex understood as a sublime challenge to modern manners, as the secret fire that can scorch hypocrisy and awaken both art and life, is now dying a long and messy death in Western culture. It is dying in the way that important traditions often die when they become hoary and overfamiliar, with minor artists and dream hustlers piling on and pushing what's known too hard, creating a mannerist mania that exaggerates more and more as it achieves less and less.

Imagine for a moment what it was for people in the 1860s to come upon Édouard Manet's *Olympia* or *Déjeuner sur l'herbe.* Accustomed to idealized views of the body in timeless settings, they instead saw frankly modern women with modern bodies in situations that parodied the traditional comforts of painting. Manet's brushstroke had the exquisite, challenging charm of a corset coming undone; his Olympia looked out coolly, the hand of modesty immodestly calling attention to her barely covered genitals. Or, imagine first coming upon the urinal that Marcel Duchamp exhibited as *Fountain* and signed R. MUTT. Here, Duchamp even discarded the conventional concern for the eye—for that brushstroke of Manet—in his witty attack upon the foundations of art.

Like them or not, works such as Duchamp's *Fountain* or Manet's *Olympia* had the cold slap of truth as they declared the facts of modern life. And that cold slap left behind a hot, stinging sensation. Writers and artists in the modern tradition have repeatedly confronted sex with both icy toughness and inflamed passion, undressing the body and dressing down their societies as if this were a way to some essential, even saving, truth. (Manet's contemporary Gustave Courbet painted a picture in the 1860s called *The Origin of the World* that could teach today's gynecological artists a thing or two.) With middle-class religion and society regarded as hypocritical or meaningless, perhaps the mysteries of sex could restore the sacred fire. Today, this might seem shamefully naïve, but sex in the modern era often had that soulful aspect. Even Duchamp, the dandy philosopher, made

THE STYLE OF SEXUAL MANNERISTS IS OVERBLOWN BECAUSE THEIR AUDIENCE ALREADY KNOWS THE CONVENTIONS OF SHOCK.

Photographs: this page, © 1997 Artists Rights Society (ARS) NY/ADAGP, Paris; opposite page, top, Erich Lessing/Art Resource; bottom, Tina Barney, courtesy of Janet Borden, Inc.



BAREFOOT IN THE PARK: Manet was among the first to push the art world's envelope.

of sex a serious mirror in which to confront the flirtatious questions of modern identity. And Freud, who thought himself a scientist, imbued sex with a strange and beguiling import. Its secrets could be mastered only through a deep meditation aided by the priesthood of analysts.

The rougher gangs of artists and writers who attacked bourgeois convention—such as Genet, Céline, and Dubuffet—always seemed to honor a more truthful world. "Out of the closet" celebrated the prospect of bringing the full range of human experience into the light. And if there was much pain in the modern depiction of sex, there was also a place for joy seriously rendered and understood—in the pagan classicism of Matisse, for example, or in the ardent hope of D. H. Lawrence that erotic bliss might finally and fully unite two beings, ending their alienation in a materialist society. In these strong and varied strands of the tradition, the erotic retained a paradoxical virginity. Until our time, there always remained something teasingly beyond reach, some fresh territory of feeling and experience beyond the current outrage. Duchamp—the master of the modern endgame—hoarded secrets as if they were life itself. His large glass sculpture *The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even,* a transparent work of opaque meaning, embodies both virginity and violation. And for the last twenty years of his life, he privately worked on a sexually charged work called *Étant Donnes* that is viewed through a peephole.

Today there is no virginity left in sex, no power locked in its secrets. AIDS is partly responsible for killing off the hope of sublime sexual revelation, of course, for just as hundreds of thousands of gays came out of the closet proclaiming a time of free, Dionysian sexuality, a plague came upon this version of paradise. A period of deadened feeling, linking sex to death, is hardly surprising. But the tradition was old even then. You could already do or say anything without powerful results for the inner life of art. You could sport with politicians and they could sport with you, and it was just a vapid performance with few consequences. That was the true significance of the Mapplethorpe controversy over the use of public funding to help support sexually outrageous art: It meant less than it purported to mean. The politics were cheap, the virtue on all sides grandstanding.

Today's art is naturally reluctant to acknowledge the death in the family, but the signs of decay are everywhere. To begin with, talented artists now seem to mimic the avant-garde, attempting to shock the viewer less from some deeply held conviction than out of a desire to get a rise from the public. The coldness does not come from the hard, fresh slap of truth but from using timeworn tactics and maintaining an uncompromising insistence upon strategy and spectacle. Manet's calculation opened up new worlds of feeling. Serrano's shuts down everything but the performance. In his recent show at the Paula Cooper Gallery, he took as a subject not a taboo that personally obsesses him but the abstract idea of the taboo, much as Hollywood begins with a commercial concept rather than a story. He then assembled a catalogue of sexual taboos, creating a modern freak show. He portrayed his subject much as a commercial photographer might, treating people as glossy advertising images, making the de rigueur allusion to the mass media. (As with Warhol, you can never be sure that he is not criticizing what he embodies.) He stripped sex until it was no longer naked, just nothing.

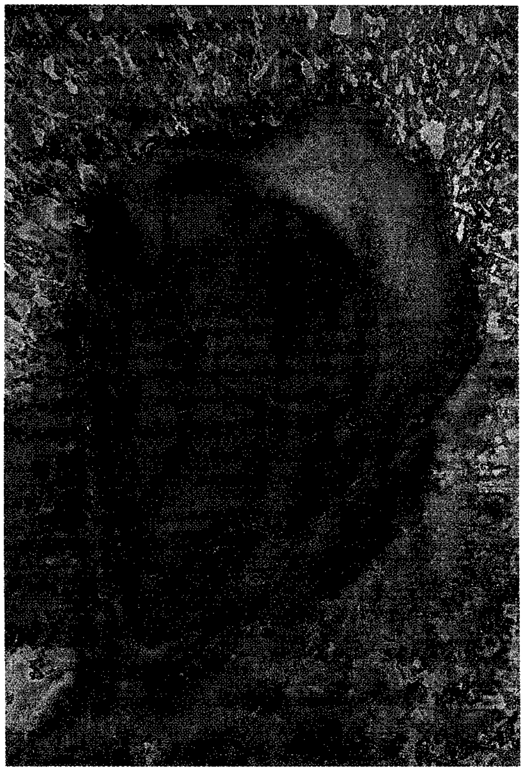
That is an achievement, even something new; but not finally a large achievement. In some respects, I prefer Finley because, unlike most artists who work the sexual margins, she does not protect herself with the cool filters of irony. Finley has only only a single note, exaggerating expressionist rage to get some final effects. But there's something disturbingly comic, too, in her scabrous satires—like the screaming of a man on the street that suddenly changes into maniacal laughter.

Sexual mannerists like Serrano give their minor work the illusion of size. The style is overblown; the audience already knows all the conventions of shock that are employed. Finding someone to express anger is part of the performance: The Sonnabend Gallery, for example, put Hilton Kramer's hostile review of Gilbert & George on display at the front desk. Such artists like to salt their sex with lots

POSTMODERN MANNERS: Tina Barney's nudes are a polite, if bored, nineties threesome.

of grandiloquent references, notably to religion, to elevate the performance; both Serrano and, say, Joel-Peter Witkin often make allusions to the sex-and-death-haunted spectacle of Catholicism. And mannerist distortions of the body are not confined to Serrano's corner of the art world. Even Lucien Freud, one of the best painters working today, is pushing the tradition to its limit. An heir of the great anti-idealist aspiration in modern painting, Freud likes to stare without flinching at the reality of the flesh—seeing the naked, that is, rather than the nude. His recent depictions of a grotesquely fat woman would seem to be part of this cold-eyed naturalism. Yet, astonishing as these pictures are (and they are bravura performances), they also exhibit a showy pride in what the artist is willing to do and how well he can do it. A pride that, alas, dulls the edge of scrutiny.

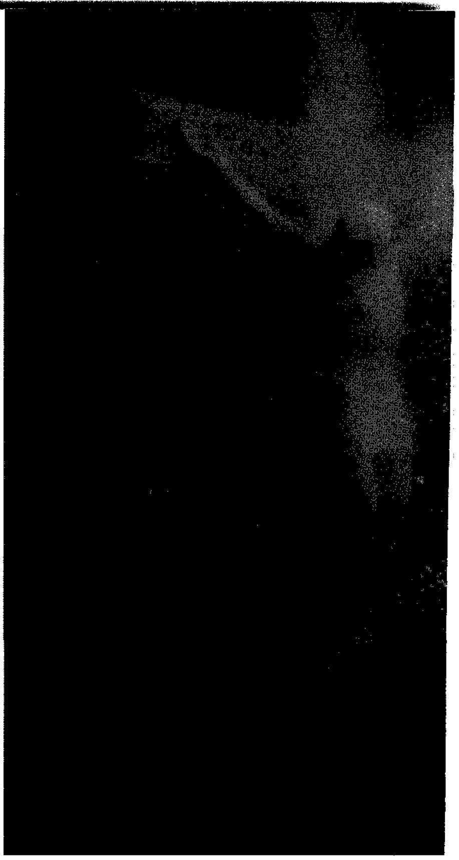
Artists would not produce work of this kind without the constant reassurance of other like-minded art—and the implicit support of powerful voices in the broader culture. Numerous contemporary writers treat sex the same way visual artists do, making a convention of the outrageous. You're not tough, you're not really looking inside, if you don't bottom-fish. You share a threesome, pee on a friend, or explore S&M bravely with everyone else. It is less the choice of subject, however, than the language of sex that is now redolent of exhaustion and death. In the essay "On Being Blue," which William Gass wrote in 1975, he sensibly remarked that "anyone who attempts to render sexual experience directly must face the fact that the writhings which comprise it are ludicrous without their subjective content, that the intensity of that content quickly outruns its apparent cause, that the full experience becomes finally inarticulate, and that there is no major art that works close in. Not an enterprise for amateurs. Even the best are betrayed."


RELIEVED: A Warhol "Piss Painting."

You must be a very good writer indeed to take the measure of sex; indirection, humility, and rub of words and sentences are often the best way to capture the shadow play of sexual feeling. Yet the treatment of sex is now characterized by what Gass calls the "close in" treatment. Perhaps the hope is to be frank and true, but the language of sex today—which is at once clinical and slangy—traduces the subjective content even of pure lust, because the writers are inexpert and because the actual words we have do not work very well. Suppose, however, writers actually wanted to strip sex of subjective content? What would they succeed in? What Serrano succeeds in. A melancholy pride in toughness permeates the contemporary sensibility, as if the brave artist were holding aloft the heart of the secret: It's the plumbing, stupid! (Duchamp said so with wit decades ago.) "I should like to suggest," Gass wrote, "that at least on the face of it a stroke by stroke story of a copulation is exactly as absurd as a chew by chew account of the consumption of a chicken's wing."

Consider the melancholy fate of the word *fuck*. Once a proud son of the gutter, *fuck* now spends his time moping around the pages of *The New Yorker* putting on airs. He is pale and effeminate. He has lost weight. He is in a funk. *Fuck* once embodied with true eloquence—its meaning was its sound—the spitting lust that is part of sex. But writers now rarely use *fuck* with precision. They use it as a synonym for "having sex" (itself a deathly phrase) and let it quash any responsibility to depict the other dimensions of erotic life.

The loss of serious vitality in the treatment of sex helps explain the current vogue for memoirs and biography. Writers instinctively sense that the usual approach to sex is not succeeding in works of the imagination. It's just chicken bones. So they turn for material to those who have actually lived in order to give an exhausted approach the illusion of life. Figures from an earlier time prove especially appealing, for two contradictory reasons. On the one hand, we love nineteenth-century England, as witness the recent Austen boom, because love and sex in that culture still seem suffused with secrets, repression, and possibilities (all those petticoats). On the other hand, people were more prudish, and, since we think we know more about them than they knew about themselves, we can tell them what they were really thinking and doing. In a recent biography of Henry James, Sheldon Novick argues that we can assume James had sex—including an experience with Oliver Wendell Holmes—even if there is no solid evidence of it.


YELLOW: Andres Serrano's *Piss Christ*.

In pop culture, power and violence, which are undeniable aspects of sex, are emphasized over other values: The stakes must be constantly raised in order to create any response whatsoever in the jaded audience. The fascination of rap, apart from its rhythmic interest, lies mainly in its refusal to make any compromises with love; it creates instead a near-absolute identification of sex with power, contempt, and lust. Movies respond to the impotence of the tradition with either the calculated burn of power and violence—or the calculated freeze of ennui, as in *Crash* or *Trainspotting*. Either extreme might shock the corpse into jerky life. The fashion industry, of course, has created many anorectic images of cool ennui and exhaustion; more significant is what's missing, which is any powerful delight in the body and its mysteries. Instead, photographers look to the margins to get a response ("Let's dress up some drug addicts") or find ways to milk narcissism for bucks. The Calvin Klein ads have a frosty beauty, but they are also unintentionally funny examples of self-involvement: The

Photographs: top, Andres Serrano, courtesy of Paula Cooper Gallery; bottom, courtesy of the Andy Warhol Foundation, Inc./Art Resource.

THE ART WORLD'S CULTIVATION OF THE OUTRAGEOUS ATROPHIES OTHER FACULTIES. THE SCALE OF FEELING BECOMES REDUCED TO ONE OR TWO NOTES.

models regard themselves with extraordinary gravitas as they lounge about dreaming of absolutes—absolute abs.

The most chilling expression of a jaded appetite is the way American culture now preys upon children. The sexuality of children remains a taboo, thereby making it of singular interest to those who still want to exploit the tradition of outrage in Western culture. In the past decade, there has been some disturbing but also serious art made in this tricky area (notably the photographs of Sally Mann). But the national obsession with incest and children's sexuality is not merely the result of a desire to sell clothes or confront dark desires. It reflects both a society's fear of devouring its own children and an erotic fascination with the eternally virginal—there being almost nothing of the virginal or innocent left in American culture. That is why the story of JonBenet Ramsey, the child murdered in Boulder, Colorado, has a mythic import almost equal to that of the O.J. case. She was turned into a living Barbie; she was sexually abused; she was murdered in a basement. The killer will probably escape justice, the case becoming a symbol of our culture's inability to control the exploitation of children—much as O. J. Simpson became a symbol of the failure to transcend the problems of race.

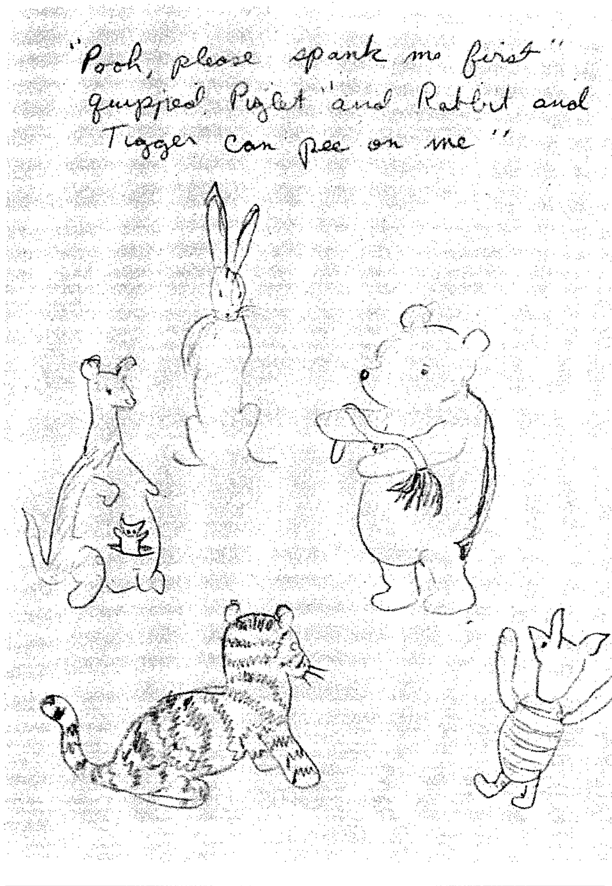
Is there any hope of significant change? Not any time soon. There will instead be fitful signs of backlash, such as the anger directed at the Harrison incest book. The Serrano show aroused mostly so-whats from a jaded art world; Vicki Goldberg wrote a piece in the New York *Times* about how inescapable, and boring, sex is becoming in photography shows. Nice movie schmaltz like *The English Patient* is now wildly overpraised because it seems to re-couple the sexual and the erotic and to restore romance to sex.

But earnest complaints and escapist movies—often set in the past—do not seriously challenge the present. A dying tradition does not spontaneously yield something new. We could continue to treat sex this way for decades, playing cagey endgames and looking for new wrinkles—if not new erogenous zones—in part because the contemporary manner serves powerful interests. No one ever went broke taking the low road on sex. And many intelligent people have a deep personal investment in the tradition, having constructed a worldview based upon an ideal of freedom. Since religious groups in American society will continue to express outrage, the illusion will be sustained that the modern and postmodern treatment of sex still lives in a significant aesthetic way.

Cultivating the outrageous, moreover, atrophies other faculties. The constant sexual jolt destroys patience for, say, the long seduction or the slow architectural line of a novel. The scale of feeling becomes reduced to one or two notes. Without indirection, the imagination begins to thin out; the rigors of implication are lost. The smart nihilism of contemporary art and fiction makes anything else appear soft and sentimental, diminishing the likelihood of an intelligent assertion of other values, except from the safety of an ideological bunker. Games of irony and knowingness that were brilliant in Duchamp's day, and important in Warhol's, empty out in ours. More often than not, the waning art of the twentieth century drains into Duchamp's urinal like the piss of an old drunk.

Nothing in American life now offers artists a vivid and powerful alternative vision—for what's true of the modern way of sex seems true of much else in society, where the surface is often the substance and the pose the person. Artists can find nothing restorative in politics. (President Clinton is a JFK wannabe who, it is alleged, drops trou before a receptionist; his chief political adviser sucks toes.) Neither the serious left nor the serious right now challenges contemporary culture in a profound way, providing a layered, subtle, and morally fruitful vision of sexuality that could stimulate the creation of important new art. The left often regards love as just a beard for power; the right, censorious and priggish, often hides from the present in the past.

Some critics argue that art should simply adopt a richer view of sex and sensuality; but you can't restore freshness to the treatment of sex through an act of will any more than you can restore virginity. In all likelihood, only a convulsive social crisis will displace current habits of thought. And perhaps not for the better. Yet there's no call to be especially gloomy. In modern history, art always seems to be ending only to be reborn. And no culture before us has satisfactorily solved the riddle of sex. A darkly comic view may be best. Sex often makes fools of men and women, and of cultures too. What a comic achievement it is, to have made even outrageous sex dull. Or to have unmasked Winnie-the-Pooh. (*Et tu,* Pooh?) Even the science of sex is now artfully absurd. The birth of Molly, the cloned Scottish sheep, portends a day when it will be possible to make love to yourself incestuously, thereby fulfilling the deepest aspirations of late-twentieth-century narcissism. ■


"Pooh, please spank me first" quipped Piglet "and Rabbit and Tigger can pee on me"

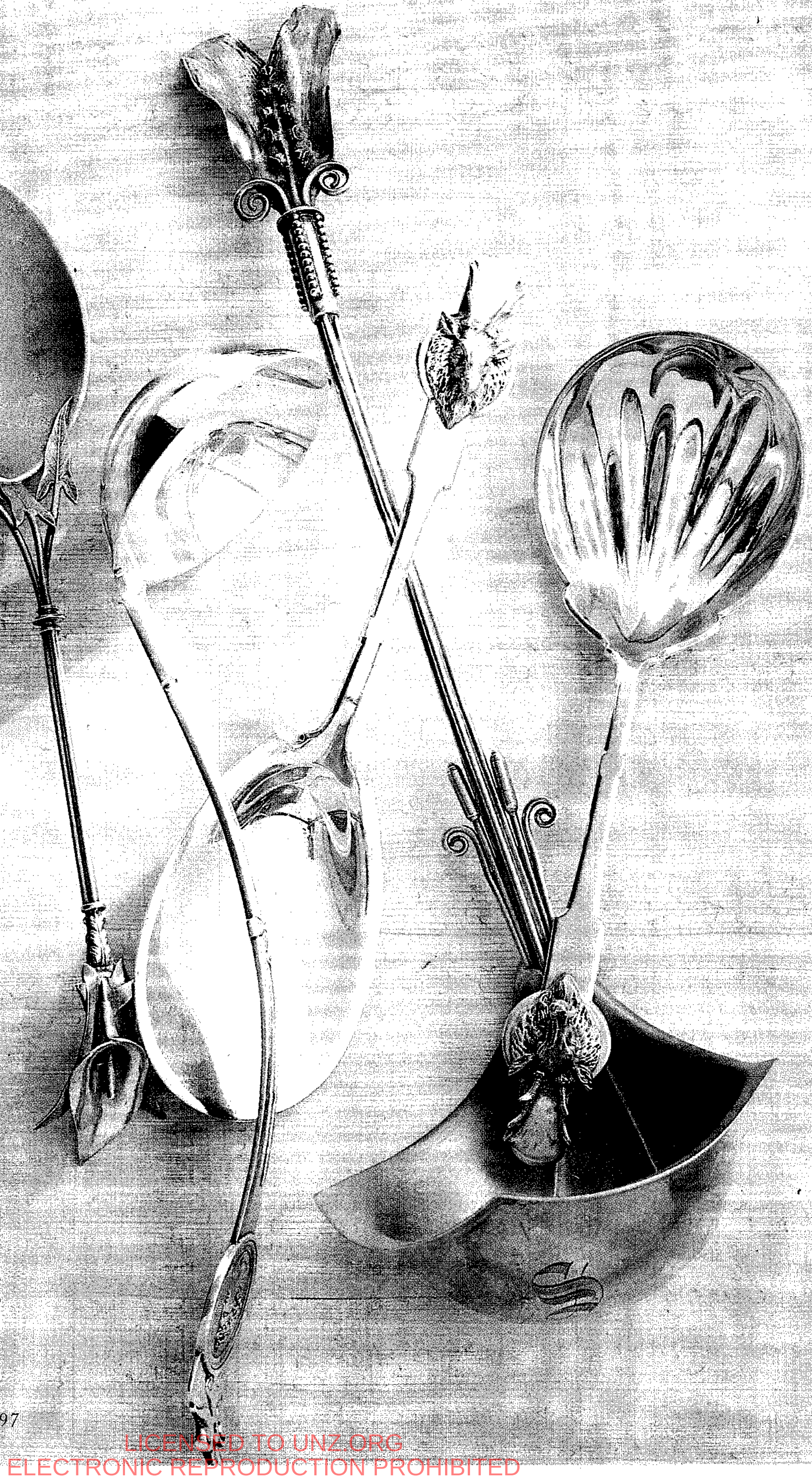
POOH, CORNERED: Karen Finley's vision of life with Tigger.

Photograph courtesy of the Fotouhi Cramer Gallery.

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN



Sterling Characters

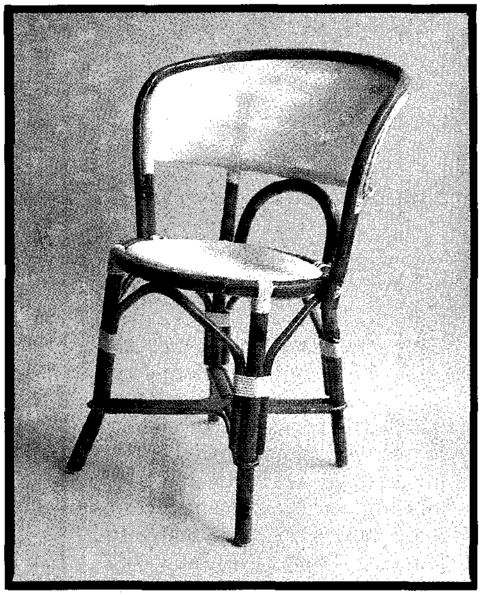
The fledgling Lauren Stanley gallery is a midtown trove of nineteenth-century American silver. Owners Lauren Reddington and Stanley Szaro (lawyers who met in graduate school) are avid collectors, passionate about sterling-silver medallion flatware (decked out with images of Greek gods) and figural serving pieces (with animal and floral handles). But their tiny shop is crammed with lots more than flatware and hollowware engraved with such swank names as Gorham, Albert Coles, and George Shiebler. Among the assortment of non-shiny wares are antique miniature wooden chests and vintage cast-iron furniture. (From $75 for a spoon to $450 for a condiment set to $1,650 for a miniature chest to $14,500 for a Gorham tray.)

LAUREN STANLEY DECORATIVE & FINE ART/*300 East 51st Street/888-6732*

Back to Rattan

Chances are you're not familiar with the name, J. Gatti, but you certainly know the chairs. Think ritzy Paris cafés. J. Gatti has been producing bistro chairs since the twenties, but now the company has come up with a handsome new addition to the line—the Monaco, an indoor-outdoor armchair. It's handmade in France of bent rattan (just like the original café chairs), but in a nod to our techie times, it has a seat and back of fiberglass that stay cool even in direct sun and 90-plus-degree weather ($350; available in eight colors).

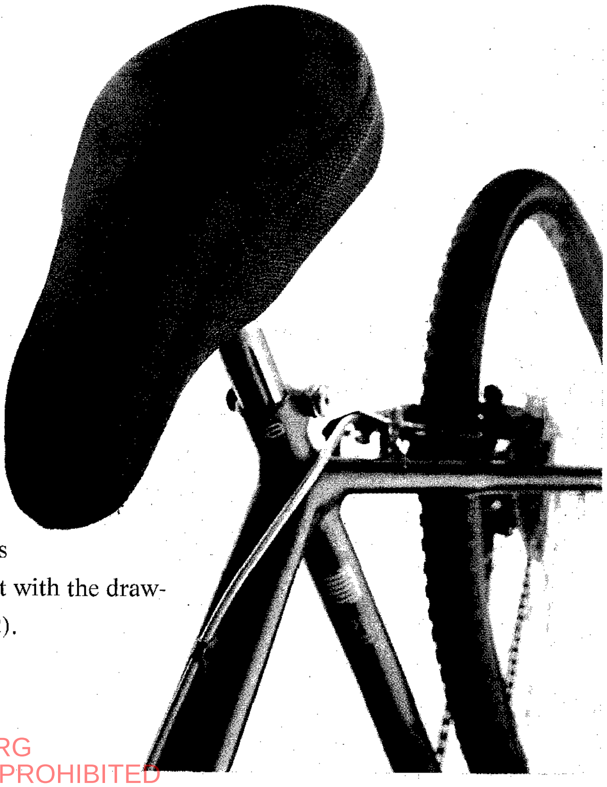
CAP SUD/*50 Bond Street/260-9114*



Beyond the Pail

Daily 235, Elizabeth Street's stylish depot for the morning paper and a cup of java, also stocks stuff for kids, like these beach pails and shovels. They're made of tin—not plastic—and are refreshingly unadorned. Come sundown, just shake out the sand, fill with ice, and a simple beach toy becomes a chicly functional wine cooler for the drinking-age crowd (shovel, $4; pail, $7.50).

DAILY 235/*235 Elizabeth Street/334-9728*



Easy Rider

SportsMed's ICP Saddle Pad solves the pesky problem of cycling comfort. We had our biking friends put it to the test, first on stationary bikes in the gym and then on potholed city streets. The verdict? "It's great!" The pad has ultra-soft gel innards that provide the cushioned comfort. Installation is no hassle: Just pop it over the horn of the saddle and secure it with the drawstring tie; the stretchy nylon makes for a wrinkle-free fit ($22).

EQUINOX/*All locations*

Rest Easy

Take it all *lying down: spa treatments at Anushka's Manhattan oasis; Goodson Parker's holistic help for body and soul; and—for a plain old nap*—**Marble Arch's pillows.**

ANUSHKA, THIS TOWN'S CELlulite guru, is offering specials at her cushy midtown salon: wrap, mechanical session, and thigh-contouring massage, was $195, now $155; massage, facial, and manicure, was $162, now $129; body polish and massage, was $115, now $90. *Anushka Day Spa, 241 E. 60th St. (355-6404); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues. and Thurs. 9–8, Wed. and Fri. till 7, Sat. till 6; 7/14–8/15.*

Sweet William

WILLIAM LIPTON IS HAVING ITS FIRST warehouse sale—seven years' worth of antique Chinese furniture priced at 30 to 50 percent off. Many pieces haven't been repriced, so the values are especially good: round dining table, was $8,000, now $4,000; silver 1890 Tiffany frame, was $2,600, now $1,300; Grand Tour malachite obelisks, were $1,900, now $950. *William Lipton Ltd. Lafayette Warehouse, 401 E. 110th St., fourth floor (751-8131); A.E., M.C., V.; Wed.–Thurs. 10–4; 7/16–7/17.*

Must-Have **To tout the publication of her new book, Wendy Shuman, owner of the twee shop Potted Gardens in Greenwich Village, is putting the whole joint on sale. The discounting begins at 20 percent, though some items are marked down even further.** ***Potted Gardens, 27 Bedford St. (255-4797); A.E., M.C., V., and checks; Tues.–Sun. noon–7, flower orders taken on Mondays; 7/14–8/3.***

Find Your Marbles

MARBLE ARCH'S PRETTY LINENS AND PILlows, are hardly cheap at places like Barneys and Ad Hoc, but its sample sale has them priced below wholesale: Cotton napkins with wrought-iron pattern in metallic gold, retail $14, here $4; velvet pillow, retail $136, here $35; chenille throw, retail $290, here $70. *Marble Arch Designs, 380 Lafayette St., second floor (777-3011); cash only; Thurs.–Fri. 11–7; Sat.–Sun. 1–5; 7/17–7/20.*

Brava Escada

ESCADA HOUNDS, TAKE NOTE: THIS SEASON'S sample sale starts next week, offering up to 50 percent off wholesale: piqué tops, retail $85, here $24; handbags, retail $120–$800, here $42–$280; shoes, retail $200–$450, now $70 or three pair for $200. *Parsons School of Design, 560 Seventh Ave., near 40th St., second floor (for information, call 718-747-1656); A.E. M.C., V.; Tues.–Thurs. 9–6:30; 7/22–7/24.*

The Inside Story

IT'S USUALLY OPEN ONLY TO THE TRADE, but this week the Interior Design Building opens to the public for its second-annual sale. Selected showrooms offer antiques, furniture, rugs, accessories, lighting, and jewelry, such as: Endymion bench by Goralnick Buchanan, was $5,000, now $990; gilded mirror, was $4,600, now $1,400; antique and new pillows, were $416, now $165. *Interior Design Building, 306 E. 61st St., seventh floor (838-6743); checks accepted; Tues.–Wed. 10–7; 7/15–7/16.*

Stash Without Cash

ADDING A TINY PERK TO THE IRKSOME task of hauling your stuff into storage, Manhattan Mini Storage is offering first-time customers 20 percent off six months of stashing at all twelve of its outposts. For example, a six-by-four-foot room at the West 29th Street location, regularly $87 a month, is $71. *Manhattan Mini Storage (212-STORAGE); 7/14–12/31.*

The Road to Wellville

TOTALLY LACKING ANY OF THAT hokey incense vibe, Goodson Parker, right across from the Carlyle, looks more like a doctor's office than like an ashram. Through August, the center is offering a package: Any three sessions in one weekend are $180. Selected services include: Pilates body conditioning (usually $65); Swedish massage (usually $75); colon hydrotherapy (usually $70); and private yoga and meditation (usually $75). *Goodson Parker Wellness Center, 30 E. 76th. St. (717-5273); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 8–8; 7/17–8/31.*

Finders Keepers

PRINT FINDERS IS A HANDY MAIL-ORDER SERvice that tracks down hard-to-locate posters and prints. For its fifteenth anniversary, items in inventory, such as Cezanne's *Apples and Oranges* and Salvador Dali's *Disintegration of Persistence of Memory*, are 25 percent off. *Print Finders (914-725-2332); Mon.–Fri. 10–5; A.E., M.C., V., and checks; 7/14–7/31.*

The First Supper

EVERY SUMMER, THE MOVEABLE FEAST, A catering biz given the big thumbs-up from Zagat, offers new clients a 10 percent discount. Rates vary, but cocktail parties normally start around $20 a person and dinners at $35. *The Moveable Feast (718-965-2900); 7/1–Labor Day.* ■

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Dany Levy, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.

Photograph by Bernd Auers.

MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Star Vehicles

Maybe Robert Zemeckis crams too much into 'Contact,' but it's a smart sci-fi spectacle; with 'My Best Friend's Wedding,' Julia Roberts is a star reborn.

ROBERT ZEMECKIS'S METAPHYSICAL SCI-FI MOVIE, **Contact,** from a novel by the late Carl Sagan, explicitly asks the big-bowwow questions: Are we alone in the universe? Does scientific reasoning threaten religious faith? The movie deals in wonders and miracles; it may be the biggest miracle of all that Zemeckis and his screenwriters (James V. Hart and Michael Goldenberg) were able to provide answers to these riddles that aren't completely ludicrous or banal. *Contact* is a half-good movie: Part of it is a large-scale noisy production, overpadded and self-important, with tumultuous public scenes—White House press briefings and cabinet meetings and masses of people gathering and demonstrating. But at the heart of *Contact* there are patches of rapt silence and a lonely young woman, Dr. Ellie Arroway (Jodie Foster), an orphan, madly intense, asexual, an astronomer with spiritual longings, or at least hungers. Ellie has been obsessed since girlhood with hearing messages from outer space. There she sits in the New Mexico desert, a modern anchorite, listening through headphones to whatever is picked up by an array of powerful radio telescopes. Finally, she hears something—a steady metallic pulse that sounds rather like an Abrams tank grunting on a cold day. It is clearly a message from a major brain. When Ellie makes the discovery public, the White House becomes alarmed, the media go into a frenzy, and religious groups sense blasphemy or the end of the world. The government sets about building a space vehicle, designed according to specifications provided by the aliens. Someone's got to go out there and meet them. Or perhaps I should say *Them.*

Can we talk? Jodie Foster plays an astronomer in touch with a distant galaxy, in *Contact.*

Jodie Foster plays a driven personality all too successfully. Only 34, Foster already looks like one of those Lauren Bacall ladies on Madison Avenue who have had three nip-and-tucks—the skin is pulled tightly over her face (by sheer will power I assume), and she gives off a glint of humor, but no more than a glint. We know, of course, what Foster is up to. She wants to suggest how an obsessed woman—and a woman intellectual at that—would make herself half-crazy from isolation and ambition. The material, following Sagan's bent, has been given a feminist tilt: The big-shot White House science adviser (Tom Skerritt) who is Ellie's former mentor keeps taking the credit for her discoveries and pushing her out of the way, and Ellie has to suffer and fight. We are constantly asked to worry about Ellie's career moves and whether she's getting proper credit for her genius, all of which seems a little odd if not trivial in a movie offering to solve the eternal questions of the universe. Foster is effective but not much fun to watch; her performance is almost grindingly sincere, and often on the tremulous side. Ellie's been given a lover, a defrocked clergyman named Palmer Joss who shows up every once in a while to argue with her about God. In the person of Matthew McConaughey, he looks like a moist-eyed sex hustler that people are unaccountably taking seriously (Palmer even sits in on White House cabinet meetings). Someone has to turn this man into an actor.

As he did with *Forrest Gump,* Robert Zemeckis puts everything into the movie: the pageant and frenzy of national media life, the president and his advisers, a megalomaniacal billionaire in the Howard Hughes mold (John Hurt), religious figures of various sorts, and so on. Zemeckis keeps trying to make the national myth, and though I'm glad he's got an intellectual rather than a simpleton at the center of his film this time, I wish he would rein himself in and tell a story more simply and coherently. There's too much going on in *Contact,* and not all of it is of the highest quality (the scenes with the billion-

Photograph by Francois Duhamel/Warner Bros.

aire are downright trashy). I often felt, as I have at other big-budget movies this season, that the director was throwing in redundant scenes and hordes of extras merely because he had the money to do so and imagined that audiences would feel cheated if the moves weren't filled with clutter. The monster budget may have destroyed what is left of Hollywood's sense of form.

The movie is best in its moments of Spielbergian awe—for instance, when Jodie Foster sits among the radio telescopes in the New Mexico dusk and her eyes, closed in sleep, electrifyingly pop open at the first sounds of life. At the end of the movie, when Ellie journeys (perhaps) into a new dimension, Zemeckis gives us a *son et lumière* show that tops Stanley Kubrick's famous trip at the end of *2001: A Space Odyssey*. Arriving at a distant galaxy, Ellie reaches out and touches the atmosphere on a beautiful beach as if it were a veil of translucent plastic. Does she really go someplace, or does she only imagine contact with extraterrestrials out of an unappeasable human desire for company? In its finest moments, *Contact* merges spectacle, science, and a genuine religious impulse.

MOVIES

My Best Friend's Wedding IS A HANDSOME-looking romantic comedy, with a vibrant star performance by Julia Roberts and lots of eccentric life breaking out in the corners and background. Yet the movie doesn't work in certain fundamental ways, and it leaves one dissatisfied and cranky. I've heard many people complaining about it, and each complaint is different. When this kind of general dissatisfaction sets in, it usually means that the movie's basic fantasy hasn't taken hold—with the result that everyone's irritable preoccupations come to the surface (the movie is demeaning to women . . . to gays . . . to heterosexuals). Well, maybe, but the real problem is that it's a bad movie. Screenwriter Ronald Bass, who worked on *Rain Man* and other commercially successful pictures, can't spring loose from the bear trap that he's created for himself, and the Australian director P. J. Hogan (*Muriel's Wedding*) is caught there, too, though he manages to wiggle a lot.

Julia Roberts plays a New York restaurant critic, Julianne—or Jules as everyone calls her—who is stunned when her old lover, Michael (Dermot Mulroney), a sports journalist in Chicago, tells her that in a few days he is going to marry a rich young woman. In Jules's head, Michael has always belonged to *her*. She has, however, never realized how much she loves him until she's threatened with losing him forever. Determined to break up the wedding, she rushes to Chicago (which looks dazzling here), and for four days, she plays one low, stupid trick after another.

In the movies she made after her big hit, *Pretty Woman*, Julia Roberts has seemed rather demure, even wan; she was all too willing, I thought, to recede into a scene, to renounce the egotistical prerogatives of stardom. She was so quiet, in fact, that one no longer looked forward to seeing her: She seemed to be running away from what her own talent and the endless media attention had made her. But she's too big a girl and too idiosyncratically beautiful—with a spectacular figure and that wide mouth set in a long face—to hide in a movie, and in *My Best Friend's Wedding*, she seems very large indeed, physically liberated and temperamentally alive, with energy to burn and a horselaugh that breaks out violently.

The audience is with her from the beginning, and that is why the picture's strategy is so perverse. For when Jules gets to Chicago she discovers that her rival, young Kimmy (Cameron Diaz), a junior at the University of Chicago, is a very nice girl and quite selflessly in love with Michael—so selflessly that she is willing (despite misgivings) to give up her prospective career for him. It's hard to tell what the filmmakers want us to think of Kimmy. Cameron Diaz is nervous and giggly, and wails piteously whenever things go wrong with Michael. But how can we root for Jules to send Kimmy packing? We can't.

It's hard as well to know what Bass and Hogan expect us to make of Michael. Here's a young sports reporter who gets all huffy about his integrity, yet he's marrying the daughter of the owner of the Chicago White Sox. Is he merely deluded? Stupid? What causes two beautiful women to knock themselves out for him? Dermot Mulroney is a handsome young man, but he's been made quite inarticulate (if this guy's a writer, I'm a tennis pro), and his temperament is sludgy. He seems self-centered and dim, and he hardly notices a thing (that Jules loves him deeply, for instance).

The movie has the structure of a romantic comedy, but its characters don't fit into that structure. Julia Roberts keeps struggling and striving and expending endless energy and emotion, yet she's working for something—marriage to Dermot Mulroney—that doesn't make sense for her. The movie has nowhere to go; all it can do is spin around, though some of the spinning is highly entertaining. Rupert Everett, who has played highborn louts in his English movies, makes a triumphant appearance as Jules's gay editor, George, who understands her better than she understands herself. George makes wise and witty remarks, like someone's perceptive aunt. At a certain point, the filmmakers throw up their hands and let Rupert Everett take over the movie. We're not entirely ungrateful. Everett, at least, knows what he's doing. ■

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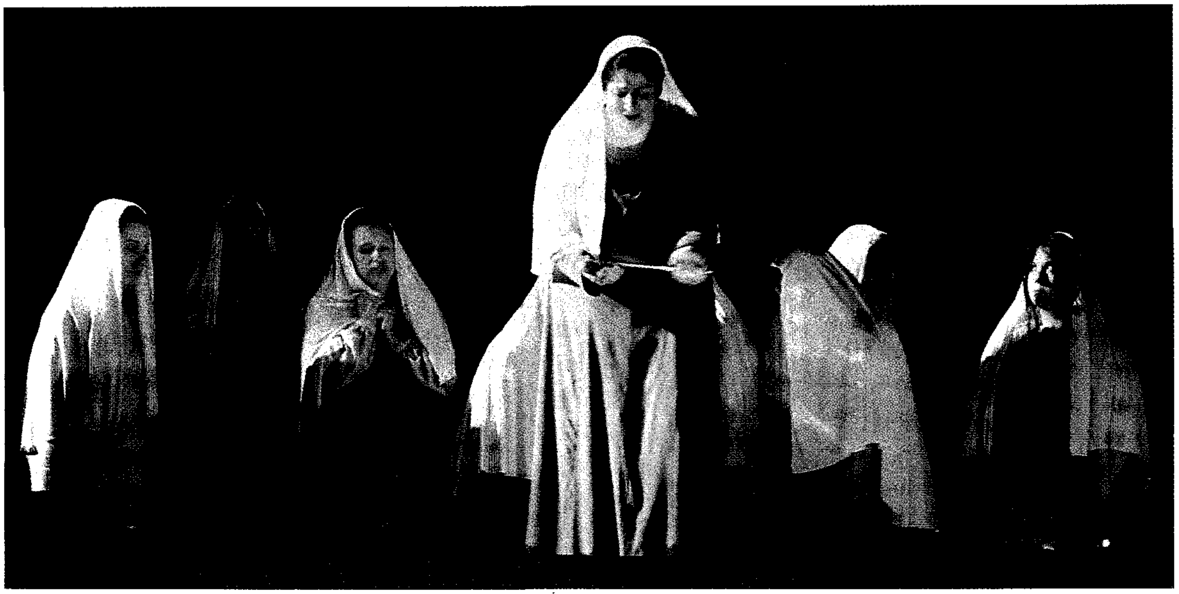
CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Sister Act

In the opera 'Iphigénie en Tauride,' Glimmerglass's all-female production team delivers an insightful take on Western culture's most dysfunctional family.



No small sacrifice: The priestess with Iphigénie, played by Christine Goerke.

Photograph by George Mott/Glimmerglass Opera.

I DON'T SUPPOSE ANYONE STILL THINKS OF **Christoph Willibald Gluck** as the "father of modern opera," the title under which he was always solemnly evoked by music-appreciation types not so long ago. In fact, only a few historians and enthusiastic partisans seem to think about Gluck at all these days, apart from his ever-popular *Orphée et Eurydice.* That may change as the New York City Opera begins what is hoped to be a major retrospective, a sampling of the eight "reform" operas that the composer prepared for Paris between 1774 and 1779. The first installment in the series arrives in October—*Iphigénie en Tauride*—but Gluckistes who can't wait will want to travel upstate to Glimmerglass Opera in Cooperstown and see the production now. Incredibly, this seems to be the first time the opera has been performed in this country in its original French by a professional company (in 1916, the Metropolitan gave the work five performances but in Richard Strauss's reworked German edition).

Aesthetic disputes broke out when *Iphigénie en Tauride* was first done, in 1779—the score's long-lined continuity and gestural simplicity must have sounded genuinely startling after a century of increasingly florid baroque opera—and I expect there will be disagreements over the bold presentation of the piece at Glimmerglass. Some assumed that the all-female production team led by director Francesca Zambello would weigh us down with a heavy feminist agenda, but they were proved wrong. Mainly, Zambello and company have agreed on a sensible course that explores and brings forward the important qualities that continue to make Gluck's opera relevant, in particular its keenly observed views on human feelings and relationships. This is, after all, essentially an interior drama in which Iphigénie encounters and eventually recognizes her brother Oreste in far-off Tauris, five years after the lurid events in Mycenae when Oreste murdered their mother, Clytemnestre, and took flight from the avenging Furies. By the time the opera is over, we have been given yet another absorbing perspective on Western culture's most dysfunctional family, constantly tormented by guilt, stifled love, recrimination, and self-sacrifice.

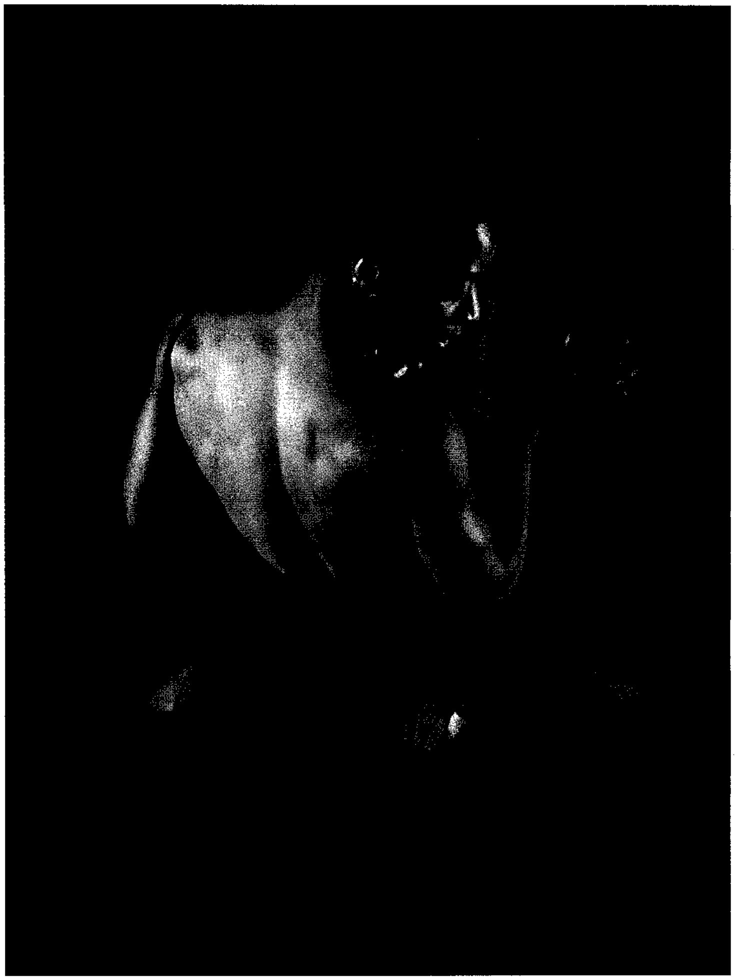
Gluck accomplishes all this with an extraordinary economy of means—a wrenching harmonic change, a twisting instrumental solo, a churning orchestral passage, or a well-timed silence—but the expressive weight of the piece resides mostly in the vocal lines. The singers have clearly been made aware of this crucial fact as they demonstrate what a dramatic impact the opera can generate simply through the uses of the voice alone. With her amply scaled, securely focused soprano, Christine Goerke is especially eloquent as she addresses Iphigénie's dilemmas, but the troubled men in her life—Oreste (Nathan Gunn), his friend Pylade (William Burden), and the vicious Scythian tyrant Thoas (Grant Youngblood)—are just as responsive to the composer's supple mixture of arias, ariosos, and melodic recitative.

More controversially, Zambello's extremely physical staging vehemently rejects the received notion that Gluck's operas are populated by stone statues. Some ideas are good but misfire (the comic-opera chorus of Scythian thugs), some are ridiculous (Iphigénie first appears, not in Gluck's raging storm, but standing fully clothed and getting drenched in a circular open shower stall in the Temple of Diana), and others just seem odd (the enigmatic rotting *(continued on page 54)*

TOBI TOBIAS

Downward Mobility

Pilobolus, a dance company for people who don't like to think too hard about dance, and Lincoln Kirstein, a collector who unabashedly did.



Tamieca McCloud of Pilobolus in Alison Chase's *Solo.*

Photograph by Ellen Crane

WITH A QUARTER-CENTURY of popularity behind it, **Pilobolus**—at the Joyce through July 19 for its annual monthlong season—remains *the* company for folks who feel threatened by highbrow dancing. The troupe's regular-guy/-gal vocabulary shuns the traditional, the codified, the ostensibly rarefied. It co-opts more common stuff instead, using athletics, gymnastics, acrobatics, body tangles, cantileverings, and just plain horsing around to create its signature quirky shapes and trompe l'oeil effects. To further its appeal, the mix is often given a surface coating of eroticism or a frisson of the macabre. And the general public declares itself mightily entertained, while the specialist viewer feels shortchanged. Though the company occasionally comes up with a provocative piece, its work as a whole serves as a discouraging example of the dumbing-down of dance in the effort to broaden the audience for an art that, by its nature, engages fewer people than, say, baseball.

Of the three latest works from the Piloboli, a pair of group pieces are collaborative creations, as is usual. *Elysian Fields,* made by Alison Chase and Michael Tracy, two of the company's four directors, in tandem with its six dancers, is a real dud. In richly patterned unitards and fanciful headgear, assembling and dispersing in simplistic arrangements, the dancers might be a small flock of gaudily plumed jungle birds deployed for camera-wielding tourists. The superficial titillation the piece offers the eye palls quickly; the residual pretensions to significance are intolerable.

Robby Barnett and Jonathan Wolken, the company's other two directors (all these chiefs are founding or early dancers with Pilobolus, now retired from performing), came up with an affecting male quartet, *Gnomen.* It looks to be about a tight-knit bunch of guys (college buddies, maybe, or dancers who've sweated together) who lose one of their number all too early in life. The faltering figure tests the group's bond; the impulse of the thriving three is to turn away from him when the situation progresses from tough to untenable. But in the end they honor their connection, succoring and supporting their brother until he achieves an ecstasy that alternately lifts him heavenward and returns him to Mother Earth. They also acknowledge their own mortality; for them, after all, death is merely postponed. In a final tableau, they assemble as if for a school or team photograph, which will inevitably fade, the name of everyone in it forgotten.

Gnomen's gimmick is that in each section, a different one of the four assumes the role of fate's victim. The drawbacks to the piece relate directly to the company's middlebrow mind-set. The choreography conveys its message in generic ways; emotions are expressed and elicited from the audience through clichés. Loss, longing, loneliness, camaraderie both silly and solemn, even the recognition of the inevitability of death are rendered in easily grasped universal signs. Complexity, irony, and surprise have been banished as if they'd only obscure the issues at hand. Ultimately, while you acknowledge you've been moved, you also suspect you've been had.

The last of the season's new works—Alison Chase's *Solo* for Tamieca McCloud—is negligible, but the spectator can understand what *(continued on page 54)*

CHRIS NORRIS

Cult Cash Clan

Singular music, eclectic mysticism, and brilliant marketing have made Wu-Tang Clan the most important group in rap: Meet rock's mercenary avant-garde.

MARKETING ISN'T JUST INESCAPABLE IN POP MUSIC, it's sometimes the most delicious part. When ad pitch truly meshes with rock style and self-mythology, only a total Communist can't at least appreciate the effect. The masterpieces, like Kiss and the Sex Pistols, are undeniable, galvanizing studies in crassness and panache. But even the more subtle work of, say, the Clash is every bit as piquant. Answering the Sex Pistols' telegenic nihilism with the simple epithet "the only band that matters," the Clash were propelled by world-class tag-line artistry. Helped by the loose phraseology with which rock and roll and cigarette ads defy factual quibbling, the band achieved utter credibility, deep musical resources, an expansive social vision, and excellent T-shirts. The only band that matters? Rockin'!

But not even the Clash had the marketing flair of any halfway-savvy rapper. We are talking, after all, about a species of entrepreneur who typically drops his trademarked moniker somewhere in the first verse. So it's not quite the surprise it might be that now, twenty years and several pop revolutions after the Clash, the band's pithy tag line—unspoken this time—has re-emerged wiser, weirder, and possibly truer in the guise of the rap group Wu-Tang Clan. At this strange impasse in black pop, the raucous and brilliantly self-packaged Staten Island crew—releasing its feverishly awaited sophomore album, **Wu-Tang Forever**—is more than significant. It may actually be the only rap group that matters.

The murders of rap's two most beloved and street-accredited spokesmen, Tupac Shakur and Biggie Smalls, have made mass hip-hop's doldrums something more than a creative slump. Now MTV-primped, Madonnified gangstas seem not only tired but morbid. Big-budget "attitude"—whether it's in rap music, buddy films, or sneaker ads—has long been a tiresome exercise. And now even the rough-'n'-ready spirit of hip-hop itself—assimilated to the point that Regis and Kathie Lee use the word *dis*—seems in danger of imploding.

Enter, as they say, the Wu-Tang Clan. "We return like Jesus, when the whole world needs us," raps Wu mastermind RZA in the album's first song, "Reunited." Hip-hop's coyness deficiency was never so aptly displayed. In its 1993 debut, *Enter the 36 Chambers,* the Wu-Tang Clan introduced the most compelling mix of new sonics and group identity since Public Enemy. From the hoarse sultriness of Method Man to the wildly quavering drawl of Ol' Dirty Bastard, the nine-member cast presented some of the most recognizable voices in rap. And with a brilliant ear for subtle sonic perversities, RZA crafted music unlike any other: a low-fi yet cinematic minimalism of distressed violins and horror-film keyboards that squeezed *noir*ish drama from random chunks of ghetto debris. As a package, the crew's eerie noise and explosive vocal style came out with a force and menace that made Wu-Tang Clan the most rock-and-roll group in hip-hop. It was just what hip-hop needed.

Four years later, hip-hop needs the strangeness, confidence, and dash of the Wu-Tang Clan more than ever. But with *Forever,* the Wu has provided something even more impressive: the most expansive and multifaceted expression of classic MC-style boastin' and self-promotin' the world has ever seen. *Wu-Tang Forever* is a $33, CD-ROM–enhanced, interactive double album that makes Aerosmith seem like indie rock. It comes with a telephone

From left, Wu-Tang Clan's RZA, Raekwon the Chef, and Inspectah Deck: The hip-hop group as comic-book kung-fu cult.

Photograph by Steve Double/Retna.

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number for the clan's Wu-Wear clothing line. It has 900 numbers for the Wu-Tang love line. It has instructions for recruitment into the Wu army. A free connection to America Online. With *Wu-Tang Forever,* hip-hop's freewheeling spirit has legitimately colonized the boardroom.

Spiritually, this multimedia ambition isn't that much of a departure for the Wu. Long known for blending ghetto reportage with chopsocky fantasies, gangster-film bravado with real-life poverty vignettes, the Wu-Tang Clan has always let its business machinations play a role in its narratives. In so doing, the Clan recast the format of rap group—a seemingly outmoded assemblage in the late nineties—as cabal, mafia, ninja corps, artist collective, B-boy crew, and business conglomerate.

There is inspired demographic method to this madness. The nine members—RZA, GZA, Method Man, Ol' Dirty Bastard, U-God, Masta Killah, Ghostface Killah, Raekwon the Chef, Inspectah Deck (collect them all!)—perform rap's most complex verbal gymnastics, hence pulling in serious hip-hop heads. The Wu's insanely complicated universe is full of kung-fu moves, chess wizardry, crime-family lore, and Nation of Islam cosmology—hence attracting a Dungeons & Dragoner's obsessive fascination. And the Wu's cast of superhero-styled rap stars, each with multiple identities, appeal to an 8-year-old's love of comics. Indeed, the Wu-Tang Clan has something for everyone—at least everyone who's young and male.

Whether you take the Wu as diabolically clever conspiracy or bizarre accident depends on how much you credit RZA, the group's 27-year-old Svengali. With its explosive tag-team rap attack and murky atmospheres, Wu music suggests its controlling concept, something RZA calls "organized chaos," a methodology that black musicians from Duke Ellington to Sun Ra to George Clinton—all personnel orchestrators as well as musicians—have mastered. But RZA isn't just hip-hop's George Clinton; he's also its Bill Gates, strategist of the Wu's now-legendary business plan.

Assembling a crew of corner buddies and second cousins, RZA recorded the group's successful, self-financed first single and, when major labels began bidding, spurned them all in favor of a unique record deal with the modest independent label on which they debuted. The arrangement allows Wu members to sign solo deals with other labels, bringing major-label money back to the Wu-Tang fold. Since Wu-Tang's debut, five members have released RZA-produced, gold- or platinum-selling solo records. Rather than cult of personality or police-blotter reports, Wu-Tang gets by on good old-fashioned brand loyalty. Look for the Wu-Tang logo—the bladelike *W,* rap's equivalent of the Rolling Stones' lips. RZA's tactics have formed an empire. For a comparison, imagine if, instead of separately answering a trade-mag ad for "streetwise, outgoing, and ambitious young ladies," the Spice Girls had met as kids in the projects, formed a group, masterminded a global industry-domination scheme, succeeded in it, and didn't suck.

Not sucking, in fact, is often the hard part, especially come album two. But the Wu has managed to bypass self-parody completely, largely thanks to their shadowy subculture. Sometime in the early nineties, East Coast rap became the province of B-boy-styled Pink Floyd fans—stoned listeners who'd groove to the deep beats, hypnotic atmospheres, brooding darkness, and intricate wordplay. Wu-Tang Clan is the apotheosis of this style, and what keeps them formidable and authentic in the face of such breathless marketeering is their fundamental impenetrability. Somehow, the Wu-Tang Clan is dissembling, elusive, and in-your-face at the same time. The Wu family seems to inhabit another dimension, one of sci-fi millennial dread as much as urban paranoia. Theirs is a nineties form of group concept: fierce and contradictory, joyful consumerism mixed with religious sermonizing, pro-black-woman rhetoric next to some of the ugliest misogyny in modern rap (trust me on this).

Consistency, after all, is a bugaboo reserved for those who aspire to a coherent message, and the Wu-Tang Clan has been eminently untroubled by such an obligation. This is in some ways to their detriment. Unlike truly classic rap albums like Public Enemy's *It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back* and Dr. Dre's *The Chronic, Wu-Tang Forever* has no overarching theme, no real resonance with its specific time or space. Unlike Public Enemy, with its righteous goal of black-power revolution (a goal that was quite in synch with commercial success), the Wu-Tang Clan juggernaut has neither one single vision nor one spiritual drive. The group itself is a brilliant and truly radical enterprise, given over to wild-ass creativity, lurking in a self-made looking-glass land of sci-fi, kung-fu mysticism and privately coded brotherhood. It's easy to understand the group's embrace of Five Percent Nation in such a world. Surrounded by chess knights and mafia soldiers, a religion that says the white race was created by an evil mad scientist 6,000 years ago is perfect: just some more weird, scary shit to trip out on. But how deeply this or any other belief runs in the members' lives remains a mystery. As one might expect from a group whose single last year was an extended jingle for the Wu-Wear clothing line (and actually quite a rocking one), *Wu-Tang Forever* is, more than anything else, a primer on the various parts of the product. And as a record's prime engine, capitalism will get you only so far. ■

THE UNDERGROUND GOURMET PETER KAMINSKY

Luncheon Feat

If Aureole is out of your orbit, try its tastes at Astra, Charlie Palmer's new lunch haven on high at the Decoration and Design Building.

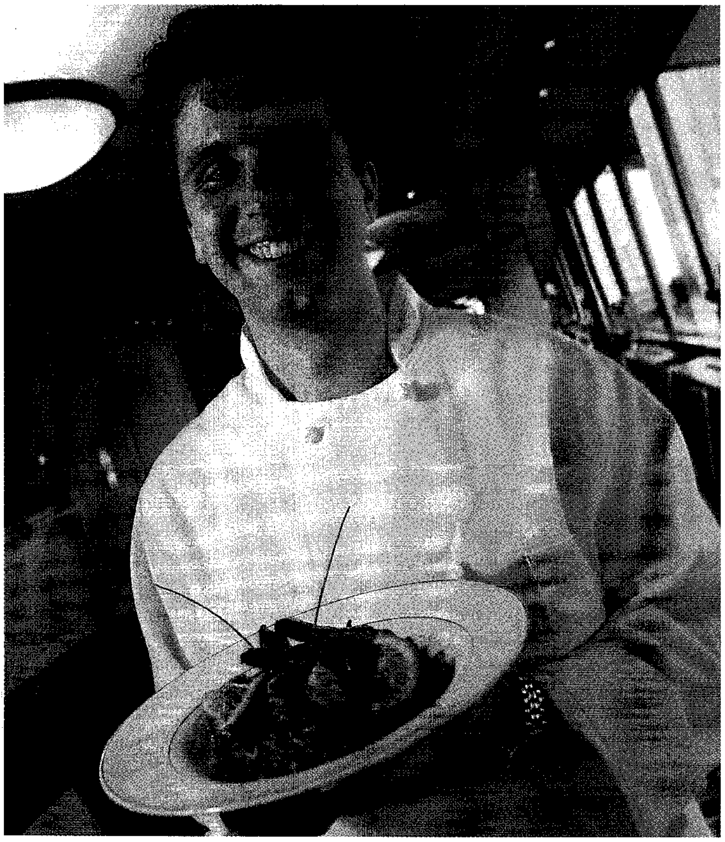
MIDTOWN MANHATTAN ON THE EAST SIDE has always felt to me like some other city's downtown. The unrelieved rows of boxy buildings, the franchise operations, the mass-market movie houses, the out-of-town shoppers—it has the feel of a redeveloped Stamford or Schenectady, the kind of place where the locals might boosterishly claim, "It's almost like New York."

But what these near-cosmopolitan centers lack is the kind of unforced sophistication that Aureole chef Charlie Palmer has created at **Astra** (979 Third Avenue, between 58th and 59th Streets, fourteenth floor; 644-9394), an urban commissary in the Decoration and Design building, known to its habitués as the D&D. Diners who want to experience Palmer's surprising flavor pairings and the intensely rich food of Aureole can now try similar fare from a pared-down (and less pricey) menu executed by Palmer's former sous-chef Daniel Shannon. As DKNY is to Donna Karan, so is Astra to Aureole: Parker has taken the concept of "second collection" and applied it to food.

Upon entering a sleek, modernist foyer, you'll find to the left a spare display of design books, Palmer's recent cookbook, jars of his chocolate sauce, a hard-to-find chestnut honey. Palmer is as adept at extracting the last penny from a restaurant as he is the last ounce of flavor from a dish, but this subtle hucksterism is rescued by the tasteful display.

Green salad with roasted beets and goat cheese, above; its creator, Palmer protégé Daniel Shannon.

The room itself seems to float above Manhattan like a Midtown Brigadoon, an effect that's heightened by wraparound walls of glass and a 200-foot dining terrace, which offers a stunning view of the 59th Street Bridge. Molded birch-and-plywood Jacobsen chairs in a natural finish are the most colorful element in a muted design scheme of wood, stone, and metal. Pale colors in various shades of beige blend into one another like a well-layered cappuccino. The homeowners in from the suburbs may be pure Bridgeport, Connecticut, but the professional decorators are all Milan, dressed in the same color scheme as the room, so that one civilian in a lime-green tee stands out from the crowd like a 42nd Street billboard.



This might be the cafeteria Frank Lloyd Wright would have designed, a room that emphasizes simple and serviceable over complicated and costly. Guests order from the cashier and pay in advance, at which point they are given a numbered ticket to be placed in a small, Brancusi-inspired holder on the table. The number indicates to the willing (if as yet unpolished) wait staff which table gets which order. Here, time-pressed restaurant regulars can dispense with all the tedious dining rituals—greetings, drink orders, check-requesting—that add, according to Palmer's estimate, anywhere from fifteen minutes to half an hour to the average restaurant visit. With this time windfall, designers should feel freed up from a soggy sandwich at their desk. Instead, they have the opportunity to grab a quick, unusually edible bite while mulling over swatches and Polaroids of German bathroom fixtures. "If it's not only a money question, I think this look could really work for you" is the most overheard bit of table talk, alternating with "Or maybe this instead." Small touches—like highly engineered salt shakers with no holes—cater carefully to the design-sensitive.

Consistent with the airy feel of the

Photographs by Warren Salowe.

high-in-the-sky setting, the menu is light and low-fat. Expect sandwiches that are large but not heavy; ample vegetables and salads; pasta; and a roster of "simple grills" of minute steak, portobello mushrooms, salmon escalope, and soy-and-ginger-marinated chicken. The B.L.A.S.T. sandwich is a combination of crunchy alfalfa sprouts with crisp bacon and a juicy slice of vine-ripened tomato. The tuna salad is smartly turned out with chunks of freshly chopped red onion, slices of celery, and a good *zetz* of celery salt. Palmer stressed that the ability to make a good tuna sandwich was the crucial hurdle that Shannon had to leap before he was given charge of Astra's kitchen.

Patrons of Aureole will recognize the citrus accents and the roasted vegetables. They may also be pleased to find another Aureole signature, chilled spring-pea soup with Riesling, a fresh purée whose bright tastes are heightened by the sweet grape. The potato-leek soup is velvety and full of the aroma of an intense chicken stock. A garden minestrone with Swiss chard, tomatoes, and pasta is a vegetarian soup with robust texture and flavor.

Astra's salads offer a wide range of vegetables and dressings instead of relying on variations on the same theme. The simplest salad combines sweet ripe plum tomatoes, field greens, and a sweetly tart balsamic dressing. A salad of romaine with endives and earthy salt-roasted beets receives a red-wine-and-shallot dressing. Grilled-chicken salad is served atop a bed of wilted marinated leeks and crisp lettuce in a dressing of balsamic vinegar and chicken stock. This same chicken stock is mixed with a citrus dressing for a grilled-shrimp salad served with the thinnest haricots verts and a lemon confit that is sugary, salty, and piquant.

Pastaholics will be well satisfied by farfalle tossed with bite-size bits of asparagus and oregano-laden grilled shrimp in citrus marinade. Equally winning is the angel hair with wild mushrooms. The penne with roasted peppers, sun-dried tomatoes, and roast garlic provided little explosions of concentrated flavor alongside properly toothsome pasta.

When it comes time for dessert, be thankful that the rest of the meal was so light. Although Palmer's signature architectural pastries are usually more reminiscent of a DiChirico image than of a Tastykake, here at Astra you'll find more simply satisfying slices of double-chocolate pound cake, McIntosh-apple cake, and lemon-chiffon cake. Not bad for cafeteria food.

Astra is open 8 a.m.–5 p.m. Mon.–Fri. Available evenings for private parties; private rooms available during the day. Soups, $5; salads, $6–$10; sandwiches, $6–$8; pastas and grills, $10–$13. Liquor license pending. A.E., M.C., V.

Davis *continued from page 49*

logs placed downstage left). Could it be that this talented and super-busy opera director is overcommitted and spreading herself too thin? The production does score effectively where it matters most, in the emotionally charged one-to-one confrontations. Once out of her shower, Iphigénie becomes an intriguing flesh-and-blood creature, while the intense Oreste-Pylade friendship is depicted precisely and honestly, exactly as it comes off the page: a fiercely committed but lyrical, even chaste homoerotic attachment. When given such a theatrically compelling and musically immediate treatment, Gluck's operas still have much to tell us.

Also on view at Glimmerglass right now is a new staging of *Madama Butterfly.* Even those who think they've been overexposed to Puccini's perennial are likely to be recaptured by this sensitive production, a model of how to freshen a repertory piece without imposing a lot of fancy glosses.

Some may find Michael Yeargan's scenery rather austere: a wide flight of eight steps spanning the stage, a sky-and-ocean panorama at the rear, and a front-and-back pair of transparent sliding shoji screens to fix the action. In practice, though, the sets effectively suggest the opera's Japanese milieu and the timelessness of Butterfly's tragedy as well as give the singers a comfortable space to act out Puccini's lovingly drawn melodrama of *piccole cose.* And Mark Lamos's poetic direction is also full of ingenious "little things" that quietly but tellingly enhance the clash of cultures and the poignancy of Butterfly as she plunges ever deeper into her fantasy world. I could catalogue dozens of wonderful touches, but the Act Two curtain is especially inspired. In the midst of her all-night vigil, Butterfly ascends the steps and stands silhouetted against a huge Nagasaki moon as if transformed into the little moon goddess she imagined herself during the first-act love duet with Pinkerton—pure magic.

As Butterfly, Isabelle Kabatu achieves a dignified simplicity by avoiding most of the traditional irritating little-girl giggles and mincing mannerisms. Her steely soprano is not exactly pretty, but she effectively rises to every occasion, the big emotional outbursts as well as the intimate disclosures. Rafael Rojas is a sturdy Pinkerton, Anita Krause a lovely Suzuki, Robert Perry an accommodating Consul Sharpless, and Christopher Pfund the most chilling Goro I've ever seen—this marriage broker's contempt for all things American is positively terrifying. Presiding over the orchestra, Stewart Robertson mixes the instrumental colors like a master. This exquisite production will also be a welcome addition to the City Opera repertory next spring.

Tobias *continued from page 50*

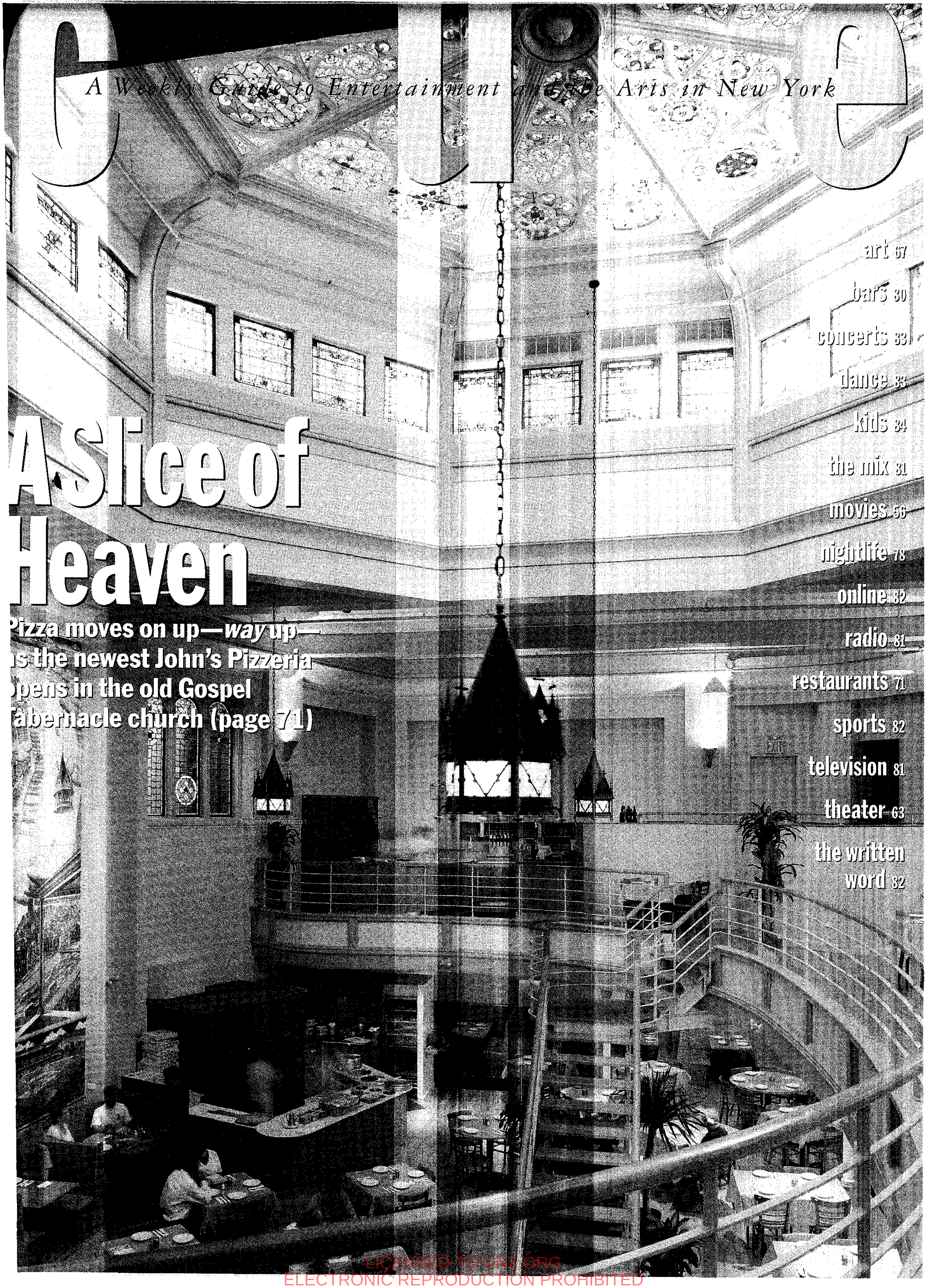
Chase sees in McCloud. She's fluid, buoyant, strong as an Amazon, with a sweetness and gaiety that make her feats look like unmediated exuberance. She enlivens the entire repertory, frequently lending the choreography a textural depth it doesn't possess on its own.

FOR A GLIMPSE OF WHAT AN INSPIRED, INEXhaustible highbrow can achieve, one need only visit the Amsterdam Gallery of the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center. On display through September 13 under the rubric **Lincoln Kirstein: Collector** is a sampling of the 16,000 items Kirstein donated to the library's Dance Collection from the time of its founding in 1944.

Lincoln Kirstein (1907–1996) must have been appalled by *elitist's* becoming a term of disparagement in the postmodern era. An unabashed intellectual (and social) snob, he did as much to further the progress of the arts as any other person in this century. Contemporary literature and visual art were subspecialties among his concerns; dance took pride of place. He's remembered first as the man who persuaded George Balanchine to come to America, founding with the choreographer the School of American Ballet and from that base bringing into being the New York City Ballet. But Kirstein's energy was as extravagant as his intelligence and passion; he was also poet and memoirist, dance historian and theorist, and, in service of the revolutionary Balanchine aesthetic, a caustic, witty pamphleteer.

The present exhibition includes copies of the books Kirstein himself wrote, along with selections from his correspondence—among these pertinent papers a handwritten letter from Martha Graham that opens "Dear Fellow Pioneer"—important volumes from other hands, as well as set and costume designs from the likes of Tchelitchew and Noguchi. Rare prints dating back to classical ballet's seventeenth-century beginnings are the show's centerpiece; images of the curvaceous and charming Romantic ballerinas explain in a glance how Théophile Gautier could write about them as delectably as he did. The cultivated eclecticism of Kirstein's taste manifests itself everywhere: Representations of European social dancing abut depictions of dances utterly exotic to Europeans; renderings of dance teaching range from the instruction of the august Paris Opera Ballet's pupils to that of the unsuited and inept. Kirstein's mischievous wit continually punctuates the show with items like a splendidly executed satiric lithograph of an asparagus-stalk ballerina starring in *Ballet of the Vegetables* and a tome I plan to read the moment it's released from its glass case: *Dances You Have Never Seen.*

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



A Slice of Heaven

Pizza moves on up—*way* up—
s the newest John's Pizzeria
pens in the old Gospel
Tabernacle church (page 71)

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movies

Vittorio De Sica...*Nothing to Lose*

New Films

Austin Powers—Mike Myers stars as a Brit super-sleuth of some sort who was cryogenically frozen in the sixties; now thawed out, he can't negotiate modern life. (1 hr. 27 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; Manhattan Twin.*

Batman & Robin—This is the most ugly-looking, slovenly, incoherent, and redundant big movie since *Batman Forever,* which was also directed by Joel Schumacher. The dark-toned, elegant beauty of Tim Burton's two earlier *Batman* films—the nightmare city as dream and desire—has now disappeared altogether, replaced by styleless urban-pop grandiosity and a profusion of interiors of unparalleled gaudiness. The movie's only redeeming feature is Uma Thurman as Poison Ivy, who vamps her way amusingly through naughty-girl clichés, puckering her lips into a satirical pout. Arnold Schwarzenegger shows up as Mr. Freeze, menacing Gotham with blasts of chilling air, and Schwarzenegger, bald, purplish, fanatical, and snarling in his peculiar accent, is frightening enough. But Schwarzenegger does the same thing over and over (there are innumerable shots of him holding a gun and covering people in what is meant to be ice but looks like clear plastic), and after a while, he begins to resemble some goony old wrestler freaking out on a late-night cable show. Chris O'Donnell regresses into teenage nowheresville as a combative Robin, envious of Batman and longing for independence, and he's been given an unappealing mate—Alicia Silverstone, who wants to join the same crime-fighting team. Is this really the actress who seemed so promising in *Clueless*? Some way has to be found of photographing Silverstone so it doesn't appear that a pad is stuck under her upper lip. She seems plagued by baby fat, and her threadbare gung-ho enthusiasm turns the picture into a cloying TV teen show. George Clooney, wagging his head as he speaks, and then setting and pointing his chin like a hunting dog, makes a sententious Batman. Give this man a role he can play! Schumacher has gone past bad taste and ineptitude. As a director he's achieved an eerie kind of boredom in the midst of frenzy, a void of meaning in the middle of violent sequences composed of shots thrown together from nowhere to nowhere without the slightest relation in space. When you have seen Schumacher's two *Batman* movies, you have seen The End. (Denby; 7/14/97) (2 hrs. 7 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea West; Gemini; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; Pavilion Theatre; Plaza Twin; Plaza .*

Brassed Off—Ewan McGregor and Pete Postlethwaite star in this drama about the Scottish miners who face the closure of their mine and the collapse of their surrounding hometown. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Carnegie Hall Cinema; Beekman.*

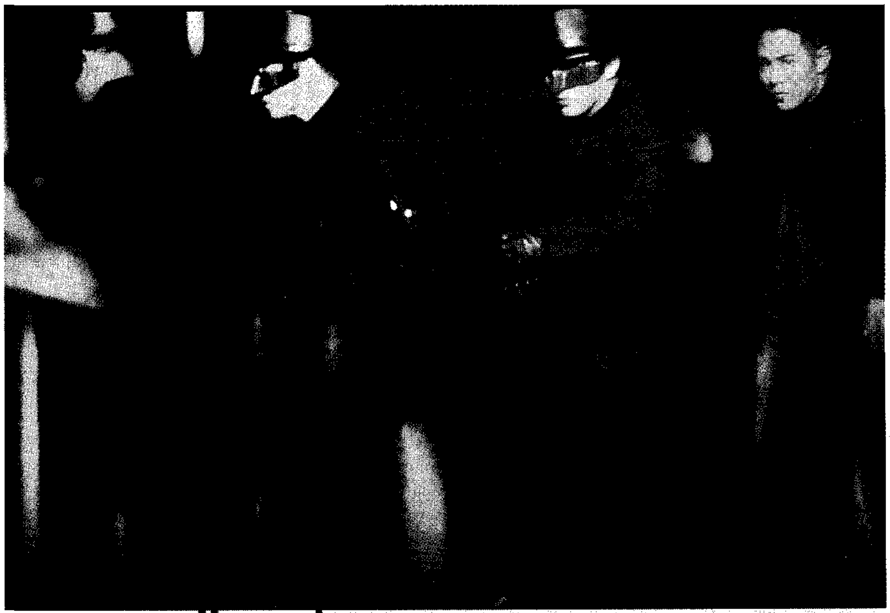
Brilliant Lies—A drama about a man who is accused of sexual harassment by a former employee. Directed by Richard Franklin. (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Chasing Amy—There are a couple of wild erotic monologues and some very funny riffs in Kevin Smith's latest, which is the story of a love affair between two comic-book artists—Holden (Ben Affleck) and Alyssa (Joey Lauren Adams), who is a lesbian. Holden, it turns out, can deal with the lesbianism but not with certain other erotic events in Alyssa's past. Yet despite its uproarious carnal humor and knowledgeable reporting on the comic-book scene, the movie becomes rather trying: What could have been a good dirty lyric on the evanescence of love turns rather turgid and emotionally explicit. (Denby; 4/21/97) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Village East; Sutton; 62nd and Broadway.*

★**Con Air**—Nicolas Cage is Poe, an ex–U.S. Ranger who returns to his wife after duty, gets into a barroom brawl, and kills some nameless thug in self-defense. A morally innocent man, he's nevertheless shipped off to federal prison for eight years, where he does nothing but exercise religiously in his cell and think about the little daughter he's never seen. When he gets paroled, just in time for her birthday (he holds a stuffed bunny as a present), he hitches a ride home on a U.S. Marshals prison plane, a plane that is flying the worst criminals in the country to a new maximum-security facility. Up in the air, Grissom (John Malkovich), the most intelligent of the convicts, leads a rebellion and takes over the plane, brutalizing the guards and setting off a pursuit led by a U.S. Marshal (John Cusack). Should the plane be shot down? Poe has an opportunity to get off, but he refuses; he won't leave behind a diabetic convict and a female prison guard. We're informed that he wants a chance to serve his country once again, but one glance at Nicolas Cage—who looks crazed—tells us he's as close to murder as any of the professional killers. Cage, a great, daring actor, underplays, holding the screen with sheer concentration; for all his gallantry as Poe, he's faintly inhuman (and will probably become a huge box-office star because of that inhuman quality). The director, Simon West, a Brit maker of commercials, has just enough technique, in his feature-film debut, for what he has to do here—that is, he's good at moving men and machinery around, and he's good at brutal action. *Con Air* is a cartoon that combines

Ground Rules:

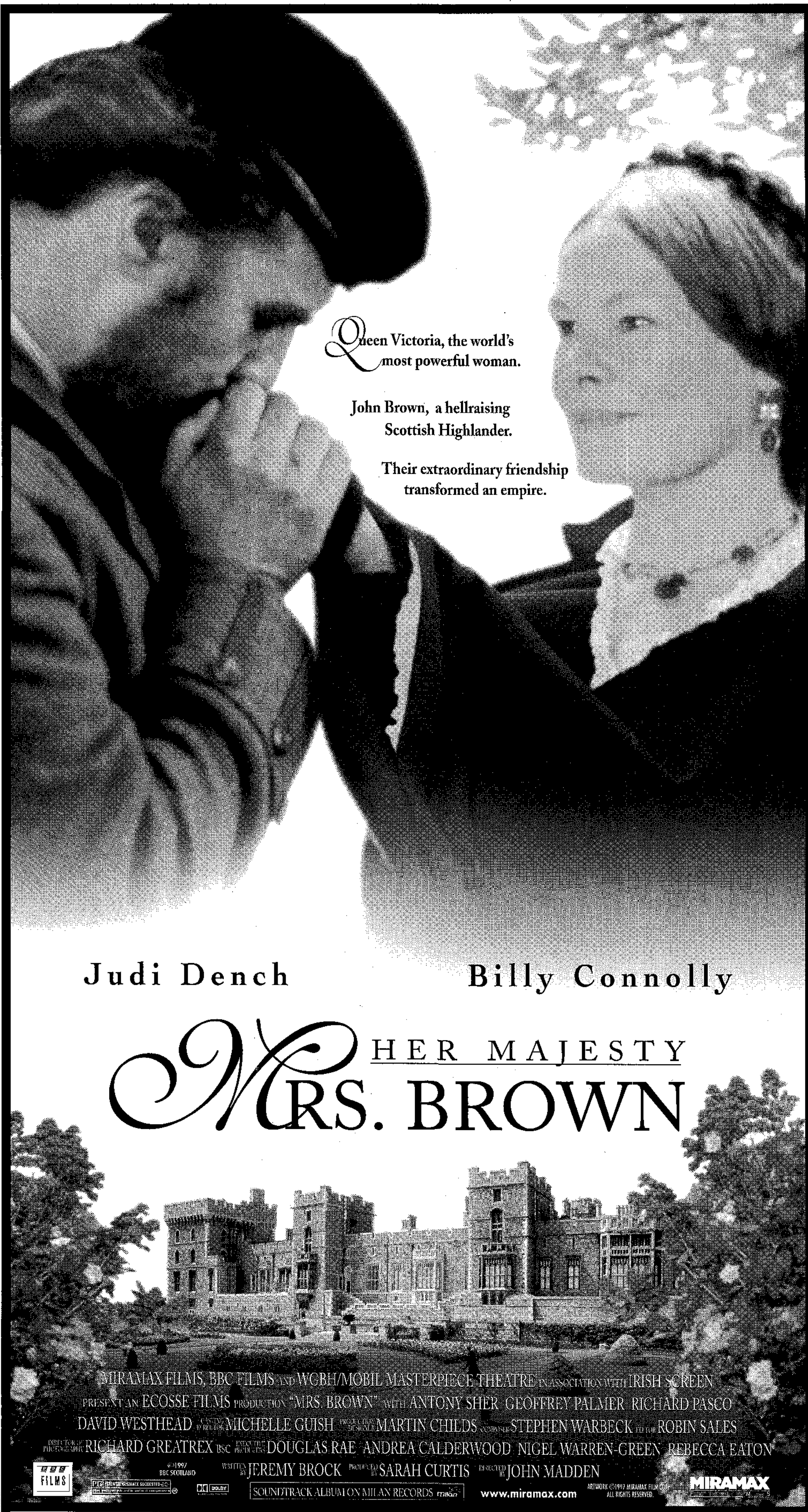
These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.



Happening
Foreign Affairs

The 20th Asian American International Film Festival is a sprawling, monthlong cinematic cornucopia of nonstop premieres, lavish award ceremonies, and "master classes" taught by the likes of Wayne Wang. The highlight of the festival—which kicks off at the French Institute on Friday before moving on to Brooklyn and Queens—is Tsui Hark's elegant kung-fu epic 'Black Mask,' which stars Bruce Lee heir apparent Jet Li (above). See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for info.

'CUE' COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVEN FREEMAN



Queen Victoria, the world's most powerful woman.

John Brown, a hellraising Scottish Highlander.

Their extraordinary friendship transformed an empire.

Judi Dench

Billy Connolly

HER MAJESTY MRS. BROWN

MIRAMAX FILMS, BBC FILMS AND WGBH/MOBIL MASTERPIECE THEATRE IN ASSOCIATION WITH IRISH SCREEN PRESENT AN ECOSSE FILMS PRODUCTION "MRS. BROWN" WITH ANTONY SHER GEOFFREY PALMER RICHARD PASCO DAVID WESTHEAD CASTING DIRECTOR MICHELLE GUISH PRODUCTION DESIGNER MARTIN CHILDS COMPOSER STEPHEN WARBECK EDITOR ROBIN SALES DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY RICHARD GREATREX BSC EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS DOUGLAS RAE ANDREA CALDERWOOD NIGEL WARREN-GREEN REBECCA EATON

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WRITTEN BY JEREMY BROCK PRODUCED BY SARAH CURTIS DIRECTED BY JOHN MADDEN

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extreme violence and extreme sentiment, a classic American duo. Through all the carnage, Poe supposedly wants only to save his diabetic buddy; save the woman guard, who is chained up and menaced by a rapist; and get back to his wife and daughter. He drags that bunny right through the movie and finally presents it to his flaxen-haired little girl. (Denby; 6/16/97) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Village East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Embassy 1; Sutton; Lincoln Square.*

Contact—See David Denby, p. 47. (2 hrs. 22 mins.; PG) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Astor Plaza; Coronet; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre.*

★**Contempt**—Jean-Luc Godard's masterwork about a malleable screenwriter (Michel Piccoli) whose marriage collapses as he simultaneously battles with a high-minded director (Fritz Lang) and a salacious producer (Jack Palance). Also starring Brigitte Bardot. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Dream With the Fishes—A suicidal young man encounters a dying stranger, who offers to murder him in exchange for friendship. Written and directed by Finn Taylor. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

★**Face/Off**—In this surprisingly daring and extremely odd John Woo action thriller, John Travolta is Sean Archer, an agonized FBI agent and family man, and Nicolas Cage is the terrorist and assassin Travolta is obsessed with catching. Some years earlier, Cage's Castor Troy tried to eliminate Archer with a high-powered rifle and wound up killing Archer's little boy; Archer has been paralyzed by thoughts of vengeance ever since. The Castor Troy he hates is not only a killer but a jaunty nihilist with a brazenly disruptive sense of humor. Arming a bomb that could release biological agents into the air of Los Angeles—a "biblical plague," in terrorist-speak—Castor dances and swings his arms in mock reverence, a celebrant of his own dastardly transgressions. Sean Archer and Castor Troy are temperamental as well as moral opposites, about as far apart as two men could be. Or so we think. Early in *Face/Off*, the virtuous Archer captures Castor Troy and his genius-lunatic brother Pollux (Alessandro Nivola), who designed the biological bomb, which is still ticking. But where is the bomb? Archer doesn't know; Castor, injured in the arrest, lies in a coma and can't tell him. Only the imprisoned Pollux knows, so Archer agrees to take part in a bizarre medical procedure. Lasers remove his face (eyes, nose, chin, everything) and Castor's face too. Archer then gets the killer's face sewn on, and after some liposuctional work is done on his body (there are amused references to Travolta's love handles), he looks exactly like Castor Troy. Archer enters the prison to cosy up to brother Pollux. Troy, meanwhile, awakens from his coma and takes Archer's face, which has been floating like a mask in a saline solution. Have you understood the situation? The actor John Travolta is now playing Castor Troy but in his own face and body; and Cage is playing Sean Archer but in his face and body. Realism is not at issue here. John Woo is a ballet-master action director, the veteran of countless Hong Kong productions featuring people floating through the air in slow-motion. Woo is part magician, part schlock-movie-maker, a director who loves violence and guns. There's plenty of Wooian high jinks in *Face/Off.* A helicopter harasses a plane that is trying to take off, shooting at it, mashing the tail fins, until the plane plows into a hangar. Bodies whirl, tumble, fall through glass windows; gunmen shoot while flying through the air. In all of this mayhem, there's death but no pain—the heroes keep jumping up to shoot again. The new aesthetic of weightless action is producing a new morality of weightless death—that is, death that has only a formal meaning as a compositional element in Woo's air ballet. Woo is saying this violence is not life, not real. But that's why the movie is so odd: because some of it is rather touching, even anguished, as when Castor Troy, now in the body of Sean Archer, makes love to his wife (Joan Allen), and she's puzzled by his new attentions; or when Sean Archer, now in the body of Castor Troy, lies abandoned in prison, the authorities convinced he's a terrorist. A director raised in a humanist tradition would realize that violent air ballet and tender character observation don't really go together, but Woo pushes the extremes as far as he can; the movie is exciting, unstable, flimsy, and profound at the same time, a gimmick that hurts. What most people are likely to remember is the two stars playing each other. Travolta, taking over Cage's body language, is liberated into swinishness. He smiles, intrudes on everyone's privacy; he's suddenly a free-and-easy egotist, dancing his way into rooms, insinuating, vicious. He freaks out Dominique Swain, who plays Archer's rebellious teen daughter. Brazenly coming on to the girl, he suddenly gets tough with her—monster that he is, he sees that she's going wrong, and acts like her father. Cage, by contrast, taking Archer's anguish into himself, is now frozen, stricken, his eyes suffused with pain. Goodness locks him up. But in another way, he's liberated. He has the appearance of a cruel and anarchic man; he can do what he wants. The gimmick becomes unsettling when the two personalities merge. A man, we realize, may have no essence at all; the suppressed side of him will be released the minute he can get away with it. We are not a single unchanging personality. We are evil and goodness, cynicism and faith. (Denby; 7/14/97) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *Waverly; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; New York Twin; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Brooklyn Heights; Pavilion Theatre.*

Opening
Ice Queen

In 'Mrs. Brown,' Judi Dench (above) is the emotionally withdrawn Queen Victoria, who retreated even further inward after the passing of her husband, Albert, in 1861. Scottish comedian Billy Connolly plays John Brown, the butler who captivated the monarch by flouting house rules and treating her as a grieving eccentric rather than as an infallible supreme being. Opens July 18.

For Roseanna—An Italian villager (Jean Reno) desperately tries to secure his sick wife one of three remaining burial plots by relentlessly tending to anyone who has a chance of dying before she does. Directed by Paul Weiland. (1 hr. 39 mins.; NR) *Eastside Playhouse.*

4 Little Girls —Spike Lee's documentary about a 1963 Birmingham church bombing that claimed the lives of four Sunday-school students. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Gabbeh—Iranian director Mohsen Makhmalbaf's epic love story about a young woman kept from her ardent suitor by her intractable father. (1 hr. 15 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

George of the Jungle—Brendan Fraser stars as the titular hero, who finds himself in trouble when he falls in love with a city girl. Directed by Sam Weisman. (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG) *Embassy 2–4; New Coliseum; Brooklyn Heights.*

★**Hercules**—The animated *Hercules* takes off right at the beginning, when the muses painted on some shapely Greek vase come to life and metamorphose into five gospel singers with interesting hair. They narrate the story, in high-powered, hip-jamming song (written as usual by Alan Menken), and the movie enters a plane of gratifying silliness. As far as the Greek myths are concerned, *Hercules* is pretty much a hash, an amalgam of Ovid and everything else, not to mention all of contemporary media culture (this Hercules becomes a T-shirt). In this version, Hercules is born to Zeus and Hera. A powerhouse even in swaddling clothes, he grows up to be the most awkward teenager of all—a dopey blond bimbo, as brutal and innocent as Wagner's Siegfried. Hades (spoken by James Woods), lord of the underworld, tries to rob him of his godhead, for Hercules is the only one who can stop Hades from overthrowing the resident deities on Mount Olympus. Woods, the best thing in the movie, plays Hades as a chiseling con man, a Hollywood agent desperate for a deal and therefore both propitiatory and bullying. Hades uses the ripe Megara to trap the young champion, and Susan Egan does a slightly hyped version of a good-bad girl, tough, sexy, and self-sufficient, like Stanwyck or Bacall. The team of Jon Musker and Ron Clements, which was also responsible for *Aladdin,* does best with the evil characters. Zeus (spoken by Rip Torn) is all hearty bluster and swelling beard and chest, but Hades, flaming at the top, is wickedly entertaining, and such monsters as Hydra and the Titans billow up and loom over us in classic Disney style. Greek myth and Greek art are a fertile source of the instant heroic: Decorative figures on plates and pots come to life, friezes unfreeze and dance. The whole movie dances. (Denby; 7/7/97) (1 hr. 27 mins.; G) *Village East; 19th Street East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th Street; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Pavilion Theatre; Plaza .*

Kiss Me, Guido—A 24-year-old aspiring actor from the Bronx discovers that his new roommate is gay. Written and directed by Tony Vitale. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R). *Opens Friday.*

The Lost World—Steven Spielberg's sequel to *Jurassic Park* is rather dispiriting. At the beginning, Dr. Ian Malcolm (Jeff Goldblum), the chaos theorist who so correctly predicted the disasters in *Jurassic Park,* journeys to a second, hitherto secret island, where the dinosaurs for the original park were bred; some of the animals have survived in the wild. The visionary but irresponsible entrepreneur John Hammond (Richard Attenborough), now elderly and ill, sends Malcolm to the island with a team to record the wonders for posterity, and Malcolm, who knows how terrifying the dinosaurs are,

Photograph by Mark Tillie/Miramax

agrees to go for one reason only—his paleontologist girlfriend, the headstrong Dr. Sarah Harding (Julianne Moore), is already there, on the loose. What Hammond doesn't know is that his snooty nephew (Arliss Howard), who has taken over Hammond's company, has sent another, larger team to capture some of the fangy beasts and take them back to a stadium in San Diego. The two teams, one sent to preserve the animals, the other to exploit them, join forces and flee from the aroused dinosaurs; the movie becomes a simple chase and hunt, with characters we don't care about moving through the night and getting lost and then picked off in jungles or fields. The action of *Jurassic Park* was an example of what Jeff Goldblum called chaos, or the tendency of large systems to go haywire. That movie had a strong, simple idea—the madness of using technology to control nature. But *The Lost World* has no idea at all. (Denby; 6/2/97) (2 hrs. ; PG-13) *Chelsea; Ziegfeld; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Love! Valour! Compassion!—The adaptation of Terrence McNally's Tony-winning play about the enduring friendships among eight gay men. Directed by Joe Mantello. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Cinema I, II, Third Ave..*

★**Men in Black**—Barry Sonnenfeld, the former cinematographer who directed the *Addams Family* movies and *Get Shorty,* has gone big-budget without losing his wits. In this inventive and sometimes hilarious spectacle, Tommy Lee Jones plays a government agent devoted to monitoring aliens in the United States. Aliens? The Mexicans who cross the Rio Grande? No, people like that Jones lets into the country with a few welcoming words of Spanish. The aliens he monitors are extraterrestrials who have been landing here since the sixties and who have often taken slightly strange-looking human forms—fitting right into New York, say. But unlike the killers in *Independence Day* and the pods in *Invasion of the Body Snatchers,* they aren't taking over. In truth, they're a manageable problem most of the time. The humor of *Men in Black* comes right out of Tommy Lee Jones's everything-is-normal personality: The extraordinary is treated as routine business. He says outrageous things in his rapid, matter-of-fact manner, his tone implying that he alone is in touch with reality. Yet the reality that Jones is in touch with is so strange that he seems to us like the greatest hipster who ever lived. He recruits Will Smith from the NYPD as a new agent and leaves him to handle the human wife of an alien, who is giving birth in the back of a car somewhere in Jersey. Sonnenfeld poses Tommy Lee in the foreground of the shot and lets him rattle on, while deep in the background, maybe 30 feet away, Smith, wrapped in giant tentacles, gets flipped around like a toy by the creature that has just emerged from the womb. Everything in *Men in Black* is a bit off, and most of the surprises have a charge of strangeness. As we learned in *The Addams Family,* Sonnenfeld likes to mix the human and the creaturely together; he turns the macabre into farce. Rick Baker, the great makeup-effects designer, works here with his usual ferocious skill but with a new spirit of gothic wit that he may have picked up from Sonnenfeld. Vincent D'Onofrio, playing a back-country primitive—not an alien but one of God's creatures—gets swallowed by a visitor (a giant cockroach), which then takes over D'Onofrio's skin; the trouble is, the alien doesn't quite fit inside. The character suggests Kafka in reverse: A cockroach awoke from uneasy sleep one day and found himself a man. The roach in human form is determined to destroy the world for some reason, and only the men in black can stop him. By the middle of the picture, Will Smith, doing his street-smart thing, has pulled even with Jones. *Men in Black* is a successful absurdist fiction. When Jones wants to find out what's really going on in the world, he reads the supermarket tabloids. All those UFO spottings, those freakish occurrences, the two-headed babies, the mysterious disappearances and miraculous returns . . . Right, you guessed it: The tabs have been telling the truth all along. (Denby; 7/7/97) (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG-13) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Criterion Center; Gemini; Orpheum 7; 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Olympia Theatre; Pavilion Theatre; Plaza Twin.*

Photograph by Bill Foley.

Talent

Social Studies

In the true-crime *noir Cafe Society* (opening Friday at the Screening Room), baby-faced character actor Frank Whaley (center) finally scores a leading role suited to his wonderfully off-kilter charm. As Mickey Jelke, heir to the Oleo-margarine fortune and self-styled hipster king of New York nightlife, Whaley gives a surprisingly gentle portrayal of the fifties tabloid curio who was tried and convicted for pimping out his fiancée. "I *did* manage to find sympathy for him," says Whaley (who brings to mind a slightly more sophisticated Mickey Rooney, circa 1952). In fact, the actor found himself stunned by the depth of his affinity for Jelke. "I really don't understand wealth at all," he admits. "My dad was the janitor at my grammar school and my mom worked in a drugstore. Once I got to college, I met some rich people, but I really didn't get them." Rather than Yale-to-Stanislavsky-to Hollywood, Whaley's career arc went from a theater scholarship at Syracuse University to random odd jobs in New York City. "I was actually a switchboard operator at the Dalton School for a few months," he says. "I literally paid my rent with the lost-and-found box. Once I found a Rolex." After roles in failed Off Broadway productions—"Frank Rich reviewed this one play I did and wrote something like 'Don't go, but send an enemy' "—Whaley eventually won a bit part as the young Jack Nicholson in *Ironweed.* After seven years of slowly building momentum (with parts in *Born on the Fourth of July, The Doors,* and *Swimming With Sharks*), Whaley reached a watershed of sorts in 1994 as the callow youth making a hysterical, unsuccessful appeal for his life at the hands of *Pulp Fiction* hit man Samuel Jackson. Still, the 34-year-old says, his recognizability factor remains a problem. "*Cafe Society* competed at *Cannes,*" he says, "and you know who bought it? *Showtime*! It's gonna be a Showtime original movie!" He audibly exhales a stream of cigarette smoke into the phone. "It really pisses me off." There is, however, a slight consolation for his lack of marquee value: "They say more people will see it on cable than if it ran for six weeks at the Angelika." MAUREEN CALLAHAN

Mrs. Brown—A historical drama based on the deep friendship between Britain's widowed Queen Victoria (Judi Dench) and her unconventional Scottish servant (Billy Connolly). Directed by John Madden. (1 hr. 43 mins.; PG). *Opens Friday.*

My Best Friend's Wedding—See Denby, p. 47. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum 7; Lincoln Square; Pavilion Theatre.*

Nothing to Lose—Martin Lawrence plays a would-be carjacker who makes the mistake of targeting disenfranchised white guy Tim Robbins. Written and directed by Steve Oedekerk. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R). *Opens Friday.*

Operation Condor—The latest in action from Jackie Chan, in which our hero kicks ass all over the world. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R). *Opens Friday.*

Out to Sea—Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon re-team for high jinks aboard a cruise ship. (1 hr. 46 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; 34th Street East; Chelsea West; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; National Theatre; 86th Street; Lincoln Square; Brooklyn Heights.*

The Pillow Book—Peter Greenaway's erotic fable about a young Japanese woman with a wonderfully bizarre penchant for calligraphy. Starring Vivian Wu and Ewan McGregor. (2 hrs. 6 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

★**La Promesse**—In this extraordinary Belgian film, two brothers with a background in documentary filmmaking—Luc and Jean-Pierre Dardenne—dig so deeply into a specific scene that one sees its very bones and arteries. Roger (Olivier Gourmet), an unemployed factory worker, runs a scam operation in illegal foreign workers. His chief assistant and disciple is his 15-year-old son, Igor (Jérémie Renier), whom he desperately loves and furiously dominates. Rushing about madly, the two men bring Turks, Romanians, Croats, and Africans into the country and charge them rent to live in abandoned housing; they rip them off and exploit them any way they can, and then, when things get too hot, turn some of the workers over to the police. When an African worker falls and injures himself badly (he may be dying), Igor wants to take him to the hospital, but Roger, fearing that the police will close down his operation, forces the kid to help him bury the still-living man in cement. At first, Igor conceals the gruesome death from the African's wife, a proud and beautiful woman carrying a little baby in a sash. At the same time, he tries to help her escape the awful fate his father has devised for her, but she doesn't want help—she's off in her own world of magic and ritual, seeking answers from the entrails of chickens in the middle of this gray-souled Belgian industrial wasteland. The movie chronicles the beginnings of moral feelings in a boy whose instincts are almost always larcenous—a transformation that forces a break with the father who loves him. The Dardenne brothers use a handheld camera, and much of the film has a hustling, caught-on-the-run quality; we see little acts of desperation and pleasure as people exchange money or rush down obscure corridors.

Retrospective
Victor Vittorio

The late Vittorio De Sica—who, with Visconti and Rossellini, defined neorealist Italian cinema in the postwar era—takes the spotlight in a retrospective at Anthology Film Archives. The series kicks off on Friday with a Mastroianni-Loren doubleheader: *Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow* and *Marriage Italian Style.* (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.)

And because the picture is so brazen and energetic, it is never depressing. (Denby; 5/19/97) (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Shall We Dance?—Masayuki Sou's lovely romance—about an unhappily married businessman who spies a ballroom-dance instructor from afar, signs up for her class, and falls deeply in love with her—won every Academy Award in its native Japan. (1 hr. 57 mins.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Shooting Porn—A documentary about the gay-porn industry, by Ronnie Larsen. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

A Simple Wish—Mara Wilson plays a little girl who inadvertently conjures up two fairy godparents—one sweet but ineffectual (Martin Short) and the other a destructive force (Kathleen Turner). (1 hr. 36 mins.; PG) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; National Theatre; 86th Street; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Speed 2: Cruise Control—You can feel the desperation of Jan de Bont as he tries to top things he did in the original *Speed*. This one's set aboard a cruise ship, and Sandra Bullock is back but with a new daredevil partner, Jason Patric, who replaces Keanu Reeves. There's also a new villain, Willem Dafoe, who plays a disappointed maritime-software designer who got fired and now wants to destroy the ship whose computer systems he devised. Of course he can't simply blow a hole in the ship's hull below the water line—if he did, there would be no summer movie. Grinning and popping his eyes, Dafoe booby-traps the liner, causing engines to overheat, fire doors to lock, the ship's course to change—he does everything but place carpenter ants in the bingo lounge. The first *Speed* worked an enormous number of changes on the simple theme of a bus that had to keep going fast or blow up; the movie was exciting and even elegant because the restricted situation forced the filmmakers to invent. But this movie is just silly—an endless chase through studio-set corridors. There's a fairly exciting sequence in which Patric, underwater, tries to wrap a cable around the propeller to stop the ship from plowing into a tanker, but most of the action is whipped-up nonsense made dynamic by rapid cutting. In the grand finale, the ship plows into a little town on St. Martin, coming right down the street long after a real ship would have run aground. The big summer movies have created the means of their own extinction. They have become more and more ludicrous, and now some of us feel like pashas who have seen too many naked bodies; we didn't ask to become jaded, but still we are—stupefied by the sight of immense resources wasted on idiotic stories. (Denby; 7/7/97) (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *Criterion Center; First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Temptress Moon—Chen Kaige's chronicle of a young peasant boy's long and convoluted involvement with a wealthy crime family. (1 hr. 55 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Tetsuo II: Body Hammer—A sci-fi, live-action sequel to Shinya Tsukamoto's cult hit *Tetsuo: The Iron Man.* (1 hr. 23 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

The Winner—A thriller about a group of low-aiming and low-achieving hustlers in Las Vegas. With Vincent D'Onofrio and Rebecca DeMornay. Directed by Alex Cox. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R). *Opens Friday.*

This World, Then the Fireworks—Billy Zane and Gina Gershon star as two siblings who are accomplished grifters and the most ardent of lovers. Adapted from the Jim Thompson novel by Larry Gross. Directed by Michael Oblowitz. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Ulee's Gold—Peter Fonda, pushing 60 but still possessed of that lanky frame and handsome high forehead, plays a Florida beekeeper, Ulee (short for Ulysses, apparently), who is all bottled up inside. Ulee's wife has died; his son is in jail after a bungled robbery; his daughter-in-law has disappeared, only to show up a druggy mess; and Ulee has to hold the family together himself, irritably raising his two granddaughters while carrying on the delicate and exacting work in the marshes of the panhandle that produces an extraordinary honey. Victor Nunez *(Gal Young 'Un, Ruby in Paradise)* loves this back-country Florida, and he shoots it with a precise, dry color palette. Everything is seen very clearly and plainly, without exaggeration: Ulee's work is repetitive and undramatic; a couple of young Florida hoods are just banal and stupid. Ulee, a hero of day-by-day integrity, has been hurt so much he won't let himself feel anything; he's become joyless and censorious, and the movie, of course, chronicles his slow thawing-out as he tries to pull his family together. The theme is banal, the treatment decent but parched, in the manner of foundation-supported public-TV drama. Peter Fonda has never been an expressive actor, and it's hard to accept him as a man dulled by loss when we can't see the flicker of some earlier light beneath the dimmed-out surface. His performance is too quiet and unvaried. (Denby; 6/16/97) (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Crown Gotham; Regency.*

When the Cat's Away—A lonely, heartsick Parisian girl (Garance Clavel) is aided in the search for her lost cat by an entire network of people she never knew existed. Written and directed by Cédric Klapisch. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Wild America—A fact-based drama about the young Stouffer brothers, who, in the sixties, documented wildlife in its natural environs. With Devon Sawa, Scott Bairstow, and Jonathan Taylor Thomas. Directed by William Dear. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Criterion Center; New York Twin; Lincoln Square.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Brassed Off; Dream With the Fishes; The Pillow Book; Shall We Dance?; Temptress Moon; Ulee's Gold.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Out to Sea; A Simple Wish.*

Cinema Village 12th St—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Shooting Porn; Tetsuo II: Body Hammer; Waco: The Rules of Engagement.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *Contempt; 4 Little Girls* .(See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Brilliant Lies; Gabbeh; This World, Then the Fireworks; When the Cat's Away.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *When We Were Kings.* Opening 7/18: *Cafe Society.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Chasing Amy; Con Air; Contact; Hercules; My Best Friend's Wedding; Wild America.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *Austin Powers; Batman & Robin; Men in Black.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Face/Off.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Contact; Face/Off; Hercules; My Best Friend's Wedding.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *Out to Sea.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Batman & Robin; Face/Off; Men in Black.*

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *The Lost World; Men in Black; A Simple Wish; Wild America.*

Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Out to Sea; Batman & Robin.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Con Air; Contact; My Best Friend's Wedding.*

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) *The English Patient.*

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Kama Sutra; Follow Me Home.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Contact.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *Brassed Off; This World, Then the Fireworks.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Hercules; Love! Valour! Compassion!; Out to Sea.*

Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Contact.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; Speed 2: Cruise Control; Wild America.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Ulee's Gold.*

Photograph courtesy of Anthology Film Archives.

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *For Roseanna.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Con Air.*

Embassy 2–4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Breakdown; The English Patient; Scream.* Opening 7/16: *George of the Jungle.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Hercules.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *Austin Powers; Night Falls on Manhattan.*

National Theatre—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Out to Sea; A Simple Wish.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Closed for Renovations.*

State—1540 Broadway (391-2900) *Face/Off; Batman & Robin.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Con Air; Chasing Amy.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *The Daytrippers; Donnie Brasco; Liar Liar; Murder at 1600; Scream; The Devil's Own.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *The Lost World.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *The Pillow Book.*

72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Kolya.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *Out to Sea; A Simple Wish.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Hercules.*

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *Brassed Off.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Addicted to Love; The Lost World; My Best Friend's Wedding; A Simple Wish; Speed 2: Cruise Control.*

Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Men in Black; Batman & Robin.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Face/Off; Wild America.*

Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Batman & Robin; Contact; Face/Off; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *The English Patient.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Chasing Amy.*

84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Men in Black.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Gabbeh; The Pillow Book; La Promesse; Shall We Dance?; Temptress Moon; When the Cat's Away.*

Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Batman & Robin; Con Air; Contact; Face/Off; Hercules; My Best Friend's Wedding; Out to Sea; A Simple Wish; Wild America.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *Face/Off; Batman & Robin.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Hercules; Men in Black.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Face/Off; Hercules; Men in Black.*

Olympia Theatre—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *Hercules; Men in Black.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Ulee's Gold.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Con Air; Contact; Face/Off; Hercules; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; Out to Sea; A Simple Wish.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Batman & Robin; Con Air; Contact; Face/Off; Hercules; Men in Black; Wild America.*

Riverdale Twin Theatre—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Face/Off; My Best Friend's Wedding.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Batman & Robin; Con Air; Contact; Face/Off; Hercules; The Lost World; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; A Simple Wish; Wild America.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Con Air; Contact; Hercules; My Best Friend's Wedding; Out to Sea; A Simple Wish.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Face/Off; Out to Sea.* Opening 7/16: *George of the Jungle.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *George of the Jungle; Hercules; Men in Black.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Contact; Hercules; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; Ulee's Gold.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Batman & Robin; Face/Off; Men in Black; Wild America.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Batman & Robin; Face/Off; Men in Black.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Hercules; Men in Black; A Simple Wish.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Batman & Robin; Con Air; Hercules; Men in Black; Wild America.*

Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Contact; Face/Off; My Best Friend's Wedding; Out to Sea; A Simple Wish.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Batman & Robin; Contact; Face/Off; Men in Black; Wild America.*

Pavilion Theatre—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Batman & Robin; Contact; Face/Off; Hercules; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Batman & Robin; Men in Black.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Hercules; Men in Black.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Batman & Robin; Contact; Face/Off; Hercules; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; Out to Sea; A Simple Wish.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Batman & Robin; Con Air; Contact; Face/Off; Men in Black; A Simple Wish; Wild America.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Batman & Robin; Con Air; Contact; Hercules; Men in Black; Wild America.*

Cinema City—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Batman & Robin; Con Air; Contact; Hercules; Out to Sea.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Closed for Renovations.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Batman & Robin; Out to Sea; Speed 2: Cruise Control; Wild America.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Con Air; Face/Off; A Simple Wish.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Batman & Robin; Contact; Hercules; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; Out to Sea; Wild America.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Face/Off; Hercules.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Contact; My Best Friend's Wedding.*

Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Road, at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Face/Off; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; A Simple Wish.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Face/Off; George of the Jungle; Men in Black.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *The Lost World; Men in Black; A Simple Wish.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Batman & Robin; Contact; Face/Off; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; Out to Sea; A Simple Wish.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Brassed Off.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Batman & Robin; Hercules.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Batman & Robin; Hercules; The Lost World; Men in Black; Wild America.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Face/Off; My Best Friend's Wedding; Out to Sea; A Simple Wish.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (459-8944) *Con Air.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Batman & Robin; Contact;*

Opening The Road Less Traveled

"You so crazy" comic Martin Lawrence (left)—who has been publicly manifesting signs of a nervous breakdown for the past year—stars as a none-too-bright criminal in 'Nothing to Lose.' Hilarity ensues when seemingly meek target Tim Robbins (right) gives vent to some suppressed white-guy rage and kidnaps carjacker Lawrence. Opens July 18.

Photograph by Bob Marshak/Touchstone.

Mason *continued from page 29*

PRINCESS MARGARITA OF ROMANIA, THE OLDER sister of nanny turned Realtor Princess Marie, feels a similar sense of duty. She spends a large part of her waking hours in service to the country from which her father, King Michael, was exiled in 1947. The chairman of the Princess Margarita of Romania Foundation, she divides her time between raising funds in Manhattan, Geneva, Paris, London, and Brussels.

"I think that some people get the impression that if you have a title, you must be a frivolous social butterfly or extremely right-wing," says Princess Margarita of Romania, who clearly is neither, sitting in a friend's midtown apartment.

"But I'm grateful to have my royal title, because it has definitely been an asset for the foundation," she says. "When I need to, I can make a splash by getting myself on television."

Being recognized in Romania as the child of the deposed king is a disorienting experience, Margarita admits. "It gave me an insight into what it must be like to be Michael Jackson, who gets followed wherever he goes," she says. "It's funny to travel from Romania, where everyone recognizes me, to New York, where I'm just another normal person pushing a shopping cart around the supermarket."

Her sister, Princess Marie, adds that people's reactions when they learn of her title are often strange. "You meet snobs who only seem interested in you because of your title," she says. "But you just try to ignore them." Having recently moved to New Rochelle with her husband, she dreams of being able to work closer to her new home. "I'd love to be transferred to White Plains," she says wistfully. "We'll just have to see how it goes in Queens."

SOCIAL STRIVERS WHO BUZZ AROUND ROYALS in Europe are sometimes maligned as "ermine fleas." Such creatures, of course, are not an exclusively European phenomenon. Some gatherings on the Upper East Side during the spring and fall social seasons resemble a frenetic flea circus, particularly when England's Manhattan-crazed royals are in town.

But gossip about titled Brits is always a hot commodity. The ability to regale dinner parties with firsthand tales of Princess Margaret's hauteur is a credential prized among the Upper East Side social set that refers to her knowingly as "P.M." Christopher Walling, the society jeweler, has a veritable trove of such stories.

"I saw a look of desperation in [Margaret's] eyes when we were seated next to each other on a mutual friend's yacht in Turkey a few years ago," he says. "I knew she was thinking, *Oh, God, not another social situation where everyone freezes just because I'm here.*"

Proud of his acquaintance with Princess Nina of Russia (she was his godmother), Walling happily supplies further details of his royal connections. "My father was psychoanalyzed by Princess Marie Bonaparte in Paris," he boasts, referring to the great-niece of Napoleon I who studied with Sigmund Freud. "Not only was she a *Bonaparte,* but she was married to Prince George of Greece, so she was *doubly* royal. No one bothered telling her George was gay," he adds. "He had a lifelong affair with his uncle."

Walling's supply of royal trivia seems limitless. "Not many people know this," he says gleefully, "but Marie ended up having a clitorectomy because Freud thought it would help her sex life."

Walling's assertion would appear to be contradicted, however, in *Freud's Women* (1992), by Lisa Appignanesi and John Forrester. "Marie underwent an obsessive quest to cure what she understood as her frigidity," they write, "by re-siting her clitoris closer to that most recalcitrant of feminine organs, the vagina." History, alas, does not relate whether the royal surgery proved successful.

ROYALTY-OBSESSED NEW YORKERS WITH houses in Palm Beach are especially fanatical. Palm Beach is to certain New Yorkers what the Riviera has long been for Parisians, a millionaire's playground with a coast lined with mansions designed for lavish entertaining, where, away from the critical glare of the big city, the twin obsessions of burnishing social status and flaunting wealth flourish in the sun. Local notables battle fiercely to shelter the grandest titles and Hollywood stars—parading them as trophies at an endless round of lunches, cocktails, and dinners.

The clamor for movie stars, while bizarre, is almost universal. But what is it that the rich find so alluring about folks with titles? "When you've reached a certain level of accomplishment in your life, what else *is* there?" asks socialite Audrey Gruss, who shuttles between Park Avenue, Palm Beach, and Greenwich by private jet with her Wall Street–investor husband, Martin Gruss. "I know people laugh about everyone in Palm Beach running after titles, but it's more than that," she insists. "If you've made your own fortune, you become curious about people born with recognition, who haven't had to work for it." One of the boons of entertaining titled European folk, she adds, is that "you know they'll be charming and well behaved. And for a hostess, that's *always* a plus."

When royals are otherwise occupied, mere nobles *(continued on page 66)*

Face/Off; Hercules; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; Wild America.

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Batman & Robin; Face/Off; Hercules; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Batman & Robin; Con Air; Contact; Face/Off; Hercules; Men in Black; My Best Friend's Wedding; Out to Sea; A Simple Wish; Wild America.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Nouveau Noir." 7/19: *Blade Runner* (1982) and *The Element of Crime* (1984). 7/20: *Body Heat* (1981) and *Manhunter* (1986). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $8.

Anthology Film Archives—7/14-7/20: *Underground* (1995). 7/16 and 7/17: Shorts by Ed Emshwiller. 7/17–7/20: *The Electric Urn* (1997). 7/18–7/20: "VI Italian Summer Festival Part 1: De Sica." *Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow* (1964) and *Marriage Italian Style.* 7/19 and 7/20: Shorts by Maya Deren. 7/20: Shorts by Jerry Jofen. 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Hong Kong Films." 7/19 and 7/20: *How the Angels Are Born.* 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 230); $4.

Bryant Park Summer Film Festival—All features screen at sunset. 7/14: *Picnic* (1956). 7/21: *To Kill a Mockingbird* (1962). Raindates for each: the next night. Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (512-5700); free.

Different Light—7/20: *Reflections in a Golden Eye* (1967). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Forum—"Mary Pickford, Superstar." 7/14: *Stella Maris* (1918) and *Coquette* (1929). 7/21: *The Poor Little Rich Girl* (1917) and *Daddy Long Legs* (1919). "Killer B's." 7/15 and 7/16: *Cat People* (1942) and *I Walked With a Zombie* (1943). 7/17: *The Dark Past* (1948) and *My Name Is Julia Ross* (1945). 7/18 and 7/19: *Border Incident* (1949) and *Mystery Street* (1950). 7/20: *Pushover* (1954) and *Private Hell 36* (1954). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)— "Jean-Luc Godard, Movieman." 7/14: *Every Man for HImself* (1979) and *Breathless* (1960). 7/16: *Passion* (1982) and *Weekend* (1967). 7/17: *Helas Pour Moi* (1996) and *My Life to Live* (1962). 7/18–7/24: "The Sixth New York Video Festival." 7/18: *Hype-R-Media: CD-ROM Inside Out.* 7/18 and 7/19: *Marcuse on the Beach.* 7/19: *Experimental Dispatches: Worlds at War.* 7/19 and 7/20: *Metaphysical Encounters* and *The Machine Made Flesh: Crossing Over at the End of the Millennium.* 7/20: *Long Way Home: Identity and Displacement* and *The Far Side of Abjection: The Disturbing World of Donigan Cumming.* Also, 7/15: "Open-Captioned Films for the Deaf and Hard of Hearing." Call 875-5601 for info. 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); $8.

French Institute—7/15: *La Marseillaise* (1937). 7/22: *Les Mariés de l'An II* (1971). Also, 7/18–7/20: "The 20th Asian American International Film Festival." Call for detailed program info. Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7, $5.50 seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"Frances Marion and Her Circle." 7/14: *Anna Christie* (1930) and *Peg o' My Heart* (1933). 7/15: *The Prizefighter and the Lady* (1933) and *Secrets* (1933). 7/17: *Midnight Mary* (1933). 7/17 and 7/18: *The Women* (1939). 7/18: *Good News* (1901), *Min and Bill* (1930), and *Camille* (1937). 7/19: *Riffraff* (1935). 7/20: *The Girl From Missouri* (1934) and *Red-Headed Woman* (1932). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

Museum of Television & Radio—"Murder in the Living Room: Hitchcock by Hitchcock—Corpse Disposal." 7/17–7/27: *Back for Christmas* (1956), *Mr. Blanchard's Secret* (1956), and *The Perfect Crime* (1957). Also, through September: *The Rat Pack Captured* (1965). 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6710); $6.

Screening Room—"Spike and Mike's Festival of Animation." Call for program info. Also, Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). 54 Varick St., below Canal St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

theater

David Alan Grier...“The Blueprint Series”

Broadway

Previews and Openings

1776—At a time when Broadway is finding musical potential in prostitutes and sinking ships, a production about the Declaration of Independence hardly seems a stretch. It did in 1969, when the show made its debut, but the improbable subject matter hardly stopped critics from embracing it—or industry veterans from bestowing it with both Tony and Drama Desk awards for Best Musical. Book by Peter Stone; music and lyrics by Sherman Edwards. $65; kids 17 and younger pay half price. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Previews begin 6/16 for an 8/14 opening. *Roundabout Theatre's Stage Right, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Now Playing

Annie—Nell Carter stars as Miss Hannigan in this twentieth-anniversary production of everyone's favorite orphan musical. $40–$70. Wed.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 1 and 6, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 3/26/97. *Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Barrymore—William Luce's play gives you a chance to experience Christopher Plummer, the greatest living actor in the English language. It is a quasi monodrama in which the legendary thespian, a month from his rendezvous with death, prepares to put on *Richard III* once more. Sometimes he spars with his unseen, sardonic prompter in the wings (well intoned by Michael Mastro); for the rest, he gloriously indulges himself. (Simon: 4/7/97). $25–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/25/97. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Kerry Butler plays the girl; Chuck Wagner plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $22.50–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk—George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's Tony-winning meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing. $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Candide—Voltaire with a Leonard Bernstein beat. Hal Prince revives this musical satire, starring Jim Dale, Andrea Martin, Harolyn Blackwell, and Jason Danieley. $20–$70. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/29/97. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Onstage

The Young Ones

Five years ago, there were few venues for young directors to showcase their talents—particularly if they were experimentally minded. So Richard Foreman—whom David Bowie once described as “a pioneer in end-of-the-millennium controlled chaos”—graciously agreed to lend his 80-seat theater to “The Blueprint Series,” a festival created by one of his disciples for unseasoned, ambitious directors. This year's program features four works, all from downtown artists under the age of 30 and all created specifically for Foreman's now-legendary Ontological Theater. For details, call 533-4650.

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of *Chicago* to Broadway, but since *Chicago* is about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Especially when, as here, it pays off. Bebe Neuwirth does a scissors kick or two while maintaining her come-hither brand of snootiness; James Naughton doles out dearly bought legal strategy like alms to an importunate beggar. Minimalism prevails. All is concise, calibrated, calculated, but nothing is stinted on. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. If Chicago in the twenties was like this, it was more fun than Periclean Athens. Also starring Joel Grey. (Simon: 12/2/96) $20–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

A Doll's House—A startling new version of Ibsen's 1879 drama. Janet McTeer won the 1997 Tony award for her interpretation of Nora, as did Owen Teale, for the ordinarily thankless part of Torvald. $25–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. Through 8/31. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Dream: The Johnny Mercer Musical—The Golden Age of American pop music, set to songs by Mercer, Duke Ellington, Billy Strayhorn, and many more, written between 1920 and 1960. Starring Lesley Ann Warren, Margaret Whiting, and John Pizzarelli. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/3/97. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring David Alan Grier as Pseudolus. $60–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 20 mins.*

The Gin Game—D. L. Coburn's play, about two people in a retirement home, shows off the talents of two older actors. It is the thing the theater needs if its aging stars are not themselves to end up in

Photograph by Sarah Sidman.

like fashion. So we must be grateful to Coburn for letting Julie Harris and Charles Durning delight us with their very different but nicely complementary techniques. The Pulitzer Prize–winning play concerns Weller Martin and Fonsia Dorsey, two souls in their seventies, who after a hard-knock life end up in a nursing home, nursing illusions to keep them going. Weller fancies himself a wizard at cards, and entices the seemingly frail Fonsia, new to gin rummy, to provide him with an easy mark. But Fonsia has both a canny and a lucky streak, and goes on, over a week or so, to win every single hand. This makes Weller angrier and angrier, and Fonsia sweeter and sweeter, enraging her partner until the otherwise uneventful play ends in a tragicomic climax. (Simon: 5/5/97). $15–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/20/97. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Grease!—It's back, after a brief hiatus. A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. Olympic gymnast Dominique Dawes joins the cast as cheerleader Patty Simcox, Jeff Conaway plays D.J. Vince Fontaine, and Darlene Love plays Teen Angel. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, score by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent *Carousel* and the recent Broadway production of *State Fair,* the Rodgers and Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam,* featuring Kevin Gray, a former phantom from *Phantom,* in the role created by Yul Brynner. Faith Prince stars as Anna. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Last Night of Ballyhoo—This romantic comedy, set in 1939 Atlanta on the eve of the premiere of *Gone With the Wind,* is Alfred Uhry's first effort since *Driving Miss Daisy.* The wait clearly paid off; he won the 1997 Tony award for Best Play. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 2/27/97. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (307-4100).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97). $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Life—A contemporary street opera set in eighties Times Square. Lillias White and Chuck Cooper just picked up Tony awards for their performances. Music and lyrics by Cy Coleman and Ira Gasman; book by Coleman, Gasman, and David Newman. $40–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 4/26/97. *Ethel Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Once Upon a Mattress—Sarah Jessica Parker plays the oversensitive royal in this musical version of Hans Christian Andersen's *The Princess and the Pea.* For insomniac luxury-lovers of all ages. $40–$75. Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened 12/18/96. *Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, recently edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village. $30–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Titanic—What it lacks in suspense it makes up for in Tony awards (five, in 1997, including Best Musical). Music and Lyrics by Maury Yeston; book by Peter Stone. Directed by Richard Jones. $45–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 4/23/97. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Victor/Victoria—Raquel Welch, whose va-va-voom figure has tormented men for three decades, challenges the limits of costume design in the gender-bending role first created by Julie Andrews. Written and directed by Blake Edwards; musical adaptation by (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse. Also starring Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theater, 211 W. 45th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

As Bees in Honey Drown—Now on an open-ended run, after a spectacularly successful four-week engagement at the Greenwich House Theatre. Socialite Alexa Vere de Vere—one part Hepburn, two parts eyeliner, three parts luxury addict—enlists a young author to write a screenplay about her life. Written by Douglas Carter Beane (*To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar*); alertly directed by Drama Desk Award winner Mark Brokaw (*How I Learned to Drive*). Starring Bo Foxworth and J. Smith-Cameron. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 7/24 opening. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Les Danaïdes—The production, mercifully, is not nine hours long. But Silviu Purcarete's rendition of this 2,500-year-old, seldom-performed Aeschylus drama has still been winning comparisons to Peter Brook's epic *Mahabharata* all over Europe. That's probably because it debuted in the same stone quarry outside Avignon and shimmers on the same magnificent scale (120 actors total). The king-size production now comes to the United States, for two weeks only, under the auspices of Lincoln Center Festival 97. In French, with English supertitles. $50. Tues–Sun. at 9. Performances begin 7/8. *Damrosch Park, Amsterdam Ave. at 62nd St. (721-6500)*

Institution

Grandma Is Dead. Long Live Grandma.

Interactive productions have their perils. Since 'Grandma Sylvia's Funeral' opened in October of 1994, police have raided the SoHo Playhouse (at the request of a passerby, who mistook a staged altercation outside the theater for a real one), an audience member has had a seizure (prompting fellow theatergoers, who believed it was part of the show, to complain that the scene was too long), and a well-meaning group has schlepped all the way to Bensonhurst hoping to pay their respects at Sylvia's grave (which, of course, doesn't exist, because neither did Sylvia Schildner Grossman). But the show has survived these catastrophes, and will doubtless survive countless others, so long as the script and the central conceit (funeral qua theater; audience qua mourners) continues to enthrall. Come bury the powerful matriarch for the 1000th time this Wednesday, July 16.

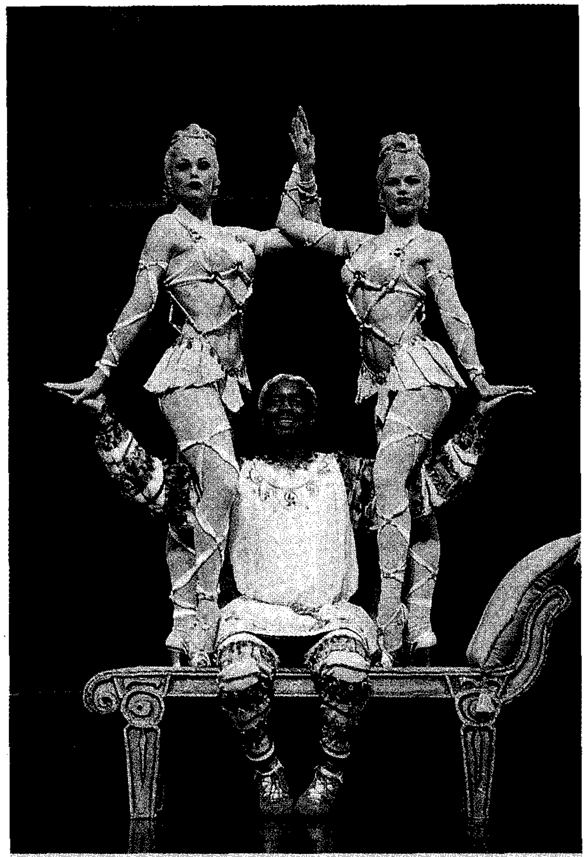
Mass Appeal—The Irish Repertory Theatre revives this Bill C. Davis play about a rebellious young priest with a secret. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opened 7/9. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (727-2737).*

Misalliance—George Bernard Shaw's cheery discussion play, starring Brian Murray, Elizabeth Marvel, and Patricia Conolly. $45. Previews begin 7/18 for an 8/7 opening. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., Sun. at 2:30. *Laura Pels-Roundabout, 1530 Broadway at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Sugar Down Billie Hoak—In a subway station near the meatpacking district, two homeless teenagers grapple with their fates. Presented by the New American Stage Company; written by Brian Silberman. Contains strong, adult language. $25. Mon. at 8:30, Thurs.–Sat. at 8:30, Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Previews begin 7/17 for a 7/28 opening. *Theatre at Saint Peter's Church, 619 Lexington Ave. at 54th St. (935-5820).*

Those Left Behind—While a female stranger is checking his forehead for a fever, a man slams face-forward onto the countertop of a Hoboken diner, pulverizing his glasses and spraying the customers with blood. The attempt to determine whether this was her doing or his, and what possible circumstances could lead up to this untidy moment, makes up the rest of this Ben Bettenbender play, presented by The Directors Company. $12. Mon.–Fri. at 8. Opens 7/15. *Theatre 3, 311 W. 43rd St. (246-5877).*

Woza Afrika: After Apartheid—As a tenth-anniversary follow-up to "Woza Afrika!"—Lincoln Center's 1987 celebration of South African township plays—Festival 97 now offers this series of plays, written since the collapse of institutionalized white rule. $45. Begins 7/8. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *John Jay College Theater, Tenth Ave bet. 58th and 59th Sts. (721-6500).*



Onstage **Every actor finds a way to make Pseudolus, the shticker-cum-slave from *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, his own. Zero Mostel read the audience the latest baseball scores; Nathan Lane scolded latecomers ("What? Stuck in the tunnel?"). *In Living Color*'s David Alan Grier, who takes over for the sly, cannily self-referential Whoopi Goldberg on July 15, says he's still too busy mastering the basics to come up with a signature flourish. But that hasn't stopped him from fretting about his own successor. "Maybe they'll get De Niro to do it," Grier says. Maybe. What better way to silence a whispering couple than with a well-timed "You talkin' ta me?"**

otograph by Joan Marcus.

Now Playing

Always . . . Patsy Cline—Country giant Barbara Mandrell, *Dallas* bombshell Charlene Tilton, and former Miss America Phyllis George have been singing the praises of this production for weeks. Whether these endorsements—or a Nashville-imported musical—can charm New Yorkers, though, remains to be seen. The show does have its selling points, including a six-piece orchestra, a twenty-song score, and a curious premise: Cline's actual two-year correspondence with an adoring Texas housewife. Off Broadway newcomer Tori Lynn Palazola stars. $40–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 6/24. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (239-6200).*

Bermuda Avenue Triangle—Sex and other scandalous behavior in an exclusive retirement community. By Renee Taylor and Joseph Bologna; starring the aforementioned writers and Nanette Fabray. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 5/11/97. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St.(239-6200).*

lue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. $39–$49. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Brief History of White Music—A new musical looking at white pop music from swing to the seventies. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:15, Sun. at 3:15 and 7:15. *The Village Gate, 240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

hez GARBO—A revival from last season. In Michelangelo Alasa's environmental musical, the audience strolls through a conceptual artist's gallery recreation of Greta Garbo's East Side apartment—and, as well, through the last 50 years of the recluse's life. $20. Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7, and Sun. at 3. Through 8/24. *DUO Theatre, 62 E. 4th St. (598-4320).*

ollected Stories—The conflict between the established artist and the adulatory fan who becomes a protégé, disciple, colleague, and friend—and finally threatening rival—is one of those great topics that have fascinated us at least since Paul Bourget's *The Disciple* (1889) through Joe Mankiewicz's movie *All About Eve* (1950) to our time. It resurfaces in Donald Margulies's provocative new play, which confronts the prominent short-story writer Ruth Steiner with her student turned confidante turned competitor Lisa Morrison. As always, Margulies is literate, intellectually stimulating, and able to create characters of both dramatic and human interest. A good play. (Simon: 6/2/97). Awarded by the Los Angeles Drama Critics Circle for best new play; stars Debra Messing and Maria Tucci. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. Through 8/2. *The Manhattan Theater Club/Stage I at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Strikes Back!—Some titles say it all, and Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way couldn't arrive in town at a more—well, let's be kind and say propitious time. $35–$40. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 7:30 and 10:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30; food and drink available/optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Full Gallop—This is the monodrama—I mean monofarce—about Diana Vreeland, the fearsome fashion arbiter, who for decades wielded style-making power from behind her desks at *Harper's Bazaar* and then *Vogue*. A whirlwind bearing aloft talented models, designers, and photographers, she was a scintillating wit and fabulous character in her own right and wrong. We are granted an hour and three quarters with a fabled *monstre sacré* in her demonic digs as we listen to her recollect a chicly checkered past; pass canny judgment on people and fashions and life; conduct uproarious dialogues with her skeptical French maid, Yvonne, over the intercom; and hobnob telephonically with the luminaries of international society. (Simon: 10/14/96.) $37.50–$40. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Godspell—The first all-black production of Stephen Schwartz's 1971 rock opera. $25. Thurs. and Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 2/6. *Victoria Theatre, 235 W. 125th St. (769-8183).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $37.50–$57.50, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Gross Indecency: The Three Trials of Oscar Wilde—From letters, biographies, and court transcripts, writer-director Moisés Kaufman has put together an absorbing show about Oscar Wilde's 1895 trial for "gross indecency with male persons." $20–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, and Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened 6/5. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

How I Learned to Drive—Paula Vogel's play benefits from an original slant: child molestation as an act of consenting partners, with the child as a willing participant. Miss Vogel acknowledges her debt to Nabokov's *Lolita*. She has written a memory play about a pedophile and his big-breasted niece by marriage, Uncle Peck and Li'l Bit, names a trifle too apt to ring true. The driving lessons Uncle Peck gives Li'l Bit over the years are a slow, careful—even caring—seduction. Miss Vogel uses the topography and chronology of her own life for L.B.'s story; is this done merely to anchor fiction more firmly in reality, or are we nudged into speculating about her self-proclaimed lesbianism, even if we accept her asseveration that this is not autobiography? Mark Brokaw has directed inventively in Narelle Sisson's rather too schematic set. David Morse is in utterly disarming U.P.: cunning pedophile and self-deluded good ol' boy in warm-hearted blend; Mary-Louise Parker dons several ages from 11 to 35 with the skill of a quick-change artist. (Simon: 3/31/97). $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. First opened at the Vineyard Theatre on 3/16/97; reopened on 5/6/97. *Century Theater, 111 E. 15 St. (239-6200).*

Howard Crabtree's When Pigs Fly—One of 1996's more melancholy theater trends was the posthumous musical. Like *Rent* composer Jonathan Larsen, costumer and musical "conceiver" Howard Crabtree passed away in June, days after completing work on

Mason *continued from page 62*

will suffice. Locals say that New Yorkers Irwin and Terry Allen Kramer pulled off one of the greatest social coups in recent Palm Beach history when they lured the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough from Blenheim Palace to their 43,000-square-foot palazzo overlooking Lake Worth and the ocean.

"It's considered a pretty big deal when Sunny Marlborough comes down there," says a New York socialite who winters in Palm Beach, "so it's pretty funny watching everyone crawling all over the Kramers trying to get an invitation." She points out that the couple's former home in the Bahamas—so enormous it was said to give the nearby Lyford Cay beach club an inferiority complex—was known locally as "the Kramertorium." Since their new domain in Palm Beach is even bigger and grander, however, the nickname has been upgraded accordingly. "The Kramers call it La Follia," says their neighbor. "But everyone else calls it Blenheim-sur-Lac."

IT'S NOT ALL POMP AND (FREE) PÂTÉ FOR New York's royals. The city also attracts a large contingent of titled bohemians: writers, artists, and expressive dancers who combine uptown airs with gritty—but not *too* gritty—downtown chic. Especially celebrated among this group are Prince and Princess Michael of Greece, who divide their time between an apartment in Paris and a spacious loft in SoHo, where the buzzer on the door just reads GREECE.

Prince Michael, a cousin of King Constantine II, is an astute scholar and the author of several books that reveal a well-informed obsession with royalty. His wife, Princess Marina, is a successful sculptor and painter who uses her maiden name, Marina Karella, when exhibiting her work.

Clearly devoted to each other despite an exotic marriage that includes much independent travel, the Greeces, as their friends refer to them, are attentive parents to two strikingly beautiful daughters, Princess Olga and Princess Alexandra, both of whom live in New York. Olga is enrolled in the architecture program at Columbia. Alexandra is a teacher at the Park Avenue Christian Day School.

Asked how Alexandra's students are dealing with the unusual predicament of addressing a princess without a surname, the mother of a 4-year-old student at the school marvels at the simplicity of the solution. "They call her Miss Greece, which is pretty cute, and the kids all adore her," she says. "But don't you think it makes her sound like a contestant in a beauty pageant?" ■

Kaminer *continued from page 21*

a very mainstream language, which is to say a language that seemed to have more to do with advertising than editorial."

Caruso is by all accounts what used to be known as a man's man—sports, scotch and cigars—and that will doubtless be reflected in the magazine. But he has also taken certain cues—and a junior editor—from *Men's Health,* so perhaps *Details*'s old model of polymorphous masculinity will indeed remain in place. "I hate talking in the abstract about what a man is," says Caruso. "All that stuff strikes me as bullshit. I don't think anyone can make pronouncements about what men want."

Esquire had become an object lesson in what can go wrong when editors try to. Back in the sixties, it took a manifest-destiny approach to its genre, simply treating all issues of worldly import as men's issues. But more recently, *Esquire* seemed to respond to the evolution of its franchise by becoming ever more anxious about just what a man's place, and thereby a men's magazine, might be. And the more anxious it got, the more gaffes it made (including beauts like "the thinking man's sex symbol," and "The Guide to the American Wife.")

"I think *Esquire* in the last few years has been a little bit defensive about being a man, and I just never felt that way," says David Granger. "This sounds incredibly corny, but I just think this is the most compelling and exciting time ever to be alive and be a man."

Though Granger's mandate was partly to improve the magazine's service coverage, and he quickly brought over one of his *GQ* colleagues to assist him with it, the noises he's made since have been mostly concerned with improving *Esquire*'s literary quality. "If you just do an intelligent magazine," he says, "and it's done from a men's perspective, then you'll have a men's magazine." Which sounds like nothing so much as what *Esquire* did back in the sixties.

As for the lads' magazines, their influence is likely to be a lot weaker on these shores than that of the much-imitated *Men's Health.* On a pragmatic level, the ribald fare that passes as mainstream in other countries would here be considered pornography and would have to compete for bottom-shelf space and ad revenues with journals like *Barely Legal.* More important, the kind of parodic downward mobility at play in those magazines would make for a difficult import. "I think it's a very English phenomenon," says Truman. "What's the American equivalent, the redneck? You're going to have a redneck magazine, with fashion in it? I don't see Giorgio Armani advertising in it." ■

his latest backstage-comedy revue. But the show, as developed by Mr. Crabtree with Dick Gallagher and Mark Waldrop, goes on. $45. Mon., Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 2 and 5. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love—has bravely decided to buck the trend. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Jest a Second!—Jewish Repertory Theatre presents James Sherman's sequel to Beau Jest. $35. Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Thurs. at 8, Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

Kerouac—A musical based on the Beat poet's life. And he would have loved this: the management's throwing in two free drinks for the cost of admission. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-8528).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school-teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Magic on Broadway—Like it says, performed by illusionist and prestidigitator Joseph Gabriel. $25–$45. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 7, Sat. at 2 and 5, Sun. at 3 and 6. *Lamb's Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Making Porn—A play about the gay-porn industry starring real-life porn stars Blue Blake and Ryan Idol. $30–$35. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. South (239-6200).*

Mere Mortals—David Ives presents six one-acts, ranging from Mamet to mini-golf to mayfly mating rituals. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun at 3. Opened 4/29. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

My Italy Story—One man's journey from Hoboken to Italy, searching for his roots. Written by Joseph Gallo; starring Daniel Mastrogiorgio. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/31/97. *47th St. Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (265-1086).*

My Night With Reg—The New Group concludes its third season with yet another British import, which the organization's executive producer, Claudia Catania, has suggested should be renamed *A Housewarming Party and Two Wakes*. The dark comedy, which won the 1995 Olivier Award and other assorted accolades, follows six gay men as they contemplate their relationships with the never-seen title character. $20–25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 4 and 7:30. Through 7/26. *Intar Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Queens Blvd.—A comedy about the turmoil wrough by an attractive new roommate. Written by Pau Corrigan, Shubert Award winner for playwriting $20–$25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun at 3 an 7. *Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. (239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performer dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything i sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you migh expect. $29.50–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 an 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Tap Dogs—An Australian import, a rollicking ta show with a gritty edge. $20–$35. Tues.–Fri. at Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 3/16/9 *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100)*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John Church, 81 Christopher St.*, then a reception at *Vi nie's, 147 Waverly Pl.*, with Italian buffet, cham pagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—an it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriage $65–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

art

Tone Vigeland...Tenth Street...Kim Abeles

Ground Rules:

In summer galleries are generally open Mon. through Fri. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Emanuele de Reggi—Small figurative sculptures; through 7/31. Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-5888).

Maria Izquierdo—A retrospective of paintings by the Mexican artist (1902–1955) known for her circus themes, portraiture, mythical allegories, and melancholy landscapes; through 7/27. Americas Society, 680 Park Ave. (249-8950).

Knox Martin—A survey of the artist's early paintings, ranging from the early fifties to the early seventies, that were originally exhibited at the Charles Egan Gallery, the Rose Fried Gallery, and the Fischbach Gallery; through 9/30. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (327-0441).

57th Street Area

Walter Boyer—Paintings of abstracted images from nature; through 7/31. Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-5730).

Ella Bergmann-Michel/Albert Renger Patzsch—Biomorphic abstractions/Photographs of machine parts. Through 9/10. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (752-1223).

Morris Graves—Recent paintings of images from nature; through 7/31. Schmidt–Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Keith Haring—Small-scale sculptures and large-scale drawings by the late artist whose works are currently on view in a retrospective at the Whitney Museum of American Art; through 9/21. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Joaquín Torres-Garcia—A selection of paintings and drawings executed between 1899 and 1949 from the collection of the artist's grandchildren; through 7/18. Krugier, 41 E. 57th St. (755-7288).

Leonard Stokes—Recent collages and Iris prints; through 7/30. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Victor Vasarely—A survey of paintings from the thirties through the seventies by the founder of Op-Art (1908–1997); through 8/1. Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (399-5510).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Hans Accola/Douglas Kolk—New sculpture/Drawings that depict the adventures of a character the artist calls Suicide Girl. Through 8/1. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (966-9074).

Keith Haring—Paintings, drawings, and sculpture by the late artist whose work is currently the subject of a retrospective at the Whitney Museum of American Art; through 7/31. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Herzog & De Meuron—Drawings by the Swiss architects Jacques Herzog and Pierre de Meuron; through 7/31. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Kim MacConnel/Jeff Perrone—A project inspired by the nineteenth-century Japanese woodblock prints known as "100 Views of Mt. Fuji From the Fujiwara Prefecture," in which large-scale groupings of photographs are arranged to mimic tourist viewpoint plaques and panoramas from several locations surrounding Mt. Fuji; through 8/23/New works that incorporate the artist's ceramic tiles as well as African and Indian textiles; through 8/8. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Paloma Pelaez/Edouard Duval-Carrié—Paintings that depict theatrical events from a distinctly feminine perspective, by the Spanish artist/Narrative paintings that incorporate voodoo iconography by the Haitian-born artist. Through 7/25. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Denyse Thomasos—New large-scale abstract paintings; through 7/25. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (941-0012).

Valery Yershov—Paintings that romanticize the material world by depicting flamboyant interiors of houses belonging to the very rich; through 7/31. Goldstein, 39 Wooster St. (431-0314).

Chelsea

Kim Abeles—An installation titled *Some South American Women Artists: Evita Peron and Carmen Miranda*; through 8/3. Art Resources Transfer, Inc., 504 W. 22nd St. (691-5956).

Stefan Altenburger—A site-specific video installation that incorporates objects scavenged from the streets of New York and documents a performance given by the artist using those objects; through 8/9. Morris-Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

Thomas Baldwin—An installation of paintings, photographs, and sculpture; through 7/31. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (463-7770).

Lynda Grimm—Recent sculpture; through 9/20. Auchincloss, 601 W. 26th St. (727-2845).

Lucio Pozzi/Steve Currie—Large-scale paintings of flowers/Insectomorphic sculptures of wire lathe and cement plaster on poplar stilts. Through 7/25. Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (741-3318).

Frank Lloyd Wright—Drawings by the architect spanning the years 1905 to 1957; through 7/31. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (633-6999).

Other

Ellen Kozak—Recent paintings; through 9/16. Pratt Institute, President's Gallery, 200 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-3517), Mon.–Fri. 9–4

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Baumgold—128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338). An invitational show of works by 30 artists, including Blosser, Borocz, Gillespie, Kruger, Merz; through 8/7.

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). New sculptures by Apfelbaum, Ashkin, Baron, Feher, Greco, Levine, Paine, Soriano, others; through 8/29.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). "Happily Married: American Frames (and Their Paintings) 1725–1950," with picture frames by the Foster Brothers and Herman Dudley of Boston, and Newcomb-Macklin and Albert Milch of New York, and paintings by Hassam, Marin, Maurer, Prendergast, others; through 9/19.

Hirschl & Adler Modern—21 E. 70th St. (535-8810). "Freak Show: Side Show Banner Paintings," with works from the forties and fifties by P. Barnett, Fred Johnson, Johnny Meah, Al Renton, and Snap Wyatt; through 8/15.

Knoedler—19 E. 70th St. (794-0550). Sculpture editions published by Art Foundry, Inc. of Santa Fe, including works by Adams, Benglis, DiRobillant,

Talent The first solo New York show for talked-about Los Angeles artist Kim Abeles offers New York–centric gallerygoers an opportunity to see what all the excitement's about. For her latest installation, "Some South American Women Artists: Evita Peron & Carmen Miranda," the artist has created various fanciful "artifacts"—above, a glass platform shoe on a pillow—that synthesize the facts and fictions of both women's lives. At A.R.T. Resources Transer, Inc., 504 West 22nd Street; through August 3.

hotograph courtesy of A.R.T. Resources Transfer Inc.

Nauman, Rothenberg, Salle, Tuttle, others; through 8/22.

Malca—580 Broadway (966-8854). Paintings by Basquiat, Haring, and Scharf; through 8/30.

Reinhold Brown—26 E. 78th St. (734-7999). An exhibition focusing on the influence of Russian Constructivism on international graphic design, with works by Anderson, El Lissitzky, Malevich, Matter, Scher, the Stenberg brothers, Weiner, others; through 7/26.

Shepherd—21 E. 84th St. (861-4050). French paintings, drawings, and watercolors from the nineteenth century, with works by Boilly, Gerard, and Gericault; through 7/26.

Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). "One-Line Drawing," for which 40 artists have created works based on a directive from the gallery limiting the finished work to one interrupted action in the medium of the artist's choice; through 7/31.

57th Street Area

Adams—41 W. 57th St. (644-5665). Works by Arneson, Arnold, Barsness, Bedia, Dill, Neshat, Saul, Winters, others; through 8/6.

Clark—24 W. 57th St. (246-2205). "Homage to R. Mutt," an exhibit honoring Marcel Duchamp's *Fountain*, the readymade urinal he submitted to the Society of Independent Artists in 1917, with works by Arneson, Baron, Bidlo, Cecula, Dickey, R. Mutt, Oldenburg; through 8/8.

Danese—41 E. 57th St. (223-2227). Selected works by Chong, Fleishner, Frank, Judd, Phelan, Truitt, Tsao, Wesley, Wood, Zucker; early Chinese pottery of the Warring States and Han Dynasty; through 8/30.

De Nagy—724 Fifth Ave. (262-5050). Paintings from the collection of Roland Pease—many of them purchased from this gallery during the fifties—by Blaine, Freilicher, Gorchov, Hartigan, Rivers, others; through 9/13.

Equitable—787 Seventh Ave. (554-4818). "Island on Fire: Passionate Visions of Haiti From the Collection of Jonathan Demme"; through 8/16.

Fischbach—24 W. 57th St. (759-2345). "Escape Artists," with works by Behnke, Dodd, Kraft, Laub, Nick, Sullivan, others; through 8/16.

Forum—745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545). Figurative works by Avery, Burchfield, Dove, Gross, Shinn, Soyer, Weber, others; through 8/1.

Franklin Parrasch—20 W. 57th St. (246-5360). Ceramic works by Lord, Price, and Woodman; through 8/15.

French—24 W. 57th St. (247-2457). Landscape, still lifes, and interior paintings by Anderson, D'Elia, Skarloff, others; through 8/29.

Goodman—24 W. 57th St. (977-7160). Summer show of works by Artschwager, Baumgarten, Casebere, Muñoz, Penone, Richter, others; through 8/29.

Kraushaar—724 Fifth Ave. (307-5730). Works in black and white by Callahan, Degner, Gechtoff, Lechay, Schrag, Sperry, others; through 7/31.

Lelong—20 W. 57th St. (315-0470). Works by Chillida, Förg, Jaar, Kounellis, Lee, LeWitt, Mendieta, Newman, Scully; through 7/31.

MB Modern—41 E. 57th St. (371-3444). American Modernist paintings by Crawford, Davies, Evergood, Hartley, Webster, others; through 7/26.

McGrath—20 W. 57th St. (956-3366). Summer group show of works by Bakker, Karella, Lewis, Marden, Nauman; through 9/6 (August by appointment).

Miller—41 E. 57th St. (980-5454). "Affinities With the East," with paintings by Fishman, Marden, Martin, McLaughlin, Steir; through 8/1.

Moore—724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111). Paintings and photographs of aerial perspectives by Bordo, Innerst, Jacquette, Wegman, Wilson, Yarber; through 8/15.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). Figurative works by twentieth-century artists, among them Avery, Bishop, Delaney, Johnson, Soyer, Thompson, others; biomorphic drawings from 1944–1947 by Charles Seliger; through 8/20.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (245-6734). Works by Beckmann, Dix, Grosz, Grundig, Hirshfield, Kollwitz, Nolde, others; through 9/5.

Snyder—20 W. 57th St. (262-1160). Abstract works by Diller, Kelpe, Scarlett, and Jaudon; through 8/15.

Tatistcheff—50 W. 57th St. (664-0907). Life drawings by fourteen artists, among them Bartlett, Doyle, Hull, Massad, others; through 7/31.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Donahue/Sosinski—560 Broadway (226-1111). "Pools of Light," with works by Bradley, Haney, Hilson, Moore, Priore, others; through 7/31.

Feature—76 Greene St. (941-7077). Works by Blair, Fecteau, Hawkins, Wurtz; through 8/15.

Foster—62 Crosby St. (966-9024). Works by four Korean artists represented by the Galeries Bhak in Seoul, Korea, including Nam June Paik, Hyun Ki Park, Kwang Young Chun, and Beom Moon; through 7/26.

Fotouhi Cramer—560 Broadway (431-1304). "Summer of Love," with works by Anuszkiewicz, Finley, Hirst, Kilimnik, Lennon, Ono, Vasarely, Warhol, others; through 8/2.

Grand Salon—83 Grand St. (226-1861). "Girls! Girls! Girls!" with works by Basora, Dikeou, Granet, Kaplowitz, Volkert, others; films and videos by Cerijido, Hackenberg, Mantell, Reiner, others; through 8/2.

Ingbar—568 Broadway (334-1100). Paintings of Manhattan by David, Firmin, Haas, Munro, Sera, others; through 8/30.

Kelly—43 Mercer St. (343-2405). "Magnetic," with works on paper by Dorner, Inness, Leonilsen, Prendergast, Sarmento, Ruscha; through 9/5.

Kind—136 Greene St. (925-1200). Works that suggest the symbols or vestiges of systems, by Ayon, Lukacs, Mora; through 7/31.

Luhring Augustine—130 Prince St. (219-9600). Paintings and sculpture by Hammond, Kessler, Kippenberger, Mayerson, Pierson, Rae, Wool, others; through 8/1.

Martz— 580 Broadway (334-3348), Wed.–Sat. 12–6. Invitational show of works by Borzotta, Cortes, Egbert, Liz 'n Val, Watson, others; through 7/31.

Perlow—560 Broadway (941-1220). Summer show, with works by Ferren, Grillo, Naujokas, Pace, Von Betzen, others; through 8/15.

Printed Matter, Inc.—77 Wooster St. (925-0325). "Summer Reading," with artists' books by Ess, Guzman, Hahif, Kupferberg, Schor, Sheehan, the Tinklers, others; through 8/30.

Quartet Editions—568 Broadway (219-2819). New prints by Burton, Kelly, Kendrick, Spence; through 8/15.

Sperone Westwater—142 Greene St. (431-3685). Works on paper by Kuitca, Laib, Lasker, Moore, Nauman, Smith, Tuttle, and Vital; through 7/25.

Tilton—49 Greene St. (941-1775). Recent works in various media by young artists from China; through 7/31.

TZ'Art—28 Wooster St. (966-9059). "Uncomfortable," with works by Bruns, Grabner, Jacobs, Kass, Morris, Ruttan, others; through 8/2.

Wimmer—560 Broadway (274-0274). Paintings by Amer, Byron, Dona, Hollingsworth, Howe, Macias, Schoen; through 7/28.

Chelsea

Baldacci—521 W. 21st St. (463-0919). "Ut Scientia Pictura," with works that suggest a scientific bent, by Cemin, Hyde, Long, Lucas, Moylan, Muniz, Raskin; through 7/31.

Cheim & Read—521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727). Works by Benglis, Fuss, Salle, Spitzer; through 7/31.

Hearn—530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366). Works by Heilmann, Jonas, Koether, Prieto; through 7/31.

Kreps—529 W. 20th St. (741-8849). "Perfect Day," with works by Day, Hansel, Harman, Warner, Wilder; through 7/27.

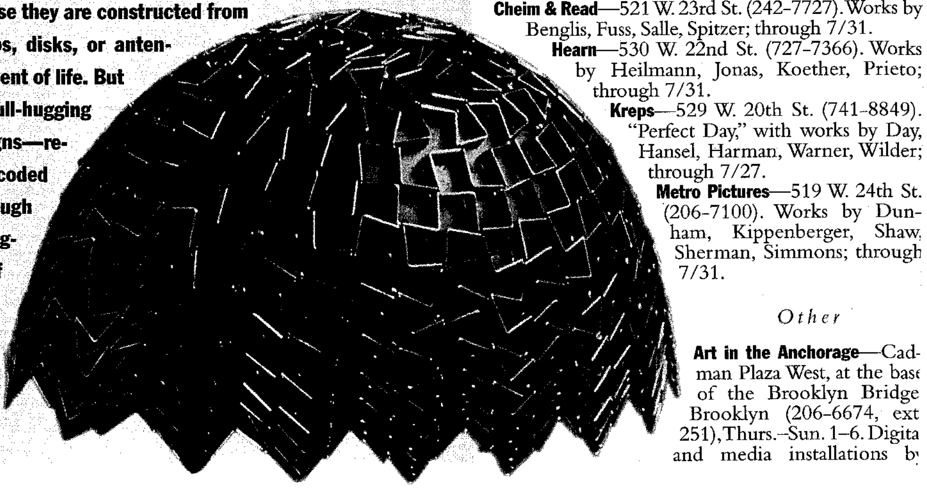
Metro Pictures—519 W. 24th St. (206-7100). Works by Dunham, Kippenberger, Shaw, Sherman, Simmons; through 7/31.

Other

Art in the Anchorage—Cadman Plaza West, at the base of the Brooklyn Bridge Brooklyn (206-6674, ext 251), Thurs.–Sun. 1–6. Digita and media installations by

Retrospective
Scandinavian Designs

The singular work of Tone Vigeland (Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, through August 24) blurs the line between functional jewelry and timeless sculpture. Handcrafted neck pieces, bracelets, and pins—forged most often in combinations of steel, silver, and gold—Vigeland's handsome artifacts reflect the artist's Scandinavian heritage, from the era of turbulent Nordic sagas to the streamlined grace of this century's Danish Modern. But with an artist's gift for refracting tradition, the Norwegian-born Vigeland updates her homeland's history with a unique combination of ferocity and delicacy. Strongly tactile, the surface textures of these works evoke spines and feathers, reptile skins and animal hides, or perhaps a seething, microcosmic community of cells. And because they are constructed from innumerable parts—with hundreds of loops, disks, or antennae—many of these pieces imply the movement of life. But the most startling works—oxidized-silver skull-hugging caps traced with cryptic geometrical designs—resemble nothing in nature. They might be encoded diagrams of the workings of the brain, although their enigmatic beauty has more than a suggestion of magic. In fact, despite its aura of Nordic antiquity, Vigeland's work may even prove futuristic: One can readily imagine people a century hence adorning themselves with these items, ancient talismans still full of vigor and mystery. **Tobi Tobias**



Photograph courtesy of the National Design Museum

Bookchin, Cooke, Johnson, Joo, Kurgan, Lanier, Wortzel, others; through 8/3.

Storefront for Art and Architecture—97 Kenmare St. (431-5795). "Testing 1 . . 2 . . 3," an installation of speculative architectural projects by David Lewis, Paul Lewis, and Marc Tsurumaki; through 8/2.

Photography

Alex Harsley—Photographs that concentrate on the often overlooked details of urban life; through 8/1. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Lillian Bassman—Vintage prints by this photographer whose work is currently the subject of a retrospective at the Fashion Institute of Technology; through 8/1. 292, 120 Wooster St. (431-0292).

Marilyn Bridges—A survey of the artist's aerial photographs of the United States; through 7/31. Aperture, 20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555).

Marianne Courville—Lifochrome prints of the artist's film stills and of stills from home movies made by her father and grandfather; through 8/15. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

George Daniell—Photographs of New York in the thirties and forties; through 8/1. Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave. (242-7767).

Danziger—130 Prince St. (226-0056). "The Insistent Image," with works by Cameron, Cunningham, Leibovitz, Weston, others; photographs of nudes by Larry Colwell made between 1943 and 1959; through 7/31.

Erich Hartmann—Photographs of Nazi concentration camps; through 8/9. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

Larry Fink/Katherine Turczan—Images that reveal the various manifestations of power—in sports, on Wall Street, and in fashion—by this photographer whose work is currently on exhibit at the Whitney Museum of American Art; through 8/29/A wall installation of portraits of young women; through 8/1. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Charles Henri Ford/Allen Frame—Vintage black-and-white photographs from a series taken in Italy in 1954 and portraits of his friends and colleagues, among them Andre Breton, James Van Der Zee, and his sister, the actress Ruth Ford/Haunting black-and-white images of urban spectacles and interior dramas that pay homage to the films of Antonioni, Visconti, Fellini, and Cassavetes. Through 8/15. Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. (255-8450).

International Center of Photography—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777), Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Marc Riboud: Forty Years of Photography in China." Photographs taken in China over the past four decades; through 9/14 . . . "Mountain Folks in Yunnan: Selected Photographs of Wu Jialin"; through 9/14.

International Center of Photography Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (768-4682), Wed.–Sun. 11–6, Tues. 11–8 (6–8 admission by voluntary contribution); $4, $2.50 seniors and students. "Helen Levitt: Crosstown." A retrospective of works by the recipient of the 1997 Infinity Award for Master of Photography, including her classic images of children at play from the forties to her color work of the seventies to her recent black-and-white photography; through 9/7.

George Platt Lynes—Photographs of the nude male figure taken between 1935–1955; through 8/15. Wessel + O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. (242-8811).

Mann—12 E. 76th St. (570-1223). Photographs of the backyard in all its incarnations by various photographers; through 8/15.

Marks—523 W. 24th St. (243-0200). Recent photographs by Barth, Dijkstra, Moffatt, van Lamsweerde; through 8/29.

Miller—138 Spring St. (226-1220). "New Narratives," with works by Cox, Kokkinias, Lewis, Marder, Moriarty, Steinmetz, Thayer, Weeks; through 8/20.

Miller—41 E. 57th St. (980-5454). "About Painting," with photographs that explore photography as a painterly medium by Eggleston, Gerber, Gursky, Kalpakjian, Polidori, Welling; through 8/1.

isette Model—Works from the Permanent Collection of the International Center of Photography spanning the entire career of the Austrian-born, New York–based photographer (1901–1983); through 9/19. PaineWebber, 1285 Sixth Ave. (713-2885), Mon.–Fri. 8–6; free.

PaceWildensteinMacGill—32 E. 57th St. (759-7999). Photographs on the theme of water by Adams, Callahan, Cumming, Frank, Mann, Wegman, others; through 8/29.

Rice—325 W. 11th St. (366-6660). Works by gallery artists, including Barber, Cody, Epstein, Gentl, McLaughlin, Phelps, Prozzo, others; through 9/7.

Saul—560 Broadway (431-0747). Portraits of adolescents by Arbus, Bartos, Dijkstra, Disfarmer, Ross, Syrop, Sander; through 9/6.

Staley-Wise—560 Broadway (966-6223). Photographs on the theme of summer pleasures, by Cartier-Bresson, La Chapelle, Miller, Ritts, von Unwerth, others; through 9/6.

Throckmorton—153 E. 61st St. (223-1059). "L'Homme at Home: Photographs of Male Nudes From the Nineteenth Century to the Present"; through 9/6.

Witkin—415 W. Broadway (925-5510). "Oh Boy!," with photographs illustrating the expression by Alvarez Bravo, Hanke, Roth, Weston, others; through 8/8.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"The Art of Toshiko Takaezu." A retrospective of the artist's ceramic works, ranging from her utilitarian wares of the fifties to her recent large-scale sculptures; through through 9/7. . . . "On the Cutting Edge: Contemporary Quilts From the Collection"; through 9/7. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The Lost World: The Life and Death of Dinosaurs"; through 9/30. . . . "Endangered! Exploring a World at Risk." An exhibition examining the causes and effects of species endangerment and extinction; through 9/1. . . . "Extinct." Rare book illustrations of extinct species; through 9/1. . . . "Up in Central Park: Birds and Birders." Mounted specimens of birds and photographs of birds and birders; through 8/14. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"Picturing Hong Kong: Photography 1855–1910." Scenes of local life, family portraits, and depictions of the British colonial presence during the early period of the city's phenomenal growth; through 8/17. . . . "Gods, Kings, and Tigers: The Art of Kotah." Paintings and decorative objects dating from the seventeenth to the nineteenth centuries from the former royal court of Kotah in northern India; through 7/27. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400), Tues., Wed., Fri., and Sat. 11–6 (Thurs. to 8), Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors, free Thurs. 6–8.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"Masterworks: Italian Design, 1960–1970." A selection of furniture, metalwork, glass, ceramics, and lighting by Italian designers, from the collection of the Denver Art Museum; through 8/10. 18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Talk Back! The Community Responds to the Permanent Collection, Part III"; 7/17–9/14. . . . "XVII Artists in the Marketplace Annual Exhibition." Works by 36 emerging artists who live in the New York metropolitan area; 7/17–9/14. . . . "Chinese Women Against the Tide." Works by five women artists from China living in the People's Republic of China or in New York City; 7/17–9/14. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3 suggested donation; $2 students; $1 senior citizens, children under 12 free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"The Hands of Rodin: A Tribute to B. Gerald Cantor." More than 50 bronze sculptures of hands by Auguste Rodin (1840–1917), produced over a period of four decades; 7/18–9/28. . . . "Process on Paper: Recent Acquisitions—Prints, Drawings, and Photographs"; through 9/28. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.—Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–9, Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum—"Do-It-Yourself Architecture for the Great Outdoors"; through 10/19. . . . "The Jewelry of Tone Vigeland"; through 8/24. . . . "Henry Dreyfuss Directing Design: The Industrial Designer and His Work, 1929–72." Works by the legendary industrial designer who pioneered the use of human factors in the design of consumer products; through 8/31. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6909), Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"The Dahesh Salon." An exhibition that recreates the nineteenth-century "petit-salon"; through 9/6. 601 Fifth Ave. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

El Museo del Barrio—"Re-Aligning Vision: Alternative Currents in South American Drawing." Drawings and installations by 46 established artists from Argentina, Brazil, Colombia, Chile, Peru, Uruguay, and Venezuela; through 9/7. . . . "Project: Print." Works by high school students who participated in a ten-week art workshop sponsored by the museum's Education Department; through 8/31. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.–Sun. 11–5, Thurs. 12–7; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Fashion Institute of Technology—"Lillian Bassman." A retrospective of fashion photographs; through 8/16. . . . "Driving Fashion: Automobile Fabrics of the 1950s"; through 10/4. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

Frick Collection—"The Proud Republic: Dutch Medals of the Golden Age." A selection of seventeenth-century Dutch medals; through 7/27. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Cristina Iglesias." A survey of recent sculpture by the Basque artist; through 9/7. . . . "From Dürer to Rauschenberg: A Quintessence of Drawing, Masterworks From the Albertina and Guggenheim." Works on paper from the past five centuries, from the collections of the the Guggenheim and the Graphische Sammlung Albertina in Vienna; through 9/7. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $10, $7 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Reversible Destiny: Arakawa/Gins." Collaborative works by Arakawa and Madeline Gins; through 8/31. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8, Sun. 11–6; $8, $5 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Letters From Cairo: Jews and Muslims 800–1500." An exhibition celebrating the 100th anniversary of the discovery of the Cairo Geniza, the greatest cache of medieval manuscripts ever found; through 10/12. . . . "Revealing an Ancient Message: A Synagogue Mosaic From Sepphoris." The first United States exhibition of a recently excavated mosaic floor from a fifth-century synagogue in Israel; through 10/12. . . . "Points of Entry." Photographs chronicling the immigration experience in the United States; through 10/13. . . . "In This House: A History of the Jewish Museum." A survey of the museum's development, from its founding at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America in 1904 to the present; through 10/13. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Fri. 11–3, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5; free); $7, $5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Ivan Albright: Magic Realist." A major retrospective of paintings, watercolors, and lithographs by the American artist (1897–1983); through 9/7. . . . "Cartier: 1900–1939." A survey of the greatest achievements of the House of Cartier, including jewelry, clocks, watches, vanity cases, cigarette boxes, and other accessories, and design drawings and recently discovered original plaster casts of the finished jewels that were used as a three-dimensional record by the firm; through 8/3. . . . "The Four Seasons." Costume's variations throughout the year, including the traditional wardrobe rotations for social, seasonal, and climatic purposes; through 8/17. . . . “The Human Figure in Transition, 1900–1945: American Sculpture From the Museum’s Collection”; through 9/28. . . . “Following the Stars: Images of the Zodiac in Islamic Art”; through 8/31. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—“Art That Heals: The Image as Medicine in Ethiopia”; through 8/31. . . . “To Cure and Protect: Sickness and Health in African Art”; through 8/31. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $4, $2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—“Old-Time Favorites, New-Time Fashions: Quilt Revival, 1910–1950”; through 9/28. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—“Untitled Film Stills: Cindy Sherman.” The landmark series of photographs created between 1977 and 1980 that depict the photographer in female roles derived from movies; through 9/2. . . . “Stenberg Brothers: Constructing a Revolution in Russian Design.” Movie and propaganda posters; studies for posters, magazines, and journals; designs for theatrical sets; and a selection of the Stenberg early Constructivist paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through 9/2. . . . “Objects of Desire: The Modern Still Life.” A survey of still-life paintings and sculpture that focuses on the innovations introduced to the tradition by twentieth-century artists; through 8/26. . . . “More Than One: Twentieth-Century Print Portfolios”; through 9/2. . . . “Paris/The 1890s.” Prints, illustrated books, posters, and ephemera by Pierre Bonnard, Maurice Denis, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, and others; through 9/2. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—“A Dream Well Planned: The Empire State Building.” Photographs, drawings, models, and memorabilia associated with New York’s most famous icon; through 1/11. . . . “We Dig New York: The Professional Archeologists of New York”; through 9/14. . . . “Creative Lives: New York Paintings and Photographs by Maurice and Lee Sievan.” Paintings by Maurice Sievan (1898–1981) and photographs by his wife, Lee Sievan (1907–1990) made from the late thirties through the fifties; through 11/9. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—“A National Collection: Paintings From the Collection of the National Academy Museum.” More than 50 masterpieces from the Academy’s collection; through 9/28. . . . “Winslow Homer Wood Engravings From the Permanent Collection.” The first exhibition of a collection of works presented to the Academy by Seymour Pearlstein in 1994; through 9/28. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. until 8); $5, $3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

National Museum of the American Indian Smithsonian Institution—George Gustav Heye Center, 1 Bowling Green (825-6700), 10–5 daily, Thurs. to 8; free.

New York Public Library—“Visionary Daughters of Albion: A Bicentenary Celebration of Mary Wollstonecraft and Mary Shelley;” through 9/13. . . . “Maiden Voyages.” An exhibition of writers’ first books (in the library’s Berg gallery, which is closed on Mon.); through 9/20. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—“From New York to Salt Lake: The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints”; through 9/14. . . . “Taking Flight: John James Audubon and the Watercolors for *Birds of America*”; through 9/7. . . . “Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village.” An exhibition of documents relating to the African-American community called Seneca Village that existed from the 1820s through the 1850s on what is now the west side of Central Park; through 8/10. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.–Sun. noon–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—“Private Histories: Four Centuries of Journal Keeping.” A survey of personal journals and diaries from the seventeenth century to the twentieth; through 8/31. . . . “An Eye for Beauty: The Alice Tully Collection.” Drawings and watercolors by Delacroix, Raphael, Tiepolo, Turner, and others; through 8/31. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum—“The Lamps of Tiffany: Highlights of the Egon and Hildegard Neustadt Collection.” Tiffany lamps, globes, and windows ranging over the entire lifetime of production at the Tiffany Studios, from 1893 to 1938; through 11/2. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3 suggested donation, $1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—“Mojo Hand: Recent Work by Richard Yarde”; 7/16–9/28. . . . “From the Studio: Artists-in-Residence, 1996–1997”; 7/16–9/28. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum of American Art—“Keith Haring: Retrospective.” The first full-scale retrospective of works by the artist (1958–90) best known for his signature images of babies, barking dogs, and antic Everyman figures; through 9/21. . . . “Frank Lloyd Wright: Designs for an American Landscape, 1922–1932.” Drawings, architectural models, and computerized reconstructions of projects that were never realized as architecture, produced during the most prolific years of the architect’s career; through 9/14. . . . “The Tate Gallery Selects: American Realities.” The museum’s third “Views From Abroad: European Perspectives on American Art” exhibition, curated by Nicholas Serota, director of the Tate Gallery, and Adam D. Weinberg, curator of the Whitney’s Permanent Collection; through 10/5. . . . “Collection in Context: Rockwell Kent by Night.” Paintings by this American artist (1882–1971) noted for his keen observations of the night sky and his interest in the metaphorical meanings of darkness; through 9/28. . . . . “Larry Fink: Boxing Photographs.” Photographs of boxers taken at the Blue Horizon in Philadelphia; through 9/1. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $8, $6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6–8).

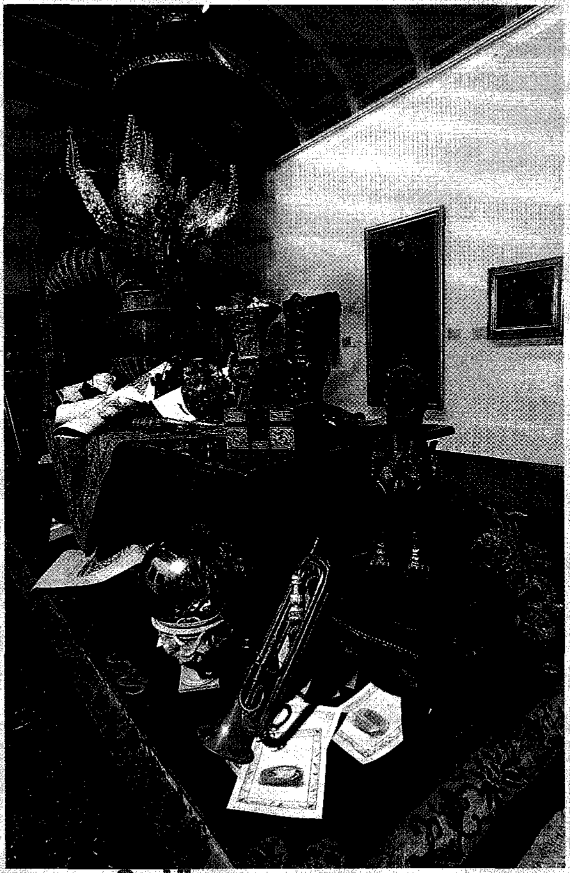
Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—“Tunnel Visions.” Large-scale photographs of Grand Central Terminal by Accra Shepp; through 10/10. 120 Park Ave. at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Sat 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 7/1 at 10: “Victorian Furniture & Decorativ Arts.” On view from 7/11.

Sotheby’s—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606 7000). 7/17 and 7/18 at 10:15 and 2 “Arcade Old Master and Nineteenth Century Paintings.” On view from 7/11

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254 4710). 7/17 at at 2:30: “Shelf Sale.” O view from 7/12.



On View
Studio Visit

The dingy garret may have been the avant-garde ideal in twenties Paris, but in mid-nineteenth-century New York, artists were a bit more calculated—they wanted to project Bohemianism and prosperity. With the emergence of the studio building, a New York phenomenon, artists’ workspaces became increasingly impressive affairs, their lavish, exotic interiors often as splendid as the artworks (and artists) themselves. “The Tenth Street Studio Building: Artist-Entrepreneurs From the Hudson River School to the American Impressionists,” at the Parrish Art Museum (25 Job’s Lane, Southampton, New York) through August 10, and opening at the National Academy of Design (1083 Fifth Avenue) on August 21, tells the fascinating story of New York’s first (1857) and most coveted studio building through the works of its illustrious tenants (William Merritt Chase, Frederic Edwin Church, Winslow Homer, and others), vintage photographs, an installation of nineteenth-century frames by Eli Wilner & Company, and a re-creation of Chase’s studio (above) by interior designer John Christensen.

Photograph by Noel Row

restaurants

Stein, by Stein...Stanhope Scene...John IV

Manhattan

Lower New York

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) ($).*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. *451 Washington St. (966-4900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Diva—Another hip spot on the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. *341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Félix—Parisian bistro conveniently situated on SoHo's version of the Champs-Élysées, serving escargot and other Gallic standards. The atmosphere, as in most territory south of Houston, is stylishly casual. *340 W. Broadway (431-0021). (M) AE, TM.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. The emphasis is on Hudson River Valley cuisine, with specialties like venison prosciutto, squash soup, roast pheasant, and Catskill Mountains trout. *4 World Financial Ctr. (786-1500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

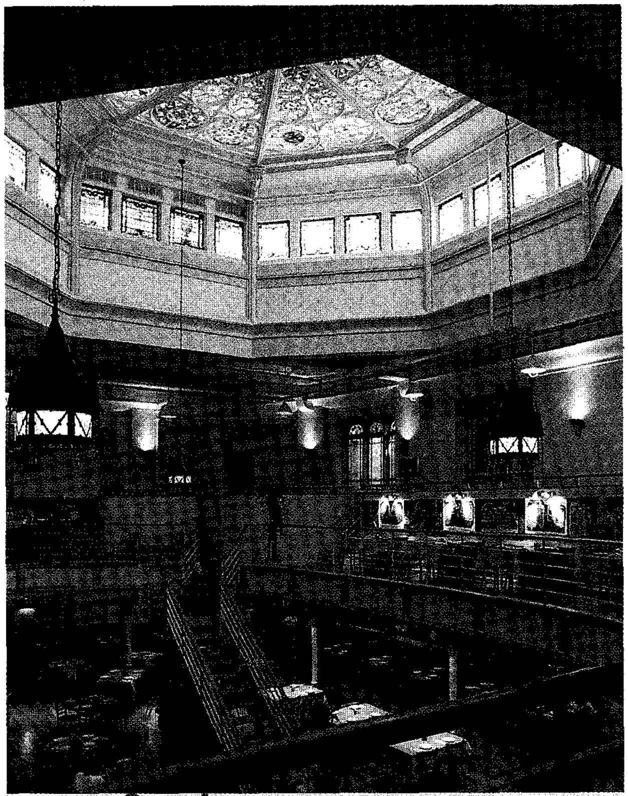
Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted two Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). Also, 240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—Sophisticated Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Taliesin—This power dining room inside the Millenium Hilton attracts its fair share of bankers and brokers with creative New American cuisine. Sample the chef's Italian-influenced fare by ordering an appetizer degustation menu or the three-course Tuscan Tastings prix fixe for $42.95. Open for breakfast, lunch, and dinner. *55 Church St. (312-2000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*



Opening

Pie in the Sky

The newest and most expansive outpost of John's Pizzeria elevates the pie to a spiritual level—literally. The thin-crust beauties, plus the standard pastas and sandwiches, are served to a bustling theater-district crowd in the soaring premises of a converted century-old Gospel Tabernacle church. Amen. (260 West 44th Street.)

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune *and* serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. *13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Mirezi—This sleekly designed boîte features a sake bar and specialty Asian cocktails as well as traditional Korean and Asian dishes, such as bibimbap and barbecued spareribs, with the type of haute twist that appeals to the targeted young, trendy crowd. *59 Fifth Ave. (242-9708). (M) AE, MC, V.*

hotograph by Steven Freeman.

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Riodizio—This South American spot in NoHo specializes in *rodizio*, a dramatic processional of grilled meats and seafoods that stops only when you cry uncle. For lighter appetites, there's a good selection of salads and "little dishes" of spicy ribs, sweet-potato cakes, and Brazilian-style wrapped sandwiches. *417 Lafayette St. (529-1313). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. *28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V.*

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Dix et Sept —Brick-walled, softly-lit Parisian-style bistro in the West Village offering Gallic staples like bouillabaisse and confit de canard. Smokers welcome, *bien sûr. 181 W. 10th St. (645-8023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm spring evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassolette. *314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villary. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. *62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Tsunami—This contemporary Japanese restaurant frequented by neighboring NYU students and sushiphiles boasts the city's only revolving "water canal" sushi bar, with sushi boats that float by diners like a luggage carousel. The assortment of rolls includes spicy tuna, spider, and tropical, and the environment, thanks to the water theme, is soothing and serene. *70 W. 3rd St (475-7770). (I) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has *three* working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. *16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot invented by Charles Palmer and designer Fernando Saralegui, but the food is all very twentieth-century: crispy shrimp cocktail, cod-and-salmon cakes, veal stew, an exciting cheese course. *36 E. 22nd St. (228-4399). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bella Donna Bar and Grill—The third in a line of inexpensive Italian pasta parlors, this downtown branch satisfies all manner of macaroni cravings, with dishes like rigatoni Carmine, penne vodka, and capellini pescatore. Cap it off with tirami su, the house dessert. *18 E. 23rd St. (505-3678). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bobby O's Steakhouse—Celebrity owner Patrick Swayze and partner Bobby Ochs specialize in steaks—sirloin, filet mignon, and porterhouse—at a very affordable $18.50, plus lobster and prime rib. To make for a more peaceful dining experience, the boisterous bar area is partitioned off with cherrywood paneling. *560 Third Ave., at 37th St. (681-0400). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

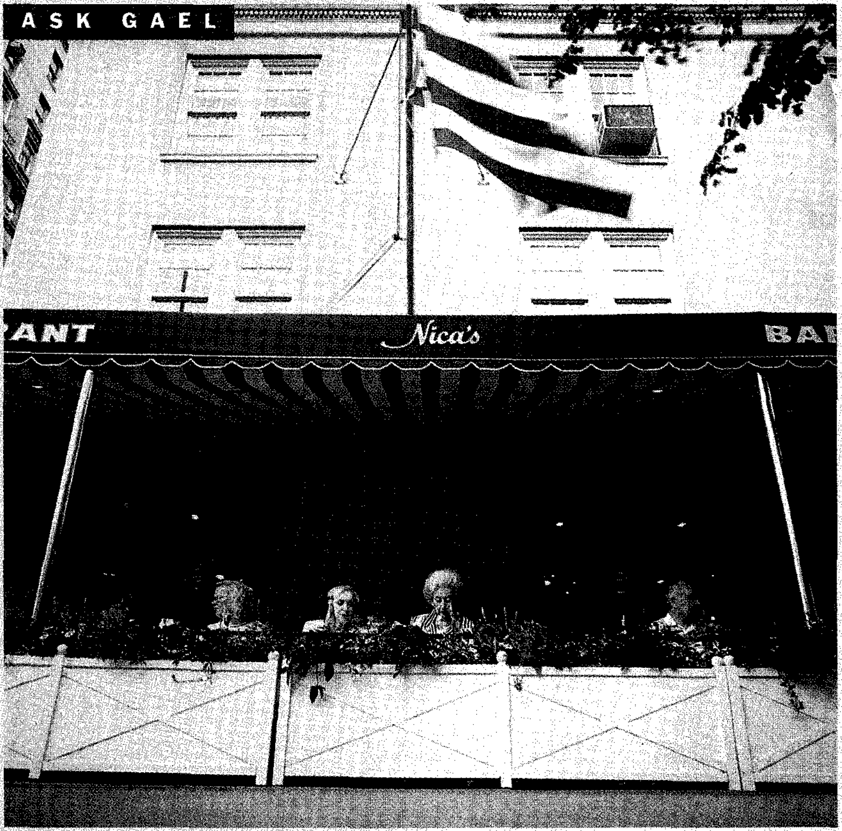
Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Candela—A soaring space just off Union Square with medieval-theme décor and a contemporary American menu. Seared yellowfin tuna, braised lamb shank, and the random Asian influence as epitomized by the spicy chicken wontons indicate the chef's range. Light bites and a range of wines can be had at the already-buzzing bar. *116 E. 16th St. (254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M MC, TM, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer' much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American newcomer doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lowe budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room i equally delicious. Orchestrate your own chees

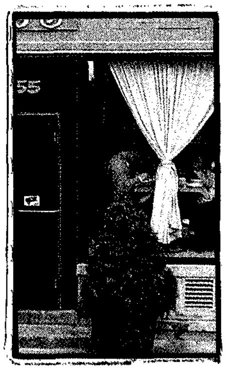
ASK GAEL



I want to celebrate the summer night.

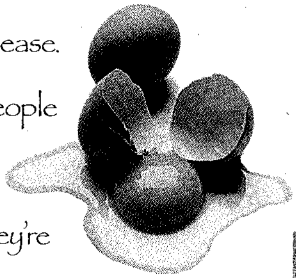
For me, the Hotel Stanhope veranda has always been a precious urban sanctum—even when the vichyssoise was pallid and the crowd faded. Now a triumvirate of certified trend-shakers, André Balazs (Chateau Marmont), Frederick Lesort (Lemon), and Matthew Kenney (Monzù), has slicked up the bar and restaurant, dubbing it Nica's. The late-night rabble is youngish, flaunting bared flesh and flawless midriffs. Nica's terrace menu is as abbreviated as the spandex: al dente penne scantily sauced in true Italian style. A fat fist of filet mignon with first-rate fries. And fine turkey salad trying vainly to pass as "Cobb." From a $9 panini to $18 for steak frites. (995 Fifth Avenue, at 81st Street.)

Photograph by Warren Salow



It's hard to believe that at one time, who we were could dictate how and what we ate.

Fortunately, today such outdated conventions have left the table, and you can choose to eat as you please.



Instead of people raising eyebrows, they're raising forks and bottles in celebration of truly uninhibited dining.

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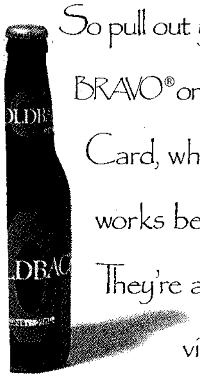

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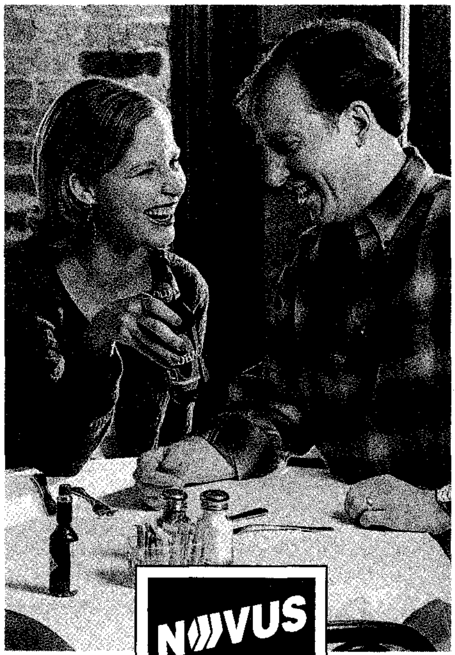

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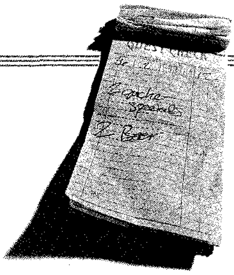

This month's list

Annie Moore's
50 E. 43rd Street
(212)986-7826

Café Lalo
201 W. 83rd Street
(212)496-6031

Carino Restaurant
1710 Second Avenue
(212)860-0566

Casa Bella Restaurant
127 Mulberry Street
(212)431-4080

Casa Brasil
316 E. 53rd Street
(212)355-5360

The Magic Carpet Restaurant
54 Carmine Street
(212)627-9019

Meli Melo
110 Madison Avenue
(212)686-5551

Menchanko-Tei
131 E. 45th Street
(212)986-6805

Sharaku
14 Stuyvesant Street
(212)598-0403

Sushi-Tei
716 Third Avenue
(212)697-3206

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course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Granville—Besides adhering to the current vogue for clubby, cigar-friendly hangouts, this Gramercy restaurant and lounge offers modern takes on American cuisine—lobster medallions with oxtail risotto, for instance. And the D.J. booth upstairs provides an alternative to the old-English-gent vibe. *40 E. 20th St. (253-9088). (M) AE, MC, V.*

La Colombe d'Or—Provence without a plane ride. Delightful brownstone setting for country French specialties like cassoulet and bouillabaisse. *134 E. 26th St. (689-0666). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful new Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pitchoune—A cute, tremendously popular neighborhood hangout that attracts fans from all over town for its affordable Provençal-inspired food. Entrées, such as crisp cod with black-olive mashed potatoes, crusted skate with artichokes and barigoule vinaigrette, and filet mignon with ratatouille and polenta in juniper sauce run $14-$17. *226 Third Ave., at 19th St. (614-8641). (M) MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hangar steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Luma—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic ingredients. Global influences abound, from the Spanish-mackerel seviche to the shrimp satay with caramelized mango. *200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately-priced Northern Italian restaurant offers such dependable, fresh fare as Caesar salad, osso buco, and tirami su. *120 W. 41st St. (391-0805). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. The lobster-and-champagne Sunday brunch is a lavish, all-out production. *44th St. in the U.N. Plaza-Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bull & Bear—As the name suggests, a good-old-days watering hole and steakhouse for a strictly business crowd. Every Thursday and Friday night, the Peter Duchin jazz trio provides musical entertainment; baser appetites may be satisfied by the house quaff (the Waldorf martini) and a cigar menu. *301 Park Ave., entrance on Lexington Ave. at 49th St. (872-4900). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Divine Bar—This East Side establishment is all things to all people: a cigar bar, a wine bar, a tapas lounge, and a casual, couch-filled living room where local office workers can unwind. The eclectic menu includes smoked-duck-breast bruschetta and chocolate fondue with fruit. *244 E. 51st St. (319-9463). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. The chef imports esoteric varieties of pasta from Italy to prepare his specialties; the fish and meat dishes are as carefully considered. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Mediterranée—A cozy midtown bistro famous for its simple, well-priced peasant food. Try house specials like cold poached salmon, chilled stuffed baby lobster, and baby lamb chops. *947 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (755-4155). (M) AE, DC.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—*think* Versailles and you get the *rococo drift*—*is* where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $44 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Monkey Bar—David Rockwell's glamorous renovation of this landmark bar retains the original murals and sconces, and a new menu offers extremely contemporary renditions of American fare, like tuna tartare with mango and avocado, and baked lobster with corn, pea greens, and hash browns. *60 E. 54th St. (838-2600). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling surroundings to Northern Italy. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, includin excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly fron Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and th wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., a 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

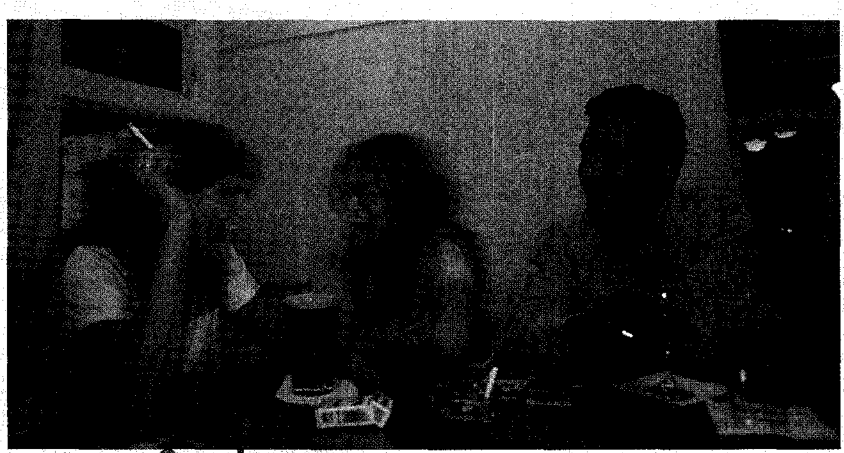
San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squish booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection o foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49t St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, includin tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in el egant surroundings. *280 Park Ave., at 48th S. (661-3915). Also, Shinbashi-an, 141 E. 48th S (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot fo Japanese food, with specialties including tempur sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly mod ern setting. Closed Saturday. *141 E. 48th St. (75 0505). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popul steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has th look of a private men's club, the noise of a lock room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49 St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

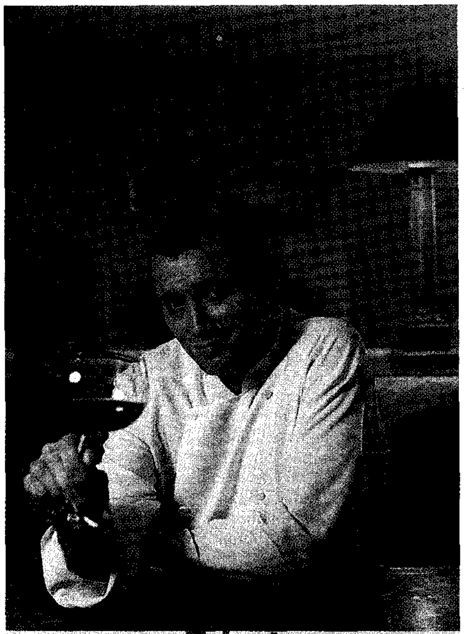
Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherub jazz onstage, and American-influenced Frenc



Opening
Drink, Bubeleh, Drink

Having cornered the market on the TriBeCa brunch scene, Bubby's ventures into New York nightlife with its brand-new barroom at 118 Hudson Street—good news for nightcrawling stargazers who've slept through all those early-morning Keitel and Kennedy sightings. With a new takeout shop opening around the block on North Moore next month, the cozy complex goes full-service.

Photograph by Steven Freema



Talent

Laurent Checks Out

If you are a great chef and want to turn out impressive food that passes unnoticed in this food-obsessed city, get a job in a hotel dining room. With few exceptions (notably Le Cirque and Lespinasse), hotel chefs labor anonymously to feed the few hotel guests who can't get a reservation at a "real" restaurant. Case in point, the Gascony-born Laurent Manrique, formerly of the Waldorf's Peacock Alley, and now, thanks to Au Bar owner Howard Stein, head chef of the luxuriously cosmopolitan Gertrude's (33 East 61st Street). Done in a sophisticated townhouse style, the restaurant has an upstairs dining room, a smoker-friendly bar, and a large back room dominated by a stone fireplace, where diners can order food at tables or from a clubby sofa-and-easy-chair area. A combo will provide live jazz most nights. Manrique's food is original and exciting. The lobster salad with almond gazpacho, cucumber, and red radish is a cool and surprising addition to the shellfish canon. Grilled quail with fennel and oranges is also well executed. From the entrées, the Basque-style monkfish (with stewed peppers and prosciutto crisps) and a grilled veal chop with caramelized fennel, grapes, and chorizo bits are superb. Gertrude's is named for Gertrude Stein, whose words are printed on every menu: "The world is full of evolution . . . with music as a background for emotion and a great deal of eating as an excitement." Good words to live by, even without Alice's brownies. PETER KAMINSKY

hotograph by Steven Freeman.

cuisine. Executive chef Michel Bourdeaux has gussied up the menu with dishes like Caribbean-style grilled swordfish on spinach, and cabbage stuffed with mushroom and roasted squab. During the more sedate lunch hour, dine to the background music of harp or a classical trio. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Yan Van Van—This convenient pit stop for commuters and midtown office workers offers nouvelle Asian cuisine, with specialties like shabu shabu and barbecue cooked on a unique smoke-free induction-heat table. The brick and stucco design is intended to represent Silk Road culture. Pretheater menu available, and jackets are required for dinner. *Vanderbilt Ave. bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (973-0461). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAS while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Century Cafe—Theater-district café popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. *132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine, from grilled sirloin and mashed potatoes to mushroom-dusted cod, in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Millennium Broadway (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castlelike setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ed Sullivan's—This restaurant's nostalgic location in the landmarked Ed Sullivan Theater informs its classic style, with "Hollywood" booths, 30-foot ceilings, and mahogany bars. The American menu—well-priced as a $21.95 pretheater prix fixe—offers such hearty fare as surf-and-turf

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and pan-seared scallops with truffle mashed potatoes. Live jazz and blues performed nightly. *1697 Broadway, nr. 53rd St. (541-1697). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Ellen's Stardust Diner—A tribute to that archetype of mid-century American gastronomy, this themey diner serves up iconic nourishment, from "Mom's meatloaf platter" to "grilled chicken T-bird" salad. *1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (956-5151). (I) AE, DC, MC.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Java Shop—A full-service coffee shop, offering take-out and waiter service. The American menu includes Belgian waffles, oven-baked fried chicken, salads, and breakfast served all day long. Charles Morris Mount created a sleek, contemporary design, with a java-influenced color scheme. *1611 Broadway, at 49th St. (246-1960). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

JUdson Grill—Bustling space in midtown office tower with surprisingly inventive American grill food and a bar scene to rival most. *152 W. 52nd St. (582-5252). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," and with the accomplished Lincoln Carson replacing pastry chef Richard Leach, the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Mike's American Bar & Grill—A cozy Hell's Kitchen joint with a fun atmosphere, a theatrical crowd, and honest American food. Try the pork chops or the spicy chili. *650 Tenth Ave., near 46th St. (246-4115). (I–M) AE, TM, V.*

Osteria al Doge—Cheerful restaurant in the theater district serving fine Northern Italian cuisine, with a menu that includes fritto misto, risotto, and a variety of pizzas and pastas. *142 W. 44th St. (944-3643). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. That, plus chef Waldy Malouf's famous regional cuisine, and spirited updates of the classics. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Redeye Grill—Just what the Carnegie Hall neighborhood needed: a huge room with nudes on the pillars and all manner of smoked fish on the bar. The signature dish, dancing shrimp, are great for sharing. And don't leave without sampling the banana-cream pie. *888 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. (541-9000). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room opens to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual Indian restaurant, a stone's throw from Carnegie Hall, offers classics like ginger chicken, chutney poori, and lamb shashlik. *58 W. 56th St. (581-1155). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

T.G.I. Friday's—When you crave the familiar, this casual American chain provides predictably decent grub like burgers, steaks, pastas, and potato skins. *761 Seventh Ave., at 50th St. (767-8350). Also, seven other Manhattan locations. (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Torre di Pisa—David Rockwell designed this midtown Italian import as a surreal version of the Leaning Tower. Pane fritto con prosciutto di Parma and fagotto al funghi porcini are examples of the chef's updated Tuscan standards. A separate cigar/smoking room is available for private parties. *19 W. 44th St. (398-4400). (E) AE, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

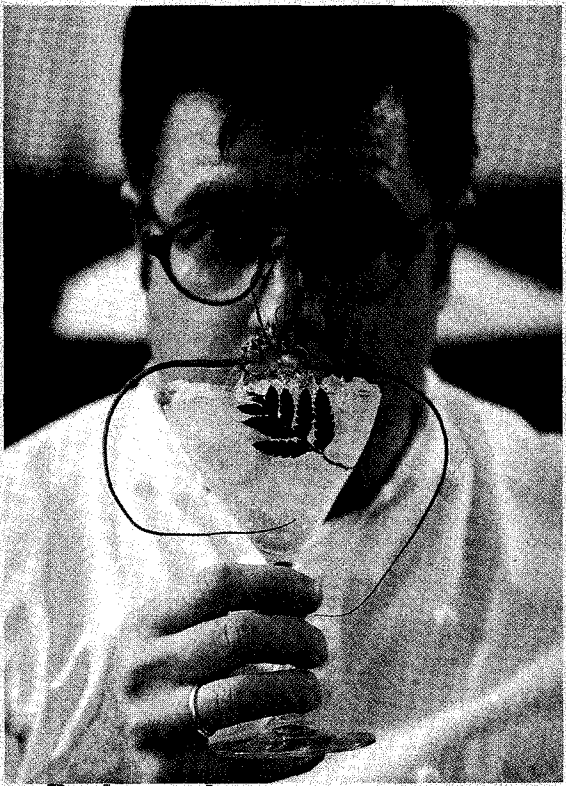
Victor's Cafe 52—Until the fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Café Botanica—This American restaurant in the Essex House hotel is an airy, plant-filled respite from the congestion of Central Park South. Sunday brunch is a neighborhood fixture; at night, sample the chef's renditions of poached tuna Niçoise and rack of lamb. *160 Central Park So. (484-5120). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, updated restaurant that's added a roster of sophisticated meat and seafood dishes to its renowned pastas. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*



Restaurant
Flavor Fanatic

Taking over the stove at newcomer 131 Duane, Alan Harding has created a menu in the same assured American style with which he first attracted notice at Nosmo King. The powerfully flavored seafood reflects Harding's most recent stint, at Petite Crevette, and the slow-roasted duck has his signature deep taste. P.K.

Photograph by Jason Schmidt

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Two Rooms—You'd never expect it, but this landmark townhouse in the shadow of the Queensboro Bridge is home to an extremely eclectic bar and restaurant, featuring a global menu and a Colonial African décor. Typical (so to speak) dishes include spicy shrimp Mozambique, South African porcini-crusted salmon, and Vietnamese-spiced quail. *313 E. 58th St. (223-1886). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

The Boathouse—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an extensive American menu, featuring such enticing dishes as the "lobster Martini," house-smoked, pan-roasted swordfish, and grilled veal chop with truffled mashed potatoes. For postprandial excitement, rent a bicycle, a rowboat or a gondola. Live jazz Monday through Thursday. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagnola—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

ci—A relative newcomer among the countless Upper East Side bistros, Ici has made a name for itself with well-executed, contemporary French fare—like grilled scallops with asparagus, and Cajun red snapper—and a fashionably chic clientele. *19 E. 69th St. (794-6419). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

le of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

tizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. The food is drawn from all regions; the red snapper with fresh vegetables is a standout, as are the homemade desserts, and the wine list has won awards. Live piano music nightly. *1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Orienta—This pretty room on the Upper East Side has become a popular meeting spot for the young and the stylish. Asian accents in the décor reflect the (mostly Vietnamese) Pan-Asian fare. Chicken satay, spring rolls, tuna sashimi, and dumplings are indicative of the menu's range. *205 E. 75th St. (517-7509). (M) AE, DS, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Piccolo Pomodoro—An Upper East Side trattoria decorated with Italian movie posters. Dine outdoors on grilled vegetables, agnolotti stuffed with porcini mushrooms, and angel hair with lobster and Manila clams. *1742 Second Ave., nr. 90th St. (831-8167). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Trattoria Libertá—This Italian trattoria specializes in homemade pasta, and commemorates everybody's favorite outdoor artwork with a Statue of Liberty crown motif. *1574 Second Ave. nr. 81st St. (772-0752). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Tucci—This rustic Italian restaurant near Bloomingdale's is a good place for recharging after an afternoon of shopping or a double feature. The brick-oven pizza is a crowd-pleaser; the daily risotto and fish specials and the homemade pasta appeal to heartier appetites. *206 E. 63rd St. (355-9100). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Bella Luna—Consistently good neighborhood Northern Italian, with rotating art exhibits and a seasonal antipasto table. *584 Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Delphini—The happy hordes huddled over their plates in this candlelit restaurant love the romantic atmosphere and the wide-ranging Mediterranean menu. Try the paella, the lobster-tail-and-calamari risotto, and the sangria. The sidewalk café and cigar bar make smokers feel welcome. *519 Columbus Ave., at 85th St. (579-1145). (M) AE.*

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel—*and* a completely au courant sushi bar. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Iridium Jazz Club—The American food in this subterranean jazz club will satisfy high and low cravings for everything from lobster to fried chicken. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

La Vela—A comfortable spot on the Upper West Side for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, and goat cheese pasta. *373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Merlot Bar and Grill—The overwrought, fantastic architecture of what was formerly Iridium restaurant has been converted into this toned-down homage to the grape Merlot, of which there are 50 varieties. Representative French-American menu items include Brie en croute and salmon with lobster potatoes. *48 W. 63rd St. (363-7568). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pasha—The Turkish food served here—octopus salad, grilled quail, lamb chops, artichokes in olive oil—suits quite well the current craze for all things Mediterranean. Both the stucco-walled dining room and a separate room for smokers are casually intimate. *70 W. 71st St. (579-8751). (M) AE only.*

Tofu—The newest Asian arrival on the Upper West Side features both Chinese and Japanese food, including fresh, handmade noodles. Lots of bargains, including daily half-price sushi and lunch specials. *2741 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-7373). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Lundy Bros.—This restored landmark restaurant serves a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializes in lobster and other varieties of seafood. Don't miss the oyster bar or the reconstructed shore dinner. Sunday brunch buffet available. *1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Pearson's Texas Barbecue—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much further than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. *5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). (I) ($).*

Bronx

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. *296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966). (I) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

nightlife

NG La Banda...Hersch...Intel Inside

Concerts

"Blues Cruise"—Every Wednesday, it's blue music on the harbor's somewhat blue water. 7/16: Harmonica titan Junior Wells. Cruises at 7 and 9:30 P.M. *Seaport Liberty Cruise Lines, Pier 16, South Street Seaport (1-888-DA-BLUES). $20–$25.*

Celebrate Brooklyn Performing Arts Festival—Three months of free jazz, soul, world music, and readings. Shows nightly at 7:30 P.M. 7/18: Cyril Neville & the Uptown All-Stars. 7/20: "Africa Mondo," with Prince Eyango & the Montagnards, Nyboma Dido & the Star of Sekous, and others from all over Africa. *Prospect Park Bandshell, 9th St. and Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (718-855-7882). Free ($3 suggested contribution).*

"Carnegie Hall Celebrates the Glorious MGM Musicals"—Roddy McDowell and Michael Feinstein host Cyd Charisse, Mickey Rooney, Gloria DeHaven, and well over a dozen others. 7/15–7/16 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800). $18–$100.*

"Music at Castle Clinton"—The historic fort in Battery Park is home to sounds that would undoubtedly have confused the heck out of the joint's original inhabitants. Shows at 6:30 P.M. 7/17: Honky tonk revivalist Joe Ely. *Castle Clinton, Battery Park (835-2789). Free.*

Central Park Summerstage—The great New York institution, in its twelfth year. All events free unless otherwise designated. 7/16: Mary Chapin Carpenter; Gillian Welch ($20). 7/17: Canadian singer-songwriter Bruce Cockburn; Robert Olen Butler. 7/19: John Hiatt & the Nashville Queens; Martin Sexton. Weekend shows at 3 P.M.; most weeknights at 8 P.M. *Rumsey Playfield, near 72nd St. (360-CPSS).*

"Expressiones Latinas"—Lincoln Center Festival '97 closes out with seven nights of forward-thinking Latin music. 7/21: Warmly brilliant Brazilian singer Gal Costa. 7/22: Cuban salsa giants NG LaBanda, in their U.S. debut (see box, page 79). With fellow Cubans Baboleo. 7/23: Electrifying improvisatory salsa singers Gilberto Santa Rosa and Andy Montañez. Through 7/27. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500). $20–$55.*

Jones Beach Concert Series—A breezy seaside venue for the old (Boston, Supertramp) and the old at heart (Jewel, Live). 7/17–7/18: Counting Crows; the Wallflowers; Bettie Serveert. 7/19: Supertramp. 7/20: UB40. *Wantaugh, Long Island (212-307-7171). $22–$35.*

"Midsummer Night Swing"—Moonlit dancing, Tuesday through Sunday. 7/15: New York–Buenos Aires Connection. 7/17: Marcia Ball Band; Chuck Carbo. 7/18: Les Mécènes, with Johnny Pacheco. 7/19: DMP Big Band; Indigo Swing. *Lincoln Center's Fountain Plaza (875-5766). $9.*

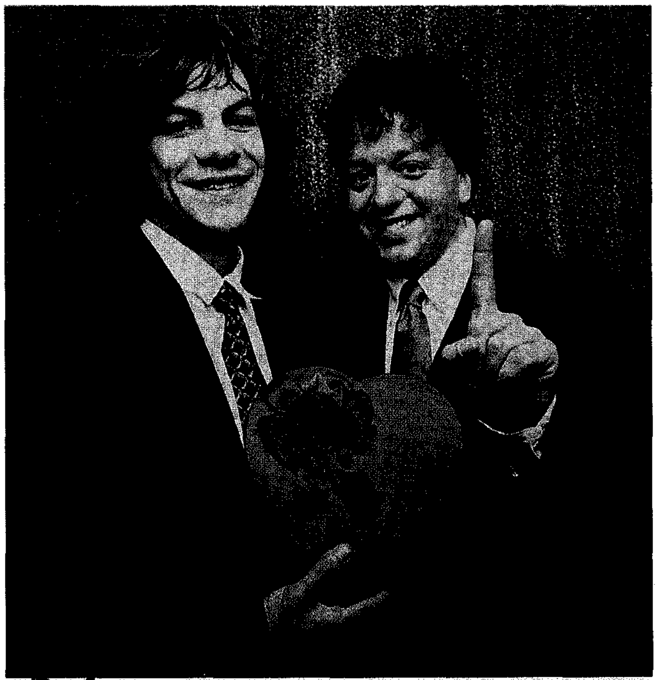
"Moonlight Dancing In the Park"—Alex Donner's fourteen-piece orchestra transforms Wollman Rink into a glamorous little swing- and Latin-dance boîte to rival Lincoln Center's outdoor venue. Thurs.–Sun., 6 P.M.–11 P.M. *Wollman Rink, Central Park near 60th St. (396-1010, ext. 5). $12, or $20 per couple.*

The Offspring—7/19 at 6:30 P.M. *The Roxy, 515 W. 18th St. (307-7171). $13. (Intel Music Festival passes also honored; see "Clubland" listings for information.)*

Santana—With Rusted Root. 7/15–7/16 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall, 1260 Sixth Ave., at 50th St. (307-7171). $37–$52.*

"'70s Music Explosion"—The title sounds like that of a K-Tel compilation, and the lineup further enforces the impression: The Village People, Vicki Sue Robinson, the Trammps, all your other favorite (and not-so-favorite) stars of yesteryear. 7/18 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall. $37.50–$52.50.*

Tina Turner—The soul diva turned panty-hose spokesmodel. With Cyndi Lauper. 7/22–7/23, 7/25–7/27, and 7/29–7/30 at 8 P.M. *Radio City Music Hall. Sold out.*



Performance

Think Globally, Rock Locally

Gene and Dean Ween—whose new batch of maritime-themed musings, 'The Mollusk,' includes gems like "I'll Be Your Jonny on the Spot" and "Ocean Man"—open the Intel New York Music Festival at the Westbeth Theatre, July 16. With its real-time Internet link, the festival makes the druggy faux frères *New York's unlikely ambassadors to the world.*

Photograph by Joshua Kessl

Ground Rules:
In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Clubland

Intel New York Music Festival—The newest successor to the defunct New Music Seminar integrates the New York club scene into some kind of global rock community, with Web links to spots around the country, and around the world. Which also means you can view the entire festival from the comfort of your home PC. Rock on! 7/16–7/19. Events designated with an asterisk (*). *Various clubs citywide (677-5000). $40 for festival pass.*

Acme Underground—The club formerly known as Under Acme, renovated and reborn as New York City's classiest small rock venue. 7/17: Legendary underground producer-engineer Wharton Tiers, who's recorded all the local greats—from Sonic Youth on down—in the basement of the building of which he's the superintendent. 7/18: KHZ; Piece Machine.* *9 Great Jones St., downstairs (420-1934). $.*

Arlene Grocery—The Lower East Side's newish, hippish, and appealingly inexpensive (okay, free) rock and folk venue. 7/16: Splendora.* 7/17: Baby Steps; Sit 'n' Spin.* 7/19: Trona.* *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue—with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries—given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 7/16: Jill Sobule; Maggie Estep.* *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Brownies—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers on-the-rise bands, and the occasiona big name trying to keep a low profile Cozy and congenial, even if you're no pierced. Shows nightly at 9. 7/16: Ol Pike.* 7/17: Halcion.* 7/18: Girl Against Boys; Firewater.* 7/19: The Hydrogen Terrors; Les Savvy Fav. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero o punk's stateside explosion and, twent years later, still a smoking, flyer-strew pit—in a good way. 7/17: Cardin Woolsey; Travis Pickle.* 7/18: Drag mules; Jimmie's Chicken Shack. 7/19: Ff; Shiva Speedway.* *315 Bou ery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Coney Island High—Originally a glam trash revival hall, this two-level Ea Village funhouse now reflects th neighborhood's, uh, cultural diversit with indie-rock and punk bands sha ing the venue with some of the city wackiest parties. 7/16: The porno graphic art pop of the Frogs; Tomm Stinson, formerly the teen-heartthr bassist of the Replacements, and h new outfit, Perfect.* 7/18: Foetus; U tra Bidé.* 7/19: Indigo Swing. *15 S Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

Continental Divide—A dark, grim shotgun shack of a rock club, hostin

Phenomenon
Big in Cuba

If the arrival of Havana's "Los Metales del Terror" suggests some strange vestige of the Cuban Missile Crisis, that's because it is—sort of. The Metales in question are the fearsomely precise horn section of Cuba's top salsa group, NG La Banda, which makes its U.S. debut at Avery Fisher Hall on July 22. While 1997 has seen little movement toward détente with Cuba in general, it's been a banner year for music fans, with first-time American performances by Havana giants new (Cubanismo, Bamboleo) and old (Irakere, Gonzalo Rubalcaba). Not that the U.S. market presents smooth sailing for such acts: Besides the ongoing stricture against the bands' actually earning money, the musicians face hostility from the Cuban-expatriate community. "In Miami, it's ridiculous," says Ana Araiz, who booked NG (for "Nueva Generación") La Banda's Lincoln Center gig. "They'll protest, throw tomatoes—whatever it takes to keep the bands out." Officially speaking, U.S. policy toward Cuban musicians hasn't changed in recent months—the new influx is apparently a matter of coincidence. Lest the titans of the Havana salsa scene get too cocky in their Stateside sojourn, a State Department official points out that while bands from Cuba are technically free to play any venue they want, festivals and educational institutions get preference over commercial clubs. "To come over here just to see how much money you can rake in is frowned upon," the official says. "They can't come over here to try and be the Beatles." That's one thing the State Department probably doesn't need to worry about, no matter how huge NG La Banda is in the barrios of its home city. ETHAN SMITH

some of New York's hardest-working rock bands and attended by scroungy hipsters and willful lowlifes—basically St. Marks under a roof. Look for cameos by D Generation and Joey Ramone, who lives in the nabe. 7/17: Furious George; Marky Ramone.★ 7/19: L.E.S. Stitches; Jack Black.★ *25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924).*

The Cooler—The meatpacking district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde-jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. A sleekly refurbished meat locker with black light, moody atmosphere, and a Patti Smith photo. 7/17: Lazy Boy.★ 7/18: Guv'nor; Ladybug Transistor; Spent.★ 7/19: Run On; White Hassle; Lynnfield Pioneers.★ *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush faux-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house, playing the works of the great, brawling jazz bassist with a freshness and authority rarely seen in jazz today. Every Wednesday, Fez presents "Stella: An Evening of Big Room Comedy," featuring veterans of MTV's *The State* and other cutups. 7/16: Michael Penn; Candy Butchers.★ 7/18: Susanna Hoffs; Jennifer Jackson.★ 7/19: Lazy Boy; Lars Vegas. 7/22: Natalie Gamsu. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—A midsize bi-level rock venue with moody chandeliers and a sort of haunted-bordello look. It's a bit of a crush near the stage, but there's an amiable bar, 119, right around the corner for a preshow aperitif. "Savoy Sundays" are weekly swingfests of ballroom dancing. 7/16: Space; Junior Cottonmouth.★ 7/17: Better Than Ezra; Ednaswap.★ 7/18: Cinnamon; Lori Carson; Matt Keating.★ 7/19: Cowboy Mouth; Sister Hazel.★ 7/22: World Party. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—The Disneyland of downtown music, with three floors, two stages, two microbrew-bearing bars, and some of the biggest names in now music. 7/17: Come; Steve Wynn; Babe the Blue Ox; Keeta Speed.★ 7/18: Silver Apples continue the long, slow return from obscurity. With D.J. Spooky; the Ladybug Transistor; Saturnine.★ 7/19: Arto Lindsay, whose new *Mundo Civilizado* blends seductive Brazilian melodies with unobtrusive trip-hop beats, headlines a bill that also features guitar "experimentalist" Jad Fair, comparatively straight-ahead rocker Chris Whitley, and D.J. Spooky.★ 7/20: The Herbie Nichols Project explores the fascinating music of the underappreciated sixties jazz composer. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's hippest and most congenial music spots, hosting rock and country artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots of MTV. 7/17: Belgium's secret rock-weapon dEUS; Carter the Unstoppable Sex Machine.★ 7/18: Kevin Salem; the Pursuit of Happiness; Treble Charger.★ 7/19: Girls Against Boys; Firewater; D.J. Russell Simins.★ 7/21: Calliope, the band that played the spacey, New Age music on mid-eighties Coke ads. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

lew Music Cafe—Within spitting distance of the Holland Tunnel, this middlebrow TriBeCa hang serves up more than its share of jammy, Dead-indebted sounds. Thursdays are an exception, when the jammy, P-Funk-indebted sounds of Giant Step take over. 7/16: Days of the New, a teen rock act whose penchant for layering big, glum vocals over acoustic-guitar strumming makes it the adolescent Alice in Chains.★ Belizbeha; Lovechild.★ *380 Canal St., at West Broadway (941-1019).*

odeo Bar—A surprisingly untacky honky-tonk in Kips Bay—with gas-station signs, mounted long-horns, and peanuts in the shells. Its urban rockabillies tend to be pierced and dyed, and its stage occasionally hosts greats like Austin legend Ronnie Dawson, Joe Ely, and Otis Blackwell, all past visitors. 7/18: The Derailers. 7/19: Reach Around Rodeo Clowns. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (683-6500).*

ounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. Every Sunday, get a free dance lesson from 7 to 8 and tango the night away. Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 7/16: 8 ½ Souvenirs.★ 7/18: Gil Scott-Heron.★ 7/19: Trinidadian soca star David Rudder, with the Charlie Roots Band. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Every Friday and Saturday, the Tony Corbiscello Big Band pays tribute to various big-band heroes of yesteryear. 7/15: Northwest supergroup Brad; Verbow. 7/22: Gus Gus. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column by arriving early. 7/15: Gwar. 7/16: Swervedriver; Poster Children.★ 7/17: The Interpretors; Size 14.★ 7/18: Bis; Kenickie; Tuscadero.★ 7/19: Cracker.★ 7/22: Fish (the erstwhile leader of British prog-rockers Marillion—not the hippies from Vermont). *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Westbeth Theatre—Last year, the druggy Pennsylvania duo Ween attained new heights of conceptual bizarreness with their fifth album, *12 Golden Country Greats.* The band forsook its usual sonic freak show for the straight-ahead Nashville sound the album's title alluded to, creating a work that was funny to think about but somewhat bland on the ears. Album No. 6, *The Mollusk*, does away with that complaint handily: Its amalgam of sea chanteys and other oceanic oddities embraces all the goopily trippy sonics that had been the Ween trademark since 1990's *God Ween Satan.* Experience the magic, 7/16.★ 7/17: Blake Morgan; Mike Errico; Mini-King.★ 7/18: The big, bad blues rock of Royal Trux.★ *151 Bank St. (691-2272).*

Wetlands—Future Bible Heroes, who play here 7/19 with the kitsch-loving Combustible Edison, combine the best of bubblegummy eighties synth pop with leader Stephen Merritt's deadpan ruminations on love, loss, and alienation.★ 7/16: Renegade Hardware/Trouble on Vinyl Records night.★ 7/17: Scud Mountain Boys; Long River Train; Five Chinese Brothers.★ 7/18: Charlie Hunter Quartet; Fatbag; Robert Bradley's Blackwater Surprise.★ *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A roomy bandstand overlooking a classy boîte as suggestive of Big Band–era elegance as the club's name. The jazz restaurant is recently relocated from its uptown outpost. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. 7/15: Teo Macero. 7/17–7/19: Jimmy Heath Quartet. 7/20: Carla White. 7/22–7/23: John John Abercrombie, Dan Wall, and Adam Nussbaum. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a great view from every seat in the house (the standing-room area at the bar's not bad, either), the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30 P.M. 7/15–7/20: Contemporary-jazz guitarist Earl Klugh. 7/21: The Steve Adelson Quartet pays tribute to Benny Goodman. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Cajun—A brassy and brightly lit bit of New Orleans in Chelsea, dedicated to Preservation Hall–style Dixieland. Regulars include Joe Muranyi, clar-

otograph by NG La Banda.

inetist for the last six years of Louis Armstrong's All Stars; Eddy Davis, a jazz banjoist; and Chuck Folds, a stride pianist and sometime accompanist to trumpet legend Doc Cheatham. *129 Eighth Ave., at 16th St. (691-6174).*

Harlem Meer Festival—Every Sunday afternoon at 2, Central Park's northerly body of water hosts a variety of jazz performances—some of them by truly legendary performers. 7/20: Hamiet Bluiett Quartet. *Harlem Meer, Central Park, near 110th St. (860-1370). Free.*

Iridium—Merlot, the artfully wacky restaurant across from Lincoln Center, hosts some formidable jazz comers in its cozy basement, along with the occasional legend. One of the latter, the great guitar innovator Les Paul, has moved his Monday-night office hours here after the closing of his longtime haunt, Fat Tuesday's. 7/15–7/20: Randy Weston's West African Rhythms. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 7/16–7/19: Mike LeDonne, Jon Webber, and Kenny Washington. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Showman's Cafe—Harlem's subtly wonderful jazz club, where you can always get a table and the jukebox is one of the best in the city. Every Thursday, sixties organ great Reuben Wilson leads his heady trio. Sets at 10 P.M., midnight, and 2 A.M. No cover; two-drink minimum. *2321 Eighth Ave., bet. 124th and 125th Sts. (864-8941). $.*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Every Sunday, the Jazz Composers Forum, followed by the Across Seventh Street Septet. Every Monday, Jason Lindner's youthful, Ellington-meets-Mingus big band. Wednesdays, the Sam Yahel Organ Quartet. 7/17: Sherman Irby Quartet. 7/18–7/19: John Sneider Quintet. Shows start at 10 P.M. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Village Gate—Jazz and swing dancing nightly, from 10 P.M. to 2:30 A.M. Every Wednesday, the Roy Gerson Swing Band gets 'em jumping. 7/17–7/19: Gail Wynters. 7/24: Mike Hashim Quintet. $10 cover; two-drink minimum. *240 W. 52nd St. (307-5252).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 7/15–7/20: Fred Hersch Trio. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. Every Monday, Gil Evans protégée and composer Maria Schneider leads her excellent seventeen-piece orchestra at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust W. Tsilis Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra show Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. *125 MacDougal St. (673-5576).*

Zinno—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. 7/14–7/19: Bill Mays and Cecil McBee. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Sundays: "All Star Comedy." Mondays: Open-mike night. Tuesdays: Eric Deskin hosts "Premium Smoke," a night of—no joke—cigars and comedy. Wednesdays: "Women of Comedy." Thursdays: "Chupacabra Night," with Arnold Acevedo. Fridays and Saturdays, the club promises "the country's top comedians." Shows are at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. Mondays and Tuesdays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 7/17–7/20: Kevin Meaney. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100). $12.50–$18.50; two-drink minimum.*

Catch a Rising Star—The high-class variety showplace is in the process of broadening its focus from straight stand-up to a mix of sketch and alternative comedy, theater, and musical performances. Visitors to the Catch Bar & Grill can view all of the above at "The Loft," a stage set as an N.Y.C. apartment. Mondays, "Monday Night Fool's Ball," a stand-up, sketch, and music revue. Tuesdays are new-talent nights. Shows Mon. and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Wed. and Thurs. at 9 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11 P.M. *253 W. 28th St. (244-3005).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11 P.M.; Sat. at 9 P.M., 10:45 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun–Thurs. at 9 P.M. 7/14–7/20: Colin Quinn; Dave Attell; Gregg Rogell. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. 7/14–7/20: Kent Kasper; Joe Mulligan; Richie Byrne. Fri. at 9 and 11:15 P.M.; Sat. at 8 P.M., 10:30 P.M., and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45 P.M. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat.; $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—An elegant, trendy, and palatial comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Sun., Mon., and Tues. at 8:30 P.M.; Thurs. at 8:30 and 11 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 9 and 11:30 P.M. Cover is $12 plus two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights. 7/18–7/19: Jeff Ross; Tony Powell; Al Lubel; Frank Vignola. Every Saturday, Chris Rush's "Don't Pee in My Stream of Consciousness." *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 7/17: The Funniest Lawyer contest. 7/18–7/19: Sunda Croonquist; Linda Smith; Gregg Rogelle; Billy Jaye. Sun.–Thurs. at 7; Fri.–Sat. at 7, 9, and 11:30 P.M. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850). $7–$12.*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Through 7/19: 27-year-old on the make Tom Postilio. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $35; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800, ext. 154).*

Bemelmans Bar—Peter Mintun returns, Tues.–Sat. 9:30 P.M.–1:30 A.M. $10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings on with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Tues.–Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45 P.M. $45; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Eighty-Eight's—A West Village venue whose unassuming façade conceals a top-notch little theater within. Thursdays in July, *Victor/Victoria* understudy Anne Runolfsson. $12, with a two-drink minimum. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

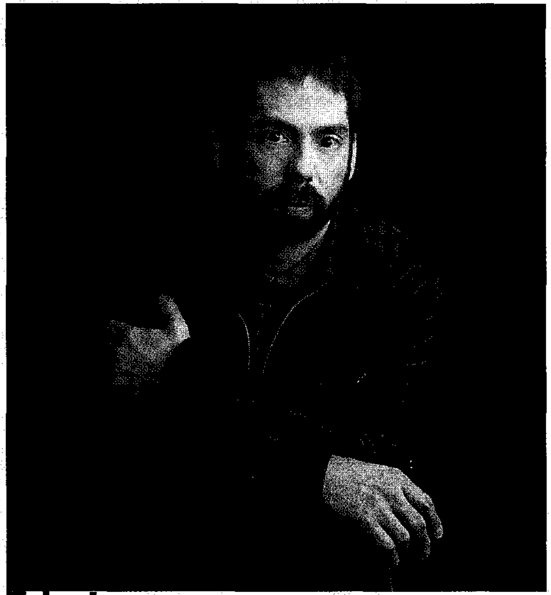
Rainbow and Stars—Romance, prewar charm, and wood paneling, hundreds of feet above midtown. 7/8–7/19: Steve Ross's "I Won't Dance: A Fred Astaire Celebration." $40 cover. Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 P.M.; Fri. and Sat. at 11 P.M.; dinner required at early shows. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Ed Sullivan's—Tucked practically inside the Ed Sullivan Theater, the old-man bar turned chichi dining spot offers swing jazz nightly and a waiter who looks just like the place's namesake. Thursdays: The Ed Swanston Trio. Every Friday, Sullivan's is home to the Harlem All-Stars. 7/16: San Francisco's Indigo Swing. 7/18: 8 ½ Souvenirs. No cover; two-drink minimum Fri. and Sat. *1697 Broadway, bet. 53rd and 54th Sts. (541-1697).*

Windows on the World—Every Wednesday, "Strato-Lounge" turns the "Greatest Bar on Earth" into full-on cocktail nation freakfest. 7/16: Neil Sugarman Three. 7/18–7/19: Beat Positive. 7/20–7/21 Indigo Swing. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floo (524-7000).*

Bars

Venue—The owners claim Jerry Seinfeld's hun out here; if so, he's one of a brave handful. A re cent weeknight at Venue found a custome count ranging from zero, at 9:30, all the way u to a whopping dozen, just after midnight. A night long, prospective Venue-goers poked curi ous heads in the door, then turned tail. (Strang then, that the bartender told us she was out three of five draft beers: Where did the suds g Down the gullets of extraordinarily thirsty U per West Siders?) All this, while nearby yupp watering holes like Prohibition were overflowing with customers. The perfect location for a intimate evening with Jerry Seinfeld—or a TV star. *505 Columbus Ave., bet. 84th and 85 St. (579-9463).*



Talent

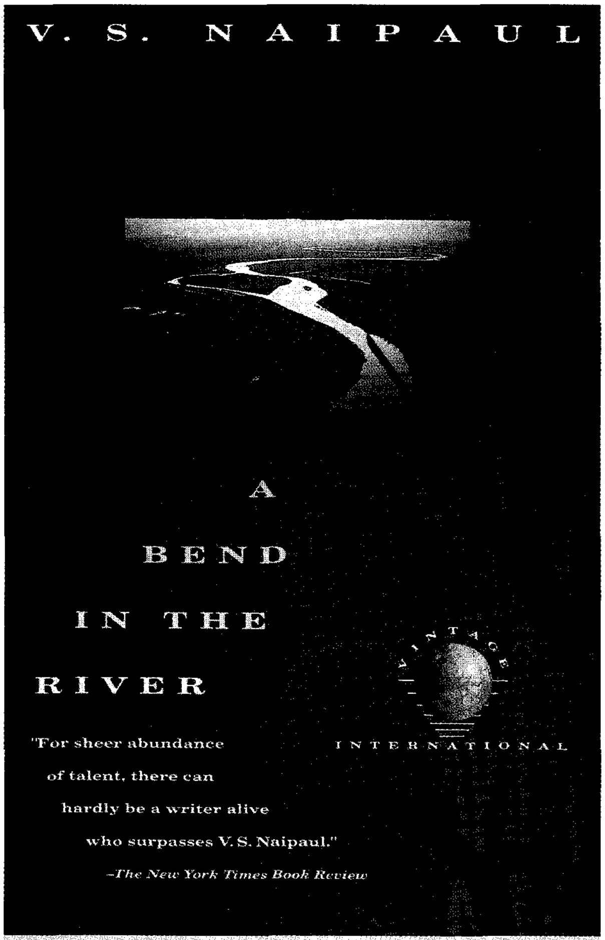
Strayhorn Serenade

Pianist Fred Hersch bows at the Vanguard July 15, leading his trio through six nights of sumptuously brainy numbers from his new Billy Strayhorn–fêting 'Passion Flower,' as well as classics by Monk, Porter, and Shorter.

Photograph by Timothy Greenfield Sande

the mix

Unveiling Amis...Enshrining Naipaul


V. S. NAIPAUL
A BEND IN THE RIVER
"For sheer abundance of talent, there can hardly be a writer alive who surpasses V. S. Naipaul."
–The New York Times Book Review
VINTAGE INTERNATIONAL

In Print No one since Conrad has written as incisively as V. S. Naipaul about what he calls "the half-made societies that seemed doomed to remain half-made." But although Naipaul is still writing (and with the full powers of maturity), he is—inexplicably—no longer writing novels. It is an appropriate moment, then, for Random House's Modern Library to reissue his finest book, the unsentimental tour de force *A Bend in the River* ($16.50).

John Leonard's Television Notes

In Whose Honor? (7/15; 10 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) takes the "P.O.V." of Spokane Indian Charlene Teters, a graduate student at the University of Illinois who has something to teach all of us about culture and identity as she campaigns against her university's team mascot, Chief Illiniwek. You may think that making a fuss about the Cleveland Indians and the Atlanta Braves, not to mention the St. John's Redmen, is supersensitive or an overreaction. But this is because you haven't really thought about Little Black Sambo or the Frito Bandito.

Namib, Africa's Burning Shore (7/16; 8 to 9 P.M.; Channel 13) goes very far south in search another of those *Reader's Digest* "Living Edens" and finds a 1,000-mile coastline where a brutally hot desert meets a frigidly cold sea, which may be good for antelopes and cormorants but is hard on the cow-size fur seals whose pups are preyed upon by jackals and hyenas. And this isn't even to mention the people who end up in this part of the world. Linda Hunt narrates.

Our Mother's Murder (7/16; 9 to 11 P.M.; USA) is a docudramatic version of the Anne Scripps Douglas murder, with Roxanne Hart as the publishing heiress, James Wilder as the abusive, alcoholic second husband who killed her with a hammer and then jumped off the Tappan Zee Bridge, and Holly Marie Combs and Sarah Chalke as the surviving daughters who approved the making of this so-so TV movie.

Dead Fire (7/19; 9 to 11 P.M.; Sci-Fi) asks C. Thomas Howell, a pool shark fresh out of cryogenic hibernation in a deep-space freezer, to help brilliant blonde scientist Monika Schnarre and *Die Hard* commando Colin Cunningham save a radiation-poisoned planet Earth from the mad messianic designs of an evil Matt Frewer, when they really should have thawed out Howell's twin brother, the physicist. Everybody has fun with lasers, although Frewer, when he isn't parodying himself in previous freakish roles, also likes to lick the necks of frightened women.

Tales From a Parallel Universe (Saturdays, 7/19 through 8/9; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; TMC) wants us to spend a total of six hours a couple of thousand years into an alternative future in which once-dead Brunnen-G warrior chief Michael McManus, liposuctioned love slave Eva Habermann, and clownish Brian Downey require the help of mini-series guest stars Barry Bostwick, Tim Curry, Rutger Hauer, and Malcolm McDowell to deliver the universe from the evil empire of His Shadow, not to mention "Cluster lizards," robotic drones, and a "protein bank" of what's left over after they've already harvested eyeballs, kidneys, and testicles. *Star Wars* meets *Dune* and they play Dungeons & Dragons.

Rough Riders (7/20 and 7/21; 8 to 10 P.M.; TNT) refights the Spanish-American War, with Tom Berenger as Teddy Roosevelt, the late Brian Keith as William McKinley, George Hamilton as William Randolph Hearst, and Sam Elliott, Gary Busey, Brad Johnson, and Chris Noth as those Ivy League cowboy imperialists who went up San Juan Hill and into the disinforming history books as heroes, kicking butt in enigmatic Cuba. John Milius wrote the mini-series and also directs it, as if we should all be proud instead of ashamed of ourselves.

Mission Genesis (7/21; 7:30 to 8 P.M.; Sci-Fi) starts off a half-hour summer series of Cub Scouts in Deep Space—with names like Reb, Yuna, Bren, Gret, Lise, and Zak—waking up in the frozen-foods compartment of a refugee craft fleeing a plague-stricken Earth, to discover not only that they are surrounded by many alien enemies, and that their computer doesn't work, and that their hologram guidance counselor is uppity, but that they themselves are clones, albeit horny.

Radio Highlights

Casper Citron—7/19 at 10 P.M.: Dr. Christine Cassel, head of geriatrics at Mt. Sinai, talks with Sean Morrison, M.D., about the Palliative Care Program, coping with the stress and pain of dying; Grace Mirabella discusses her latest ventures; Judge Burton S. Katz of Los Angeles discusses *Justice Overruled: Unmasking the Criminal Justice System;* Jennifer Gould, a young journalist, discusses her book *Vodka, Tears and Lenin's Angel.* WOR, 710 AM.

City Folk—7/15: A day of singer-songwriters, including Cheryl Wheeler, Loudon Wainwright, Paul Simon, Dar Williams, Greg Brown, James Taylor, Christine Lavin, and Dan Bern. 7/16: A day with Elvis Costello. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

Will the Circle Be Unbroken?—7/16: The Rise of Black Political Power to the Present: Atlanta's transformation from a city of white politicians to one led by blacks. Wednesdays at 8. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

The Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra—7/14 at 9:05: A live performance of works by Brahms and Dvořák. Yo Yo Ma is the soloist. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

New York and Company—7/15: Peter Sampton and other NYC designers evaluate the architecture of low-income and affordable housing; Lan Cao on *Monkey Bridge.* 7/16: Etymologist Richard Lederer on coping with English; Carolyn Ferrell on *Don't Erase Me.* 7/17: Housing Commissioner Reuben Franco and residents of Coney Island's housing projects discuss all that's good and bad about public housing. 7/18: A panel discussion of housing projects that work, with Brent Sharman, director of Community Service Society, and three residents of different projects; Peter Huchtausen, author of *Hostile Waters,* discusses his story of a crippled Soviet submarine. 7/21: Stephen S. Hall, author of *A Commotion in the Blood,* and Robert Marion on *Rotations.* 7/22: Erica Jong on *Inventing Memory.* 7/23: Dan Fagin on *Toxic Deception,* the story of how the chemical industry manipulates science, bends the law, and endangers your health; Caryl Phillips and his new novel, *The Nature of Blood.* 7/24: Mark Kurlansky on *Cod,* a bio of the fish that changed the world; Mark Abrahamson on *The Grand Central Oyster Bar and Restaurant;* Lorenzo Carcaterra on his novel *Apaches.* Noon to 2 P.M. on WNYC, 820 AM. Leonard Lopate hosts.

The Written Word

Mary Morris and Kate Wheeler—7/23 at 7: Reading from *The Lifeguard* and *Not Where I Started From,* respectively. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (505-3360); free.

Gabriel Brownstein and Matthew Sharpe—7/16 at 7: Reading from *Video Video* and *A Car,* respectively. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (505-3360); free.

Eileen Myles and Ed Sanders—7/23 at 6:30: Reading from their recent work. The Poetry Project, Union Square Park at 16th St., between Broadway and Park Ave. (674-0910); free.

Ashton Applewhite—7/15 at 6: Reading from *Cutting Loose.* At Borders, 5 World Trade Center (839-8049); free.

Martin Amis—7/16 at 6:15: Reading from *Night Train.* At Benetton, 597 Fifth Ave., bet. 48th and 49th Sts. (685-4300, ext. 153); free.

Patricia Chao, Leah Hager Cohen, and Randye Lordon—7/16 at 7: Reading from their work and discussing the creative-writing process. At Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0819); free.

Joshua Henkin—7/23 at 7:30: Reading from *Swimming Across the Hudson,* Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 85th St. (362-8835); free.

Lectures and Panels

The Past, Present and Future of the Royal Opera House—7/17 at 6: Moderated by festival director John Rockwell, with Lord Chadlington, chairman of the Covent Garden Board, Nicholas Payne, director of the Royal Opera, and Anthony Dowell, director of the Royal Ballet. The Kaplan Penthouse, the Rose Building, 165 W. 65th St., tenth floor (875-5000); free.

The Gotham Publishing Society—7/17 at 7:30: A discussion of the magazine-and-book-publishing scene with *Esquire's* Randall Rothenberg, Colin Harrison of *Harper's,* and Fast Company's Polly LeBarre. Barnes & Noble, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0819); free.

"Resolved: Labor Unions Are Too Powerful"—7/17 at 2: A discussion with William F. Buckley Jr., Michael Kinsley, George Becker, Mark Green, Robert Kuttner, Robert Shrum, and Jerry Jasinowski. Cooper Union Foundation Building, 7th St. at Third Ave. (353-4155); free.

Events

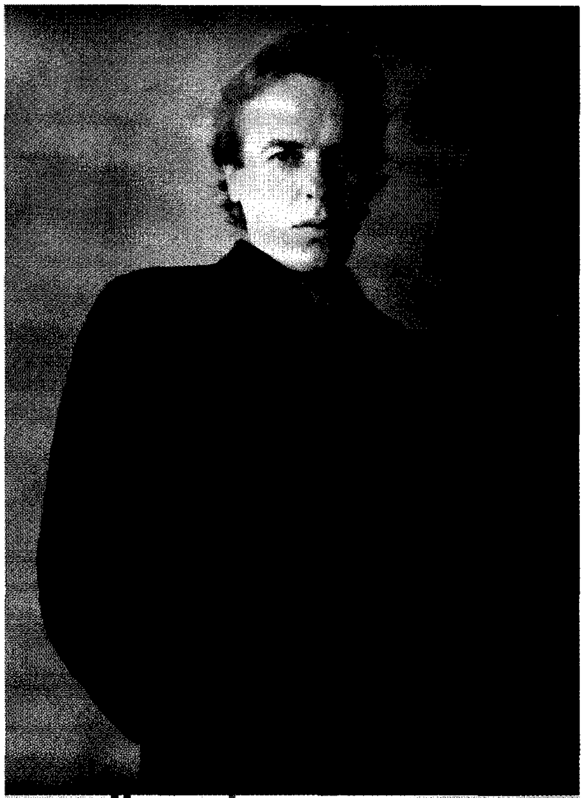
Bruce Cockburn and Robert Olen Butler—7/17 at 8:30: A spoken-word performance at SummerStage, Central Park. Tickets available at all Ticketmaster outlets, including HMV Record Stores; through Ticketmaster Charge By Phone (307-7171); and at SummerStage Shop during concerts.

Tours

Immigrant New York—7/19 at 1: Investigate the Jewish East Side, Chinatown, Little Italy, and what used to be called Little Ireland (the district of lower Manhattan between Chatham Square and Houston Street), Little Africa, and Little Germany. Meet at the front steps of City Hall. Call 439-1090 for more information; $9.

Ellis Island—7/19 at 1: A tour of the museum and grounds with a talk on the history of American immigration. Meet at the flagpole at the center of Castle Clinton National Monument, located in Battery Park. Call 439-1090 for more information; $9.

Central Park at Twilight—7/19 at 5: A chance to experience our collective backyard in the evening. Meet at the northwest corner of 66th St. and Central Park West. Call 439-1090 for more information; $9.



Happening
Famous Amis

The most reliably swaggering novelist of his generation is nearly ready with his thirteenth book (to be published next February by Harmony Books). Martin Amis reads from 'Night Train' at è caffè at Benetton on July 16. See listings.

Photograph by Gary Isaacs

Exhibitions

Before Central Park: The Life and Death of Seneca Village—Through 8/10: From the 1820s through the 1850s, a substantial African-American community known as Seneca Village thrived on what is now the west side of Central Park alongside the Great Lawn. This exhibition tells the story of that forgotten community. At the New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park West (873-3400).

"Reproducing the Past: The Colonial Revival Movement"—Through 8/31: This exhibition explores the effect the Colonial period had on our national consciousness. More than 100 objects will be on view, including faithful furniture reproductions, photographs, and advertisements from the period. At the Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1778).

Lillian Bassman—Through 8/16: In her 80 years, Bassman has helped define the trajectory of fashion photography. This exhibition will include more than 100 images. Fashion Institute of Technology, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (217-5800); free.

"A Long Look at Fifth Avenue"—Through 9/8: The result of the Municipal Art Society's "Fifth Avenue Design Competition," in which ten architectural firms and individuals were asked to submit comprehensive design schemes for Fifth Avenue in the next millennium. MAS, 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (935-3960); free.

Sports

Mayor's Cup Handball Championship Finals—7/19; 9 A.M.: Top handball players from around the city convene in Coney Island for the area's largest one-wall handball event. *West 5th St. courts at Coney Island. Free. Call 516-481-8950 for information.*

Croton Aqueduct Adventure—7/20; 9 A.M.: The Five Borough Bike Club follows the trail of Manhattan's original water supply system through the woods, parks and backyards of Westchester. The 35-mile ride is mostly on flat, well-maintained terrain. *You'll need a Metro-North bike permit and $6 fare. Meet at Van Cortlandt Park at Broadway and 242nd St. Call 932-2300, ext. 350 for information.*

Baseball—7/14–15: Yankees vs. Cleveland Indians at 7:35 P.M. and 1:05 P.M. (MSGN); 7/16–17: Mets vs. Chicago Cubs at 7:40 P.M. (Sportschannel) and 12:10 P.M. (WWOR); 7/18–21: Mets vs. Cincinnati Reds at 7:40 P.M. (WWOR); 1:15 P.M. (FOX); 1:40 P.M. (Sportschannel); 1:40 P.M. (WWOR)

Women's Basketball—7/15: Liberty vs. Cleveland Rockers at 7:30 P.M., Madison Square Garden (MSGN); 7/17: Liberty vs. Utah Starzz at 7:30 P.M. (MSGN); 7/19: Liberty vs. Los Angeles Sparks at 4 p.m. (NBC)

Online

Food Fetish—The Internet Chef site contains monthly columns, feature articles and interviews, but the real treat here is the searchable recipe archive, which contains thousands of cross-referenced ideas for great meals. Searching on the keywords *bread pudding,* for example, found 25 separate varieties, ranging from tropical, apple, and maple to chocolate, pineapple, and eggnog. *www.ichef.com*

If I Had a Hammer—If putting down a new patio is your idea of summer fun, consult these two home-improvement sites, which offer step-by-step instructions for a variety of do-it-yourself projects. The *Hometime* and *This Old House* Web pages (sponsored by the television shows of the same names) provide more detail than a 30-minute broadcast can offer, such as diagrams and advice about common problems as well as user forms where aspiring handymen can swap trivia about joists and dowels. *www.thisoldhouse.com* and *www.hometime.com*

Klezmer, Schmezmer—The Jewish Music Network will plug you into reviews of new CDs, updates on concert tours, and Real Audio clips of current releases. *www.jewish-music.com*

Lands of No Return—If your ideal summer vacation includes being chased by cannibals or being menaced by terrorists, the *Fielding's Dangerous Places* site is worth a look. Categories of destinations includes plain old Dangerous Places (Cambodia) as well as Forbidden Places (Cuba) and Criminal Places (Chechnya), whatever that means. The site offers strategies for getting in and out and advice on what to see (from a concealed vantage point, presumably) while there. *www.fieldingtravel.com/dp*

Total Body Workout—This page gives the uninitiated an introduction to the joys (and rigors) of windsurfing. In addition to a lot of information that you don't need ("The History of Windsurfing"), you'll find information about equipment (and how to shop for it without getting rooked), lessons, and windsurfing vacations for beginners. *www.windsurfer.com/Beginners/index.html*

The Children's Hour—The KIDS project (Kids Identifying and Discovering Sites) is designed to create a Web-based resource for children written by children. Several dozen students (grades K–12) from two schools (one in Madison, Wisconsin; the other in Boulder, Colorado) write and edit each issue with a little help from teachers, and they're doing a pretty darn good job. *www.scout.cs.wisc.edu/scout/KIDS/index.html*

in concert

Masur's Birthday at the Met...MGM Hits at Carnegie Hall

Classical Music

Tuesday, July 15

Music From MGM Musicals—Roddy McDowall and Michael Feinstein host, and Donald O'Connor and Mickey Rooney, among others, perform; Larry Blank, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $18–$100.*

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Performs Vivaldi, with guitar soloist Jorge Caballero. *Naumburg Bandshell, Central Park (787-0084), at 7:30; free.*

New York Choral Society—Performs Mozart's *Mass in C Minor;* Gwen Gould, conductor. *Cami Hall, 165 W. 57th St. (247-3878), at 7:30; $8.*

Wednesday, July 16

Christoph Homberger, Tenor—Performs all fifteen parts of *The Magic Flute* unaccompanied; Herbert Wernicke, director. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $40.*

Music From M-G-M Musicals—See 7/15.

Thursday, July 17

Bargemusic—Works by Moszkowski, Shostakovich, and Brahms. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

New York Choral Society—Performs Vivaldi's *Gloria* and Mozart's *Requiem;* Robert de Cormier, conductor. *Cami Hall, 165 W. 57th St. (247-3878), at 7:30; $8.*

Christoph Homberger, Tenor—See 7/16.

Friday, July 18

New York Philharmonic—Celebrates Kurt Masur's seventieth birthday with Pfizner and Bizet performed by Anne-Sophie Mutter, violin, and the Royal Opera Concert; Masur conducts. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20–$55.*

Summergarden—Jennifer Drautschi, violin, and Nari Matsuura, piano, perform Mamlok, Schoenberg, Bartok, and Foss. *Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400), at 8:30; free.*

Bargemusic—Works by Mozart, Janáček, Schumann, Bartók, and Respighi. *Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge, Brooklyn (718-624-4061), at 7:30; $15–$23.*

Christoph Homberger, Tenor—See 7/16.

Saturday, July 19

New York Philharmonic—Performs Brahms and Mendelssohn; Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $20–$55.*

Summergarden—See 7/18.

Sunday, July 20

St. Bartholomew's Choir—Performs Brahms and Palestrina. *St. Bartholomew's Church, 105 E. 50th St., at 11 a.m.; free.*

Bargemusic—See 7/18, at 4.

New York Philharmonic—See 7/19.

Monday, July 21

Umabatha—The story of Macbeth and his lady—Umabatha and Kamadonsela, rather—told by a 66-person Zulu troupe. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $25–$60.*

New York Philharmonic—See 7/19.

Opera

The Royal Opera—Performs Pfizner's *Palestrina;* Christian Thielemann, conductor, 7/21 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7; $20–$120.*

Dicapo Opera—Performs excerpts from Verdi operas including *Aida, La Traviata, Rigoletto, and Il Trovatore,* 7/20 at 3. *Pier 54, at N. Moore St. and the Hudson River (533-PARK); free.*

Dance

Royal Ballet—Performs *Prince of the Pagodas,* 7/18–7/19 at 8, *Cinderella,* 7/20 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (721-6500); $25–$65.*

Wendy Perron Project—Performs *Downtown Underground,* 7/15 and 7/16 at 8. *La Guardia High School of Music & Art, 108 Amsterdam Ave., at 64th St. (875-5000); $35.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

In Concert

Lord of the Dance

'Madame Our Founder very much believes in reincarnation," says Sir Anthony Dowell, his lofty cadence quite free of irony. Having served the Royal Ballet since his days as its sensational *danseur noble,* the ballet's 54-year-old artistic director isn't just full of noblesse oblige. He is, in fact, the key animus of the ballet's reincarnation—the last living embodiment of its august tradition, soon to come under scrutiny at the Lincoln Center Festival. "Now," he says, "it's time for me to . . . plow it into the youngsters." He titters at the unfortunate word choice. "To be terribly crude." Never mind plowing the pink-cheeked corps—Dowell faces challenges unknown to his predecessors. Controversy has lately surrounded the Royal Opera House, home to both the opera and ballet. Last year, a six-part BBC documentary revealed the establishment to be as rife with power struggles and diva fits offstage as on. In a cameo, Dowell slumps down in his seat, aghast as 24-year-old Darcey Bussell, with just hours remaining before her debut, slips and slides in a role Dowell insisted she was prepared for. There's also heated political debate over the house's immense grants. This month, the colonnaded London theater closed for a $350 million modernization, leaving the opera and ballet to tour for two and a half years. And just last week, the Royal Opera House's CEO resigned with the widely dismissed excuse of "ill health." Perhaps it's not surprising then when Dowell, asked how long he'd like to remain the ballet's director, responds with ten seconds of laughter. "Ah, well," he says at last, "times fraught as they are, we must reinvent ourselves." Reinvention, apparently, will come by way of remembrance. Dowell's choice of repertoire for this week's performance runs to blue-chip crowd-pleasers along the lines of Frederick Ashton's *Cinderella* and Kenneth MacMillan's *Frog Prince*-ish fairy tale *Prince of the Pagodas* (in which Dowell plays the doddering Emperor), rather than to more experimental works. "We're doing big classics these days," Dowell admits. "They bring in new audiences, and they still build the strongest dancers." But, he insists, this slightly populist tack is unclouded by nostalgia. "Yes, there were golden eras," says Dowell. "But you can't preserve them. Times change, generations change, life changes." Madame Our Founder understands. **VANESSA GRIGORIADIS**

tograph by Bill Cooper.

kids

Beading . . . Beachcombing

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Children's Events

Day of the Bus—For the fifth year in a row, the venerable fleet of buses the MTA has in its collection—dating back to horse-drawn vehicles—get to see the light of day in a "Bus Festival and Block Party" conveniently close to the **NEW YORK TRANSIT MUSEUM,** a former subway station where the buses reside the rest of the year. Sure, there will be live music, videos, and children's events, including a chance to build a model bus and design badges. But get real: It's the chance to tour the neighborhood on a horse-drawn omnibus, and see the newest MetroCard Gold Bus and a wooden open-top 1917 double-decker, that will make the day memorable. 7/19 from 10 to 4. Boerum Pl. and Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn Heights (718-694-5102); $5 admission, $2 seniors and children, includes admission to the museum. ●

Lincoln Center Festival—A family festival per se it most decidedly isn't. But consider taking children along to either *Le Cercle Invisible* or to *Cinderella.* In the former, live rabbits and geese are incorporated into a witty French vaudeville spectacle, 7/22 through 7/25 at 7, and 7/26 at 2. John Jay College Theater, Tenth Ave. bet. 58th and 59th Sts.; $45. *Cinderella,* a revival of Sir Frederick Ashton's production, set to Prokofiev's celebrated score, is performed by the Royal Ballet, 7/20 at 8, 7/23, 7/24, and 7/26 at 1:30; $25 to $65. For tickets to all Festival events, call 721-6500; for information, call 875-5928.

Bead Heaven—Kids who are strung out on beading can mingle with adults of the same persuasion at a weekend-long bead-in called "The World of Beads," co-sponsored by the Bead Society of Greater New York and the **AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM.** Experts in arcane techniques like pearl-knotting and bead-embroidery can be observed and peppered with questions. Special workshops for children over 4, with help from an adult, include paper-bead-making, macramé with beads, daisy chains, and origami-bead-making. 7/18 through 7/20, from 11 to 5 daily. 40 W. 53rd St. (965-3535). Admission is $5, $2.50 students and seniors, children under 12 admitted free.●

Rabbit Sense—An original jazzy song-and-dance musical, recommended for ages 3 to adult, mixes "Brer Rabbit" characters with sibling-rivalry issues. The show, with a book by Davidson Lloyd, music by John Kroner, and lyrics by Gary Gardner, is performed by 25 kids from all sorts of backgrounds and corners of New York City who have worked extraordinarily hard to produce a polished show. 7/18 through 8/17 on Tues., Wed., and Fri. at noon and 2 (except 7/18); Sat. at 1 and 3; 7/20 and 8/17 at 1 and 3; and 7/18 and 7/29 at 7:30. 120 W. 28th St., bet. Sixth and Seventh Aves. (627-1732); tickets $12, $6 kids under 17.

Under Construction—Make a small version of Pippi Longstocking's fabled Villa Villekulla—the house where she lived with her horse, her monkey, and no grown-ups to boss her around—to take home. 7/15 through 7/28, Tues. through Fri. 10 to 4, Sat. 10 to 5, Sun. noon to 5. **THE HUDSON VALLEY CHILDREN'S MUSEUM,** Nyack Seaport, 21C Burd St. (914-358-2191). Recycled materials are $1 in addition to the regular $4 admission.●

With My Little Eye—Play a game of I Spy around Central Park with a map that leads to special secret places in the Ramble. For ages 6 and up. 7/19 from 11 to 2. Belvedere Castle, mid-park at 79th St. (772-0210).●●

The Jungle Book—Theatreworks' musical version of Kipling's classic, in which Mowgli is raised entirely by animals, is recommended for children 5 and up. Performances are free, a summer tradition the professional theater, bless it, has kept up through nine consecutive Julys. Tickets are available at the box office on the day of the performance, beginning at 10 A.M., on a first-come, first-served basis. Through 7/31 at the **NEW VICTORY THEATER,** 209 W. 42nd St., just west of Seventh Ave. (642-6754).●

Frog Kissing—David Mamet's take on *The Frog Prince*—the classic story of arrogance getting its comeuppance—Sundays at 1 through 8/3. (Recommended for ages 8 and up.) **78TH STREET THEATRE LAB,** 236 W. 78th St. (873-9050); $8, $5 children.

Have Carpet Will Fly—Carved wooden marionettes perform the most famous of Scheherazade's *1,001 Tales of the Arabian Nights* in a show recommended for children ages 3 and up. *Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp,* set to the music of Aram Khachaturian's *Gayane Ballet Suite,* includes all manner of special effects, among them a flying carpet and a vanishing castle. Sundays, 7/20, 7/27, 8/3, and 8/10, at 1 and 3. **GREENWICH VILLAGE CENTER THEATER,** 219 Sullivan St. (718-965-3391). Admission $7, $5 children.

Gone Fishing—A few days remain at **PROSPECT PARK'**s Fifty-first Annual Fishing Contest, a Brooklyn rite of passage. Bamboo rods and biscuit-dough bait are given out, giving every child a chance to compete for the distinction of catching the longest, the biggest, the most fish . . . or some dozen other fishing accolades. Through 7/19, from 10 to 2. Lakeside, near Kate Wollman Ice Skating Rink. Enter the park at Parkside and Ocean Ave. (718-965-8999). ●●

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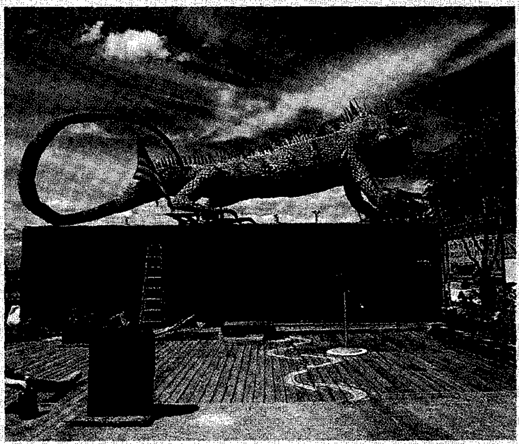

Photograph by Steven Freem

Eccentric families need no longer feel left out of the West Side's booming downtown waterfront, with its jolly checkered yellow water taxis, abundant athletic facilities, and mobs of Rollerbladers: The lovably weird Pier 25, at North Moore Street, has been cobbled together just for them. With the bizarre addition this spring of Iggy, the 40-foot iguana that once graced the rooftop of the old Lone Star Cafe on lower Fifth Avenue, the place really comes into its own. There's a delightfully unplanned, un-gussied-up feel to Pier 25. The billboard facing the biking path promises PIER 25 CHILDREN'S PARK, BEACH VOLLEYBALL, HISTORIC BOATS, FOOD AND ICE CREAM. A long, skinny flower garden meanders toward New Jersey. On a vast sandpile called "the beach," children systematically run through a sprinkler, getting looks from their parents as they coat themselves with sand. Picnic tables, lined up next to an unassuming café with an oil-can grill, command views of both the beach volleyball and bocce courts. Summer is the season kids can drop by to mush clay at weekend sculpture classes or lower borrowed fishing rods into the waters of the Hudson. Fraidy Aber, a biology graduate, is at the ready (Wednesdays through Sundays) to help identify any fish that do get caught and place them in a holding tank, so everyone can dash over from games of miniature golf, checkers, and Koosh Ball for a better look. (The catch—eels and striped bass, mostly—is thrown back.) How many places in Manhattan can you go to watch a sunset and, acting purely on impulse, borrow and begin playing a game of Twister? Or watch *Jaws* on an open-air screen (July 26 at 8) with the whirr of the city on one side, the river on the other, and your toes curled in the sand? (For more information about activities and scheduled events at the pier, call the Hudson River Park Conservancy Special Events Hotline, at 533-PARK.)

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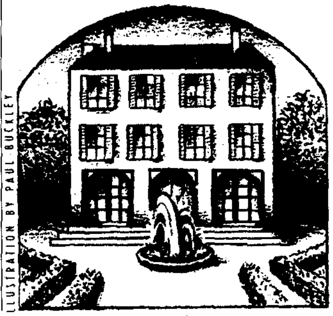

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High Caliber European Lady—Stylish, curvaceous, feminine, blond widow, gracious, refined, devotee of the arts, citizen of the world. Thinks passionately, loves intelligently, lives joyously. Seeks life-enhancing relationship with lively, silver-haired gentleman, 60s-70ish, of similar ilk. 7465 ✉

Very Attractive—Physically fit woman, 5'6", 125lbs, blond/blue, 40's, financially and emotionally secure. My passion for life has taught me to be a loving, honest person with a sense of humor. If you are an attractive male, physically fit, secure and enjoy life, please send note/photo.7494 ✉ ☎

Are You Ms. Right—I'm mid 40s, very handsome (I'm told), 5'11", successful exec, loves life and all it has to offer. You're slim, fit, sexy, beautiful inside and out, under 38, for best friend and hopefully more. Photo/note. 7523 ✉

Gay, European—33, 6'1", very handsome editor seeks attractive, successful man to date. POB 14, NYC 10012.

Rare—Entrepreneur (fast food, airline), ewish, 39, 6'3 1/2", 202 lbs, gym-toned, good looks, kind soul, ex-White House, MBA/law, super uncle/family; never-married, seeks pretty, 5'5" plus, fit, classy gal for best friend, wife, terrific ife! Enjoy tennis/ski/boat/outdoors/wearing shorts/T-shirts. Exchange photo/note. POB 1233 Boca Raton, FL 33429.

Lover Of Sunsets—MD/PhD blue-eyed, 0, student artist and epicurean male seeks slim Jewish intellectual. 7475 ✉

Very Pretty Blond—Passionate, bright, lim, 45, happy single mom seeks ntelligent, sincere, successful, easygoing ewish male, 43-55, with a good sense of umor, to share life's pleasures. Note/ecent photo. 7498 ✉

ingle Jewish Male, 33—Is seeking male friend and companion to explore he many wonderful things life has to ffer. I am a professional, who also aches skiing. I love movies, reading, the utdoors, music, cooking, and want to hare these things with a compassionate, telligent person who possesses a great nse of humor. 7510 ✉

retty, Petite, Educated—Smart, ealthy, 212 woman, seeks 58 plus, prossional, wonderful, caring man. 7507 ✉

andsome, Well-Built Executive—44, lt/pepper. Love city life and wish to are it with slim, attractive woman, 29-. Impassioned by art, music, travel, film. m trustworthy and commitment-minded. ou are independent, laugh easily and comrtable in any social situation. You exude f-confidence and sex appeal. This could the one. Note/photo. 7522 ✉ ☎

Summer Fun—Handsome professional, successful, secure and fun to be with seeks attractive, athletic woman, 26-33 who enjoys being spoiled. Catholic a plus, good sense of humor a must. Photo. 7503 ✉

Seeking Summer Romance—Attractive, NJ Jewish female, 35, who's sexy and vivacious, seeks a handsome, professional and hopefully romantic, Jewish male, 33-42, for a relationship to last all season. Note, photo, phone. 7509 ✉

Strong Yet Gentle Man—49, handsome, trim, 5'11", materially comfortable, spiritually and socially rich, well-educated, athletic, seeks passionate, playful, empathetic, quite striking woman, preferably with small child(ren) or desiring family. Photo helpful. 7515 ✉

Sensational Scorpio—Pretty, intense, dark eyes, slim, 55 (looks 40), professional; loyal, good friend. Likes music from Bach to the Beatles; Ethiopian food; laughter. 7521 ✉

In Search Of A Lovely Lady—For our boss. 35, good-looking, kind, athletic, very funny, owns successful business, never-married and ready to share the rewards of his hard work with the right woman. If you are a single white female, sincere and attractive, please send note, photo, phone. 7473 ✉

"Woof!—Meet My Mom: She's very pretty, gentle, petite, blond, 5'5", 110, professional and fit. You are 48-60 and own an elegant soul. Join us for an AM beach walk" - Mr. Bear. Note/photo. 7495 ✉ ☎

Honest Lawyer (Really!)—Ivy-educated overachiever, 31, finishing second grad degree, very athletic, loves exploring New York, wine, and song. Seeks an outgoing, attractive and warm, artistic woman, for a committed relationship. Note/photo/phone. 7532 ✉

THE ASPCA'S STRICTLY PERSONALS

This clever, cheeky canine is ready to commit. I sit great and don't kiss bad either. **Ask for Lefty.**

Witty, athletic redhead seeks urban explorer for long walks in the park. **Call me Ms. Crabtree.**

I've got tiger markings and a renegade swagger. For you I'll be a pussycat. **Ask for Harry.**

Petite and irrepressible. Gaze in my guinea pig eyes and try to resist my charms. **Pandora.**

Named after my old stomping ground, looking for a new deal. Part lab, all love. **Ask for FDR.**

Slim, attractive young feline seeks discrete companion who knows how to treat a lady. **Ask for Tiffany.**

Make a connection - meet these animals and others at ASPCA adoptions.

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Mon.-Sat. 11-7; Sun. 12-5 424 E. 92nd Street 212•876•7700 x4120
Visit our cyber-shelter http:www.aspca.org

Gay White Female—35, PhD, pretty, sincere, health conscious femme with fine taste, seeks young professional for fun and love. Xerox photo. 7469 ✉ ☎

Affectionate, Caring, Romantic—This fun-to-be-with businessman would like to share his life with you. Nifty 50s, 6'3", 185, enjoys ballet, quality conversation, active sports lifestyle, nonsmoker. Hopes to find that one special woman with feet on the ground and zest for life. Handwritten note. Photo exchanged. 7505 ✉

Maybe This Can Actually Work—Banker, extremely athletic, good-looking, 41-years-old, seeking single Jewish female, to 36, who thinks that a telephone call is worth the risk. 7485 ✉ ☎

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New York Magazine's
Strictly Personals
Hot Fun In The Summer time
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AT THE FABULOUS
COPACABANA
617 W. 57th St. (great parking and lots of cabs!)

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Mail check or money order by Aug. 7th to:

New York Magazine Party,
2 Park Ave., NY, NY 10016.

Tickets will be mailed to you and a list will be at the door.
FOR MORE INFORMATION, INCLUDING DISCOUNT PARKING, CALL:
212-545-3676

Dancer—Successful, bright, elegant, 5'7", white, pretty, diverse interests, one child, seeks companionship with exec/professional gentleman; successful, refined, sincere, nonsmoker, 49-65, classical music lover. Photo. 7497 ✉

Real Woman—With heart, mind and spirit to match, also very pretty 5'7", blond nonsmoker seeks male counterpart, 45-55, to share life. Note/photo. 7496 ✉ ☎

Philosophy PhD—Enjoys classical music, sci-fi films, seeks Manhattan Miss, slim, 30s. POB 539, NYC 10101.

Man With Heart Of Gold—Professional, Jewish, athletic, nonsmoker, sincere, great sense of humor, 40, 5'9", looking to share life with a younger, nonsmoker, single Jewish female who enjoys movies, shows, dining out, sports, among other things. If you want to meet a great guy please respond, you never know, this golden heart could be yours. It's up to you, don't let me be another one that got away. Note/photo a plus. 7493 ✉

Pretty, 28, Female—Wants tall, thin, 57, male to spend life with. Prefer college president. Kind to my children. 7491 ✉

Musical, Divorced Mom—Seeks nice man, (45-60) with a sense of humor. Kids a plus. 7546 ✉

Princess Had Sufficient Princes—seeks 45+, professional, warm-hearted, honest, solvent, good-looking frog. 7543 ✉ ☎

This Old Fart—Of 65, enjoys life, can and does go first class, looking for young chippy - if not in age, at least in spirit. Phone and photo. 7538 ✉

Substance And Style—Beautiful blond woman, writer, slim, 5'8", very fit (yoga) residing in Manhattan (lived in Europe), financially independent, highly educated, with an insatiable curiosity and quest for knowledge, passionate about my work. I have a sense of adventure (and humor). I am intellectual, warm, caring, and full of fun. I love books, music, art, travel, nature, dinners with beautiful food and provocative conversation. Seeking one rare man to love, with similar interests and sensibilities, approximately 43-57, who is kind, emotionally aware, with humor and integrity, and who takes care of himself body, mind and spirit. Impossible? Please send personal handwritten letter, telling me about yourself, photo/phone. 7516 ✉

Strictly Personals

Bright and Beautiful—Single, White Jewish Female, 27, curly light brown hair, and big blue eyes. Seeks kind, handsome, financially secure, single white Jewish Male. Note/photo/phone. 7484 ✉

Young-Looking/Minded—*Professional* female, 5'8", attractive, outgoing, good sense of humor, loves rollerblading, ice skating, dancing, dining, nature and cats. Looking for like-minded, athletic, nonsmoking male, 45-52, for sharing interests and life. Photo, please. 7482✉☎

Beautiful Single Mom—Seeks handsome single dad for everlasting true love. Warm, soft, *sensitive* lady, 43 (looks 30) - book publishing, director - romantic, exciting, passionate, high energy, arts, travel, dancing, adventures, and mother of 8-year-old girl, 10-year-old boy - desires same in nonsmoking male, 40-53. Your children come as a package with you. Note/photo/phone. 7511 ✉ ☎

Timing Is Everything!—Successful, *compassionate, communicative* man, 41, athletic, 5'10", ready for marriage/family, seeks fit Jewish woman, 30-37, smart, sensitive, affectionate, for a loving future together. Photo helpful. 7461 ✉

Beautiful Woman MD—Slim, gentle, with warmth, humor, sensitivity, optimism, 40s, seeks exceptional man. 7478 ✉

Beautiful, Successful, Jewish Female—34, energetic, fun-loving, sincere, great sense of humor, committed to a healthy lifestyle, seeks male with same to live life to the max. Note/photo/phone. 7525✉☎

Very Pretty, Intelligent—Blue-eyed artist, who is passionate about life, 43, seeks handsome, playful, compassionate, soulmate, 5'10" up, 40-56. Photo. 7466 ✉

Extremely Beautiful And Elegant—Tall, blond, green-eyed European lady, mid 30s, seeking ruggedly handsome, passionate, fit and accomplished man, 35-45, 6' and up. Photo a must. 7544 ✉

Romantic Beach Man—With new boat. Seeks younger, adventurous, fun-loving beach lady, to share life's adventures with. I'm 45, 6', 175, blue-collared business owner from LI. Loves sports - affectionate - marriage-minded. Athletic body, cute face, tan bald head, caring heart. Please, photo a must for reply. 7502 ✉

Are You—An independent, open-minded and down-to-earth woman in her late 30s, who reads the NY Times, likes the theater and sports? Do you value honesty in people and friendship in relationships? If so, I'm a secure and successful, tall, trim and handsome man in his 40s, who lives midtown and would like to meet you. Current photo. 7549 ✉

Big Blue Eyes—Pretty, petite, outgoing, professional female, seeks athletic, professional, nice guy, with sense of humor, love for animals. Drug free, nonsmoker, Christian, 29-43. Note/photo. 7468 ✉

Down-To-Earth, Beautiful, Intelligent—Tall woman, 45, would like to meet Jimmy Stewart kind of guy, 45-55. 7499 ✉

Great Head, Body And Soul—Extremely attractive, definitely from a one-of-a-kind mold. Won't do dishes, floors or windows, but will attempt anything else within reason! Seeking extraordinary Jewish male, age 40-58, attractive, fun-loving, *smart, successful and loving. Photo.* 7512✉

Lover Of The Arts—Jewish male, 36, dissertating in English literature. Have at times been known to be witty, intelligent, even charming on a good day. Loves literature, classical music, opera, lieder, theater, films. Not adverse to dining. Looking for Jewish female in mid 20s *or so with possibly similar interests,* and maybe even an actual authentic vulnerability. Having been or being analyzed is always a plus. Photo please. 7527✉

Enchanting Woman, PhD—European, affectionate, beautiful, health conscious, petite seeking a highly accomplished, cultured, unencumbered partner in his 40s or 50s to savor each other and the world *around us. Meaningful note, photo, phone* appreciated. 7479 ✉

Adonis Chemist—44, 5'8", for earthy brunette, 30+, soulmate. Photo? 7472 ✉

Oenophiles Delight's—Seeks 1940's vintage, *mellow, robust, full flavored, spirited* blend for special elixir. 7487 ✉

Hey You Never Know—Recently resettled in Manhattan. Seeks a steady flexible man who is substantial. We have had our kids and enjoy busy lives with our good *friends and close families. We have kept in* shape and are comfortable financially. I love traveling, the arts and culture, and I am seeking an easy going man with a quirky sense of humor. 40's-50's. 7470 ✉

European Background—Business professional lady, mid 40s, south shore LI, tall, athletic, financially secure, attractive, short blond hair, green eyes, *smart and sincere, with great sense of* humor, enjoys travel, computers, reading, art and music. Looking for a special friend, bright, educated, professional and intelligent man, warm and caring, comfortable with yourself, who could share foreign travel, a Broadway show, a great concert, a long walk, a quiet evening near the fireplace - and who is not afraid of falling in love. Children welcome. Note/photo optional. 7463 ✉

Great Catch—41-year-old Jewish male, successful professional. Athletic and handsome. Low key in life style. Enjoys outdoor sports. Seeking fun, loving, Jewish woman, under 40. 7464 ✉

Gentleman—Fit, 38, 5'10", 179, seeks thin, honest woman, 24-38. 7539 ✉ ☎

Down-To-Earth, Semi-Sane, Upbeat—Nice guy, rugged, passionate, loves to talk, 40s, never married, aware, Italian roots, looking to meet a passionate and upbeat woman. 7540 ✉

Passionate Skier—Recent West Coast transplant, Ivy educated, seeks beautiful, classy, intelligent, fit, athletic woman, 32-45, to ski the West (no VT) and, hopefully, build a long term relationship. Love movies, art museums, biking and romance. Must have a sense of humor, enjoy music and be able to ski powder. Recent photo a must. I'll do same. 7480✉

Hard-Working, Broad-Shouldered—Attorney, 38, handsome, fit, seeks Latina or Italian lady love. Photo. 7477 ✉ ☎

Pretty Lady Lawyer—Petite, slim, no children, seeks professional man, 48-60, children, dogs, cats, etc. a plus, to share movies, dining, biking, beach, etc. Photo, please. 7531 ✉

Elegant, Ivy Educated—Ex-ballerina seeks CFO, senior VP man. 7529 ✉ ☎

A Good Lady—Pretty, smart, warm, accomplished, thin, 44, Jewish, happy, down-to-earth. Seeks successful, upbeat, handsome man with integrity and an open heart, 38-50. Photo/note. 7548 ✉

Kind, Secure, Handsome—Doctor/athlete seeking "looker", in shape and mentally sound, late 30s-40s. Will *respond to letter with photo.* 7483 ✉

Hip, Handsome, Hebrew—Heroic, humble, heartfully hankers hot Hebress to 43 with no children (I've got two). I'm 48, 5'10", and my shoulders are considerably wider than my waist. Long legs and long IQ definite assets. Recent photo imperative. 7534 ✉

Wanted—Tall, very handsome, classy Jewish mensch, mid 30s-early 40s, to share a wonderful life. Beautiful, blond, youthful, Jewish woman, late 30s, physician, sensual, Ivy, college tennis player, spiritual, evolving, musical, loves the arts, seeks enlightened man, very financially *secure, stimulating, a good listener/lover,* loyal, athletic, who wants kids he hasn't yet had. Note/photo/phone. 7506 ✉ ☎

Boots, Breeches—Divorced Jewish male, 6'1", 190, 62, educated, seeks intelligent white female who likes riding or the riding look. 7518 ✉ ☎

Looking For A Guy Like My Cat—Subtle, sensuous, loyal, protective, quick, fun, very good-looking, extremely athletic with thoroughbred legs, who's crazy about me: long brown hair, blue eyes, Jewish, 5'4", 33, thin, embarrassingly shapely. Please send note with photo. No uglies. 7471 ✉

Handsome, Passionate And Soulful—Tall, thin, youthful 46 year old, father and psychotherapist. Unique, self-examined, intellectual, spontaneous, funny, very loving. Longs for truly beautiful woman, 30-40, who is health conscious, very smart, sexy, intimate, enlightened and simply extraordinary. Note/photo. 7537 ✉ ☎

Life's Too Short—Not to mention the *summer. Successful design professional,* blue-eyed, 6' tall and fit. In love with the arts, travel - near or far, his 6-year-old lady and life's adventure. Creative, intuitive, definitely eclectic man, seeks a successful creative woman; attractive inside as well as out, 35-45, who can share the quality, humor and irony in life. Phone or note and recent photo please. 7488 ✉ ☎

A Bit Of Sophistication—And lots of warmth with equal amounts of fun and seriousness. Single Jewish female, more *than attractive, slim, 5'7", enjoys cultural* activities as well as physical ones. Looking to meet 46-58 year old man who is professionally successful, financially and emotionally secure, physically fit with a zest for life. Photo/phone appreciated. 7541 ✉ ☎

Depth Of Mind And Heart—Single, white, Jewish female, 34, unpretentious, striking beauty, hearty laugh with humor *for life, secure, honest, giving, individu*alistic, businesswoman and artist. Desires relationship with intelligent, secure, single, white, Jewish man 30-38, mature yet youthfully playful with strength of character and a warm and sensitive heart open to giving. Letter and photo. 7492 ✉

Wings, Wheels Or Sails—Seeking adventurous kind of guy - exotic, black beauty in need of escape from city. 7517 ✉ ☎

Ship Ahoy—With slim, accomplished wonder woman, who seeks extraordinary 60 plus guy, for enjoyment of life. Hurry, summer is passing us by. 7533 ✉

Indian Punjabi Woman—Attorney, 31, 5'8", extremely attractive, stylish and cosmopolitian seeks slim, sophisticated, *and professional Indian man,* 5'10" and over, for fulfilling and fun long term relationship. Picture preferred. 7514 ✉ ☎

Single Jewish Male—42, business owner, seeks kind, fun, romantic, shapely or full-figured, single Jewish female 30-39, to date. 7520 ✉ ☎

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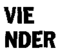
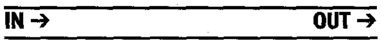
NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION





Above, 1. The autograph of Stevie Wonder, and 2. The dropout's labyrinth. Competitors are invited to invent one ideograph or picture-word.

Results of Competition 883, in which you were asked to name and describe summer blockbuster movies.

Report: Hey. We were serious. Well, as serious as we get. Hoping, that is, to hear of likely titles, likely names. Something they would, you know, make. Out there. In Hollywood. As opposed to something they wouldn't. Whatever *that* is. And something you'd want to see. More or less. We'd stand in line for any of these. Wouldn't you? What d'you mean, "no"?

In memoriam: Let us now praise modest men: David I. Warren, of Chagrin Falls, Ohio, has died, famous in the world and his community. He sent an entry to this competition, as he had done unfailingly for many years. We thought of him as a pal. We will miss him.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

I LOVE LUCY: THE MOVIE—Starring Mira Sorvino and Antonio Banderas. With Tom Arnold and Rosie O'Donnell as Fred and Ethel Mertz.
Louis B. Raffel, Northbrook, Ill.

SUSTAINED!—Adaptation of John Grisham's best-seller. Christopher Darden has a cameo.
David Morris, Douglaston, N.Y.

DOUBLE IDENTITY—Denzel Washington is David Harding, counterspy. Tyra Banks co-stars.
John Zervoulakos, Greenwich, Conn.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

AND AWAY WE GO!—John Goodman as The Great One. June Taylor Dancers.
Phyllis Levine, Shaker Heights, Ohio

TSUNAMI—Wesley. Woody. On July 28 . . . Surf's Up. Rated R.
Mark Gaberman, Los Angeles, Calif.

KID STUFF—Horror. Shy taxidermist, disappearing high-schoolers. Jeff Goldblum.
A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

And Honorable Mention to:

A VERY BRADY SCREAM—Wes Craven directs his first pop-culture seriocomedy.
Betty Loshin, White Plains, N.Y.

SIMPLY IRRESISTIBLE—Cast of expressionless females dressed in black ditch their boyfriends and fall for each other.
Scott L. Black, N.Y.C.

SWOOSH: THE TIGER WOODS STORY—Will Smith. Don Rickles as Fuzzy Zoeller. From Nike Films.
James M. Rose, Esq., White Plains, N.Y.

SEIZE LE CIRQUE 2000—With Charles Durning and Bronson Pinchot.
Herb Hammer, N.Y.C.

THE LITTLE PRINCE—Introducing Cody Gifford.
Roselle Orlando, Hollywood, Fla.

THE CIVIL WAR: THE MOTION PICTURE—Ken Burns, Michael Cimino co-direct. Kris Kristofferson as Lincoln and Marlon Brando as Gettysburg. PG-13.
Theodore G. Zavales, Bergenfield, N.J.

ELVIS—Aging rock 'n' roller becomes the unwitting victim of a CIA plot to overthrow Castro. Directed by Oliver Stone.
David Rozenson, Newton, Mass.

VICTOR/VICTORIA WITH A V—Starring Liza Minnelli.
E. Keneally, Babylon, N.Y.

SECOND BANANA—Robin Williams plays a chimp who is reincarnated as a nightclub comedian.
Alvin Easter, Minneapolis, Minn.

WORLD WIDE WEB—Animated. The evil spider ChinaDar controls the Internet. Rated G.
Diana Filer, Vancouver, B.C.

CO-DEPENDENCE DAY—An emotional roller-coaster. Alien wreaks havoc, then apologizes.
Anna Maibaum, New Rochelle, N.Y.

WALT DISNEY'S ROMEO AND JULIET—Juliet wakes up in time. The Beatles sing "We Can Work It Out" as a finale.
Joel F. Crystal, Scarsdale, N.Y.

TIRANA SAURUS REX—Prehistoric creatures wreak havoc in Albania.
Joseph Lannon, San Jose, Calif.

THAT'S MY GIRL—David Schwimmer, Janeane Garofalo, Ben Stiller. Romantic comedy. Roommates fall for the landlady's daughter.
Selma Ellis, Glenview, Ill.

THE ALBERT SCHWEITZER STORY—Musical. Michael Jackson sings, Walter Matthau acts.
H. Holland Harpool, Shawnee Mission, Kan.

SINS OF THE SWISS—Charles Bronson goes after hidden fortunes.
Chris Lewnes, Brooklyn

ICE!—Giant cosmic snowballs bombard earth as computer scientists struggle to bring back global warming.
Ellen Burr, Truro, Mass.

CINEMADEATH—Deadly gas smelling like popcorn released in theaters nationwide when THX logo comes on.
John Foshee, Austin, Tex.

BANG, BANG, YOU'RE DAD—Ryan and Tatum O'Neal play father-daughter LAPD partners battling urban terrorism and each other.
David English, West Somerville, Mass.

YARD SALE—Bill Murray and Rosie O'Donnell in a comedy set in suburbia.
Jim Weis, Atlanta, Ga.

CANNES FILM FESTIVAL—John Travolta speaks French: *Est-ce que vous vous souvenez La Fievre du Samedi-soir?*
Bill Zimmerman, Cheltenham, Pa.

SUMMER READING LIST—Classics for kids who hate to read. Narrator: Pee-wee Herman.
Douglas Monaghan, Floral Park, N.Y.

THE DAYS, THE NIGHT—From Miramax. A dramatic story of the intricacies of everyday normal living. Matthew McConaughey.
Michelle Bega, Los Angeles, Calif.

BAD HARE DAY—Leporidae are loose, and no one can tame them.
Jim Brook, N.Y.C.

THIS WILL NEVER FIT ON A REGULAR-SIZE MARQUEE—With Mary Elizabeth Mastroantonio, Leonardo DiCaprio, and Jean-Claude van Damme.
S. Leader, Narbeth, Pa.

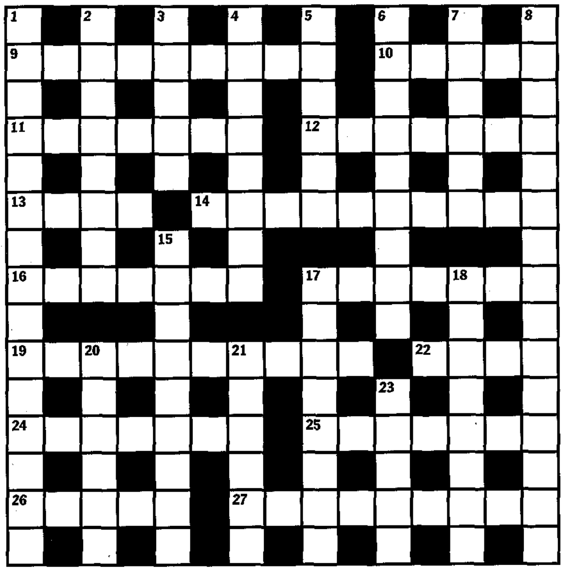
COMPETITION—Starring Larry Laiken, Chris Doyle, Joel Crystal, Ellen Burr, Marion Hays, Dolly Hecht, and David English, and introducing Rick McLellan.
Rick McLellan, N.Y.C.
sp. ment.: James Hakim, Flushing, N.Y.

Titles only: HALE-BOPP HOLIDAY. SATELLITE ZOMBIES. GET DOWN! CHECKER CAB TO HELL. MELTDOWN! SHRED IT! BUTTOCKS! CLEAR THE BENCH! SEINFELD: THE MOVIE. NATIONAL LAMPOON'S KATHIE LEE. SEWERGATORSAURUS. WATER MAIN BREAK! BABOONA. THE HIT PERSON. NATIVE AMERICAN SUMMER.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 886, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999, or e-mailed to 104700.2563@compuserve.com. It must be received by July 25. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the August 25 issue.

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS
9 Live out on new development. (9)
10 Give out centre part of text due for revision. (5)
11 Looking pale coming out of a cinema. (7)
12 Throw out a proposed scheme. (7)
13 Settled one in a small apartment. (4)
14 Just sufficient reason for a place of diversion. (10)
16 Choose one mother—the best! (7)
17 No simple obsession. (7)
19 Simple, or merely neat perhaps. (10)
22 Some pictorial photographs of Xanadu's sacred river. (4)
24 Profligate poet? (7)
25 Antoine may be from a public school. (7)
26 Not even adverbial. (5)
27 He stows away on board. (9)



DOWN
1 Lawyers go into this valid testimony. (5,10)
2 He wants to raise the standard of living. (8)
3 An odd card game. (5)
4 Deny a key's stupidly mislaid outside. (8)
5 He aims not to be seen by the enemy. (6)
6 Mother takes in older variety entertainment. (9)
7 Ladies' man holding ancient city office. (6)
8 Impassioned arguments about telephonists' winter accommodation? (6,9)
15 Ash Wednesday is understandably the first of them. (5,4)
17 Stays around. (8)
18 Sweet sort of lady giving children guidance. (8)
20 Makes it correct for me to be in tails. (6)
21 Lay on a party. (6)
23 Portends the start of ballad poetry. (5)

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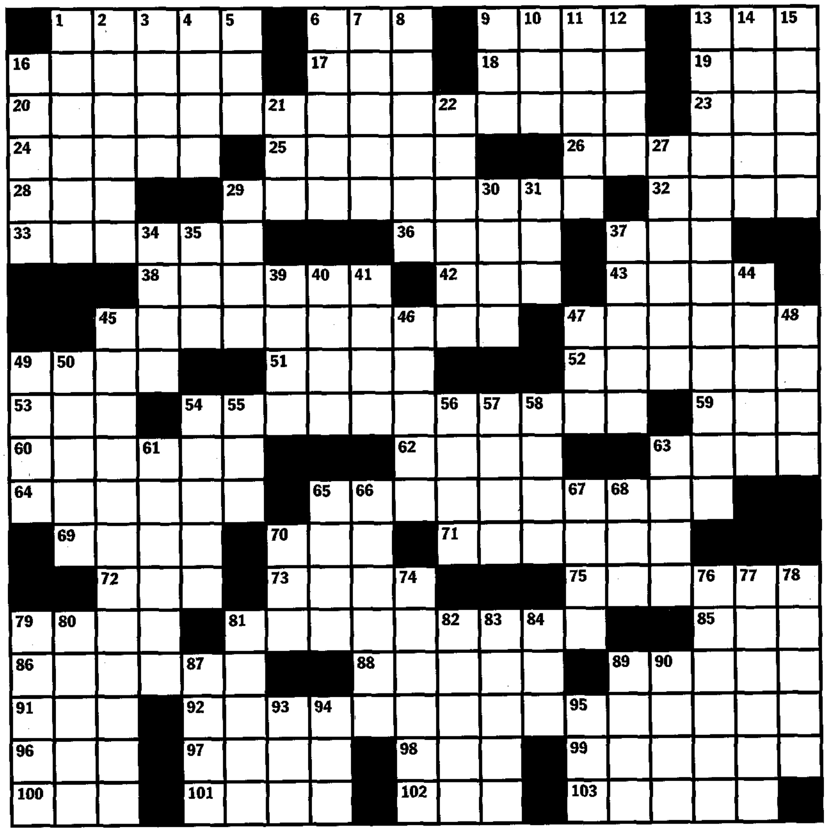
'Tom Swifties': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS
1 "West Side Story" girl
6 Mexican Mrs.
9 "Out of Africa" author Dinesen
13 The rocks in "on the rocks"
16 Given a monetary value
17 Venturi of golf
18 C.I.A. infiltrator
19 Macadamia, e.g.
20 "I lost my flower," said Tom ——
23 Back in time
24 Minds
25 —— de menthe
26 Trash receptacle
28 Third word of "America"
29 "I'm leaving the hospital," said Tom ——
32 Plays a role
33 Sixth planet from the sun
36 Wine dregs
37 Joanne of "Red River"
38 "Tennis, anyone?" asked Tom ——
42 Hill dweller
43 Dumbo's wings
45 "Bah!" said Tom ——
47 Partner of Lorraine
49 Greek T's
51 Top draft rating
52 Frittered away
53 Reflux of the tide
54 "Give me your gun!" said Tom ——
59 Sign off
60 Highly enthusiastic reviewers
62 Eurasian range
63 Ski area near Salt Lake City
64 Airline to Spain
65 "Take my picture," said Tom ——
69 "Rule, Britannia" composer
70 Kin of a sonnet
71 Gomer Pyle portrayer
72 Morose
73 Part of N.B.
75 Give comfort
79 Washer cycle
81 "I ate too much pineapple," said Tom ——
85 Batter's success
86 Roe
88 Time and again
89 Path cut by a mower
91 The Rue Morgue murderer
92 "Mathematics makes sense," said Tom ——
96 —— de mer
97 Attracted
98 Stimpy's TV pal
99 Senator Moynihan
100 Thickness, as of wood
101 Since, to Burns
102 Go blond
103 Not afar

DOWN
1 Lawrence's whereabouts
2 Least nasty
3 Gooey
4 Afternoon socials
5 Write a P.S.
6 Hoop or mini
7 Stitch over
8 Critter
9 "—— Believer," Neil Diamond tune
10 After fa
11 Assuage
12 Florida islands
13 "I'm driving an Integra," said Tom ——
14 Xavier the "Rumba King"
15 Scholars' collars
16 Story lines
21 Prefix with puncture
22 Breakfast choice
27 Bedevil
29 "Don't Tread ——"
30 Say it isn't so
31 Beachhead vessel: abbr.
34 Cries of repugnance
35 Gordon Mac——
37 Travel vexation
39 Heroic poetry
40 Director Wertmuller
41 French-Belgian river
44 Bloodhound's clue
45 "I write poems about U-boats," said Tom ——
46 Really emote
47 Leather tool
48 Icelandic literary work
49 Actress Hatcher
50 Addis ——
54 Toweled off
55 "Love —— Many Splendored Thing"
56 Do a Tuesday chore
57 Astronauts' org.
58 Having the gift of gab
61 Verdi opera
63 Too
65 Pagan's worship
66 Shooting star
67 Like a snoop
68 Dozen dozen: abbr.
70 Yoko's maiden name
74 Have the money for
76 Muse of comedy
77 Axis leader, WW II
78 Alcohol base
79 Rascal
80 Vatican-related
81 Nursery-rhyme lane
82 Newscaster Garrick ——
83 Sierra —— (African state)
84 Jacket innards: abbr.
87 Ampersands
89 Read, as bar codes
90 Opposite of wax
93 What boys will be
94 Ram's mate
95 Gilbert & Sullivan princess



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 5

Welcome, Baby #1.

Born May12.
5 pounds, 2 ounces.
19 1/4" long.
Really handsome.

This little boy was the very first baby to be born in New York-Cornell's brand new obstetrics wing of the beautiful new Greenberg Pavilion. He was born into the arms of his mother and father, right in Birthing Room #702.

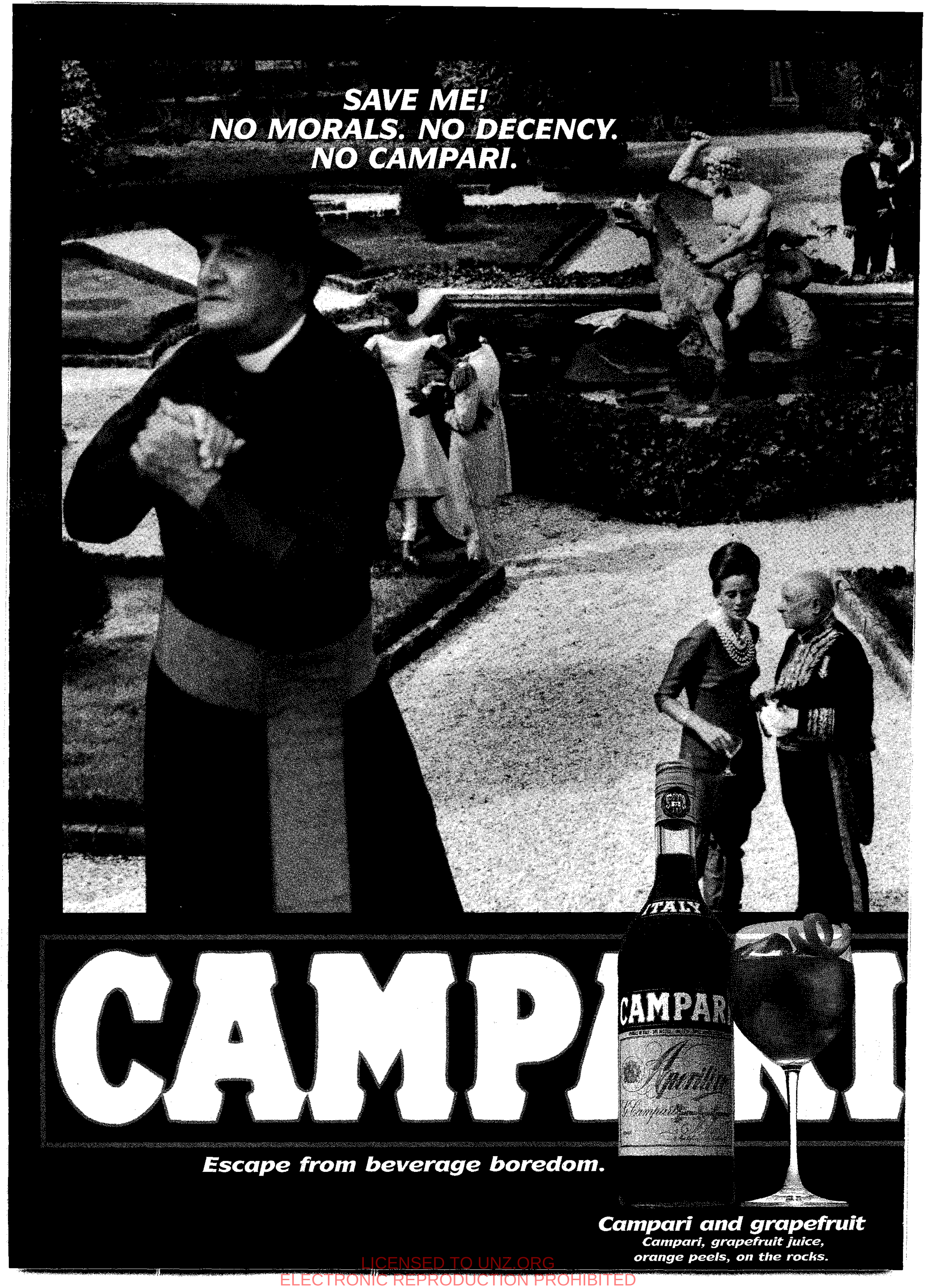
Although he didn't require it, his parents were glad to know that steps away was a world class Neonatal unit so that every conceivable medical situation for infant or mother could be immediately managed.

If you're thinking of having a baby, be sure your doctor has privileges at The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center.

For a physician referral, call **1-888-NY-CORNELL**.

BRILLIANT CARE℠

NEW YORK CORNELL


SAVE ME!
NO MORALS. NO DECENCY.
NO CAMPARI.
CAMPARI
ITALY
CAMPARI
Aperitivo
Escape from beverage boredom.
Campari and grapefruit
Campari, grapefruit juice,
orange peels, on the rocks.